

















THE  
CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR,

A

LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS

PAPER

WITH FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS

OF SACRED SUBJECTS.

London ;  
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(*Successor to Edward Lacey,*)  
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## PREFACE.

THROUGHOUT the whole range of Literary labours, we know of no office so pleasing, so important, and so exalted, as that which has for its object *Moral and Religious* instruction and edification; and, when we consider how many there are who seem, in their writings, to avoid the least reference to the all-important subject of RELIGION, we feel a glow of sacred satisfaction and delight in being privileged, however feebly, to do something towards leading the minds of others to a contemplation of those things that are heavenly and eternal; and to lure them to the love and practice of virtue

It has often been said, that those who possess eminent talents, and occupy a large portion of the public time, stand in responsible situations, and are imperatively called upon to employ their talents usefully. This, undoubtedly, is the case. For, when we consider that thought multiplies existence; that it has a kind of infinity within itself, not only when clothed in wisdom, but when it perpetuates folly; and that one simple expression may awaken good or evil, the consequences of which may be eternal, it certainly behoves those who diffuse their thoughts extensively, to mark well with what character they are impressed. An evil example is always injurious, but it cannot corrupt those who are removed from its

influence; on the contrary, pernicious sentiments, rendered alluring by genius, become an universal epidemic, at once insidious and destructive.

Moreover, if it be true, that *Affection* is the charm of life,—that on the interchange of mutually kind affections depends a great portion of human happiness, and that, but for the affections which connect MAN with his kind, and give birth to sympathies which compel him, in spite of himself, to seek his enjoyments in the gratification of others, he would soon become an odious and wretched creature; if, we say, these things are true, how important is it that those *affections* should be directed by proper motives, and based upon a right foundation; and how can this be the case, where the sacred influences of a blessed and heavenly RELIGION are not felt, and where its holy precepts and commandments are altogether set at nought, or so little understood, as scarcely to be observable either in the life or conduct.

Deeply impressed with these feelings, our aim has been to render the “CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR” in all respects accordant with such a train of thought; and we trust that our readers will receive both instruction and delight in the perusal of its pages; and that their hearts will be lifted up to Him “whom to know is life eternal,” in praise and gratitude for the blessings and graces which he has promised to bestow on all those who keep his commandments and serve him with a pure heart.

## CONTENTS.

	page.
The Destruction of Babel - - - - -	1
The Fisherman of Flamborough Head - - - - -	2
Cottage Visitors - - - - -	8
The Destruction of Pharaoh and his Host - - - - -	13
Revival of Religion - - - - -	14
On the Knowledge of each other in a Future State - - - - -	15
Sorrow's Son - - - - -	24
Life - - - - -	25
Luther's Patmos - - - - -	26
On Sincerity - - - - -	28
Imitation - - - - -	3
Evening Reflections - - - - -	32
Sunday Morning - - - - -	34
We have found the Messiah, &c. - - - - -	36
Habakkuk - - - - -	37
Providence - - - - -	38
" Demas hath forsaken me," &c. - - - - -	41
The Pattern of things in Heaven - - - - -	46
Thoughts on Religious Biography - - - - -	47
The Trial - - - - -	57
Song of a Guardian Spirit - - - - -	62
Meekness - - - - -	63
Jerusalem - - - - -	64
The Sisters of Bethany - - - - -	73



	page
Duties - - - - -	74
The Influence of Example - - - - -	7
A Story of the Days of the Martyrs - - - - -	82
The Brief Sojourner - - - - -	95
Reflections on the Anniversary of a Brother's Death - - - - -	97
All Flesh is Grass - - - - -	99
Revilers - - - - -	100
Riches - - - - -	"
Revelation - - - - -	"
Earth and Heaven - - - - -	101
Evening - - - - -	103
A Sketch from Real Life - - - - -	104
Domestic Virtue - - - - -	110
Mercy - - - - -	115
What seek ye? - - - - -	116
The Lament of a Bereaved Husband - - - - -	117
Social Intercourse - - - - -	118
Christ in the Garden - - - - -	119
The Steam Boat - - - - -	120
Conceit - - - - -	124
Early Conversion - - - - -	"
Bishop Heber - - - - -	125
A Father's Recollections - - - - -	128
A Village Hymn - - - - -	131
A Visit to the Dairyman's Cottage - - - - -	132
The Bible - - - - -	134
To be spiritually minded is Life and Peace - - - - -	135
Prayer - - - - -	136

	page
Circumspection - - - - -	136
Jacob's Dream - - - - -	137
Reflections - - - - -	138
Knowledge - - - - -	140
Moral Influence of Christianity - - - - -	141
The Rustic Funeral - - - - -	149
A Psalm of Wieland - - - - -	144
Heaven and Earth - - - - -	145
On the Study of Natural History as connected with Religion - - - - -	147
Dr. Manton - - - - -	153
Sketches in a Parish Workhouse - - - - -	154
Providence - - - - -	158
The Morning Ramble - - - - -	159
To-morrow - - - - -	164
Christian Friendship - - - - -	166
Richard I. - - - - -	167
On the Death of a beautiful Child - - - - -	168
Repentance of Nineveh - - - - -	169
The Scotch Minister's Tale - - - - -	173
The Hebrew Mother - - - - -	188
Other Worlds than our own - - - - -	191
Prayer at Sea after Victory - - - - -	212
Hebrew Melody - - - - -	214
The Child of Earth - - - - -	216
On the Importance of Religion to the Female Character - - - - -	218
The Pastor - - - - -	225
Noah's Ark - - - - -	233
● Ignorance of Futurity - - - - -	239

	page.
Good Angels - - - - -	210
Desires of the Soul - - - - -	241
Gift from an Abbess to her Nuns - - - - -	242
The Heart - - - - -	267
Consolation to Parents under the loss of Infants - - - - -	268
The First Resurrection - - - - -	269
The Mourner of the Burial-place of Pere La Chaise - - - - -	272
The Primitive Ages - - - - -	277
The Greatness of Little Sins - - - - -	295
The Casket - - - - -	296
On Envy - - - - -	302
On the Goodness of God - - - - -	307



## THE DESTRUCTION OF BABEL.

Oh! fierce and fearful was that visitation  
Of the Most High; and had it long endured,  
All life had perished; but it passed, and lo!  
Forth broke the sun, and o'er the cheerful earth  
Cast cheerful beams: the 'wildered crowd arose,  
And gazed around; and saw their mighty tower  
All thunder smitten, shattered, and with flames,  
And the last lingering shafts of vengeance, scorched.  
There stood their king, and the wild prophet there,—  
Who, with uplifted arm and solemn voice,  
Cried,—“ Now behold thy work! Thy realm is rent!  
Confusion and Dispersion are at work,  
Scattering thy millions. Even now, behold  
How different tribes through different portals press,  
Driven by the arm of God to different lands.  
And lo! thy tower!—as it has been thy boast,  
So let it bear, to latest time, thy shame!”

Back! back! I glide—I float as in a dream  
From the far ages. O'er the ancient earth  
The tide of many thousand years has rolled,  
And mighty realms have withered to a name;  
And mighty men have stalked across the globe,  
Whose giant shadows are flung down the vale  
Of time, sublimely terrible;—and now  
In these last days, forth goes the traveller,  
In melancholy quest of old renown,  
And finds alone this scathed and spectral tower,  
Man's earliest work, and truest monument!

## THE FISHERMAN OF FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

### A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

"SIMON, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" said Jesus, after his resurrection, to the humbled and penitent Peter. Thrice was the question put, in nearly the same terms; thrice was it answered by an earnest affirmative; and as often was that affirmative followed by an injunction to feed the flock of his Lord and Saviour.

As Peter was an Apostle, set apart by the Redeemer himself, there can be no doubt that the food, wherewith he was exhorted to feed the flock of the great Shepherd, was of a spiritual nature. But the duty of doing good to all as we have opportunity, especially to such as are of the household of faith, is binding on the disciples of the Lord in all ages; and we have his own gracious assurance that the humblest offices of kindness, performed in his name, and for his sake, shall not lose their reward in that day, when he shall come in his own glory and that of his heavenly Father.

It is the opinion, indeed, of many, that their circumstances are so straitened that they have it not in their power to do good to any one. They live as it were from hand to mouth; they bless God that they have bread enough; but then they have none to spare, and of course cannot be expected to "deal their bread to the hungry," lest by so doing they should "hide themselves from their own flesh." They have not faith to cast their bread upon the waters. They forget that the prayers of those, who had been fed by their bounty, would have brought down a special blessing upon their heads. They forget that they who "give to the poor," are said in Scripture to "lend to the Lord;" and that, whether the alms which we dispense, be given from our poverty or our wealth, it is still, in every sense of the word, "more blessed to give than to receive."

But, while many even of the professed disciples of our Lord thus excuse themselves from deeds of benevolence and charity, there are not a few, who, though poorer than they as to worldly circumstances, are yet rich in faith, and ready to minister to the wants of the distressed for the Redeemer's sake. It is indeed wonderful how much the believing sons and daughters of poverty can afford to do for their suffering fellow-creatures; and how often, without the intervention of an actual miracle, like that by which Elijah and the family of the widow of Zarephath were sustained, the kind providence of God enables them to maintain their own families and the helpless orphans to whom they have given shelter. It is related of the children of Israel, when they began to gather manna in the wilderness, that "when they did mete it with an omer, he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack;" so it often happens that at the end of the year the man who, because he is poor, has given nothing away, finds his circumstances not a whit more prosperous than he, who with the same limited means, has given "to him that asked of him, and from him that wished to borrow of him turned not away."

If there be any readers of this Book, who have heretofore been restrained from giving, by the idea that their circumstances would not admit of their being charitable,—if there be any of them, who have imagined that their sphere is too humble, to allow them to do good to their brethren of mankind,—let them blush as they read the history of the aged fisherman of Flamborough Head.

Flamborough Head is well known to be a lofty promontory in Yorkshire, stretching towards the north-east, and bearing on the summits of its chalky cliffs a light-house erected in 1805 by the Trinity House Company of London. By day, the view from this spot is singularly grand, extending on the one hand as far as Scarborough, the ruins of whose ancient castle are dimly discerned at the distance of twenty miles; and sweeping, on the other, round the graceful sinuosities of Bridlington Bay, continually covered with vessels of every description. By night, again, the

triple revolving lamp is seen at an immense distance on the main distinguished from all others, on this coast, by the bright red glow which at fixed periods occupies the reflectors, and points out, with unerring certainty, Flamborough Light.

In a small cabin, with a mud floor, in the immediate vicinity of this headland, dwells old Jack Normidale, a fisherman, in his seventy-fourth year. The offspring of poor parents, and born at a time when no pains were taken to extend the benefits of education to the lower orders of society, he grew up to manhood without being taught either to read or to write; and to these simple branches of learning he has continued a stranger. His abilities, however, were naturally good; his understanding clear; and a degree of archness even now occasionally mingles with his conversation. It pleased God to bless the limited means of grace which he enjoyed, both to the enlightening of his mind and the renewing of his heart; but fully aware of the disadvantages under which he himself laboured, he has shown much anxiety to promote the success of those schemes which the Christian benevolence of our day has called into operation for the benefit of the poor. By his counsel, therefore, and presence, he encourages the reading of the Scriptures from house to house; and the excellent village library, which is now accessible to the fishermen and their families, owes not a little of its utility to his exertions.

But while honest Jack has thus ever shewn himself solicitous to promote the spiritual benefit of his fellow creatures, he has exhibited more readiness still to promote their temporal comfort, slender as his means of doing so have been. Beautifully, indeed, has he exemplified the passage, "Is not this the fast that I have chosen?—To deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house?" And in the manner in which some of the objects of his bounty now contribute to cheer the evening of his days, he has been privileged even here to reap a part of his reward.

It was not long after he and his wife Molly had fairly begun the world for themselves, that a neighbour and brother in trade was drowned at sea, and left a widow and four children com-

pletely unprovided for. As might have been expected from men engaged in the same perilous calling, all pitied poor Sally and her helpless orphans; but Jack Normidale's sympathy was of a more active character. He took the widow and her children to his own cabin, assisted her in fitting up a room under the same roof, shared with her the produce of his little garden, and only received from her in return such portion of the rent as her industry afterwards enabled her to pay. Nor was Molly at all behind her worthy husband, in showing kindness to the widow and the orphans. To enable Sally to pursue her labours out of doors, she tended the children, sent them to school, and taught them when at home all she herself knew of the things of God, as well as of household matters.

Jack, to whom an all-wise Providence had denied the blessing of children, adopted as his own the son of this poor widow; fed him, clothed him, and paid for his education; being anxious that this child of his adoption should not in after-life experience the same difficulties under which he had himself laboured. As the youth grew up, he purchased for him a boat and all the tackle necessary to set him up as a fisherman; and having thus acted towards him the part of a parent, he naturally expected from him in return the affection of a son. In this he was disappointed. Cold neglect and ingratitude have marked the conduct of this person, throughout life, to the patron and protector of his early years. And did this base return, for his unwearied kindness, contribute to steel the heart of the subject of this narrative against other objects of pity? Let the remainder of his humble history answer the question.

One of this lad's sisters, named Mary, grew up and married an industrious fisherman; for the fisherman of Flamborough Head, like the fishermen elsewhere, are a peculiar race, and usually intermarry in each other's families. Already the youthful couple had been blessed with five children, when William (for that was the name of Mary's husband) found occasion one day to take his little boy with him to sea, to assist himself and mate in managing the boat. The day looked stormy, and he promised not to be



long out. Gradually the boats began to return, and Mary (who this day was doubly anxious for her husband's arrival) stood at the water's edge, and watched each approaching skiff. All the other boats were already drawn up on the beach, when a distant sail announced the return of William and his boy. In the mean time the storm arose ; the boat, as it approached the land, was violently tossed by the waves, and at length upset. Jack Normidale, whom the first alarm had summoned to the beach, immediately plunged into the deep, and, regardless of his own danger, seized one of the drowning men by the collar, and succeeded in dragging him to land. He had fondly hoped that the object of his heroic efforts was poor Mary's husband. Providence ordered it otherwise. He had saved the other man. Both William and his son had perished.

The heart of the generous fisherman was wrung, but he spent no time in unavailing expressions of regret. His mind was at once made up to be a husband to Mary, and a father to her children. He led the distracted widow to his cabin, committed her to Molly's care, brought her remaining infants to her, kept and maintained them all, until poor old Sally could arrange her little dwelling to receive her desolate daughter and orphans. Nor was the kindness, which the worthy and now venerable pair shewed to this second family of mourners, less conspicuous than that which they had shown to the first. Again did Jack adopt one of the little ones as his own ; and as he shared his meals with the affectionate young creature, or hung over her crib when she was visited by illness, he presented to the observer a countenance to which Rembrandt only could have done justice. Again did Molly, aged and infirm as she was, take care of the children, labour for and instruct them ; while Mary, the widowed mother, and Sally the grandmother of the orphans, alternately experienced her kindness and endeavoured to lighten her burden.

Years, however, have rolled away since the events which we have now recorded. The widow Sally has paid the debt to nature ; and to her honour be it mentioned that, to the latest hour of her life, she retained a grateful sense of Jack's unwearied kindness.

Molly also is no more ; and the benevolent old man, whose heart was ever willing, and whose hand was ever ready, to succour the distressed, would now have been left alone amidst a new generation, in whose joys he could not participate, and who felt for him but little sympathy ;—had it not pleased God to provide “an help-meet” for him in the twice-orphaned Mary and her children ; who wait on him with dutiful affection ; and endeavour, as far as in them lies, to supply the place of his venerable partner. His worldly circumstances are as poor as ever ; but he is rich in faith and in good works, and looks forward with peaceful serenity to his latter end. Let those fearful disciples, whose hearts sink within them whenever their sun is hidden by a passing cloud, feel rebuke when they are told that, at the time of his wife’s demise, this husband of the widow and father of the orphan had scarcely sixpence in the house ; and let them feel more humbled still, when they are informed that it was the widow and the orphan who first provided the means for the decent interment of their benefactress. Mary and her children scraped all their earnings together, and put them into the old man’s hand ; while the little Mary, the child of his latest adoption, brought out and added to the humble stock, a shilling which had been given to her some weeks before !

Reader ! have you felt any interest in this unpretending narrative ? Have you admired the active philanthropy of this humble fisherman, as, like Peter of old, he endeavoured to evince his love to his Redeemer by feeding his sheep ? Let not your admiration pass away in unproductive expressions. Rather, be persuaded to imitate what you admire ; when you rise from the perusal of poor Normidale’s history, endeavour, in the exercise of faith and charity, to

“ GO AND DO LIKEWISE.”

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## COTTAGE VISITORS.

BY ALIQUIS.

“WHY should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?” was a well-timed, and most interesting question, put by the great apostle Paul to Agrippa, when standing before him in bonds at Cesarea: and why, it may now be asked, should it be thought impossible, or even improbable, that the feelings and exercise of the pure and sublime doctrines of the gospel of our blessed Redeemer, should be incompatible with the most refined taste and highest enjoyments of the mind of man? True, the resurrection of the dead was a doctrine of strange import, to some who visited the palace of Agrippa; and the enjoyments of active piety, the contemplation of a future state, and the endeavours to draw the attention of others to these important topics, may, to some minds, appear strange, ill-timed, and very unlikely to promote enjoyment. But in both cases the surprise will vanish as the theme is pursued; and in the latter the enjoyment will surely follow as the pursuit is reduced to practice. It hath pleased the Divine Being to consult the present happiness, as well as the future felicity, of his rational creatures in every command he has laid on man:—not one thing has he forbidden which would not prove injurious in the possession—not one has he commanded but which, in its very nature, is calculated to promote our peace. Did all who profess to be believers in, and followers of Christ, indeed understand what he taught, they would at once be convinced of this: and did those who profess to reverence the divine precepts endeavour to learn them more fully in that active obedience they enjoin, then should we have multitudes, of all ranks and orders of men, coming forward and declaring that the path of Christian duty was not that rugged track they had once imagined, but that in obeying God they found much delight. This would certainly

be the case in every department of Christian labours, but more especially so in visiting, instructing, and administering to the wants of those poor and needy families, which providence has placed around our mansions, with the express view of being under our protection and kind offices. In travelling across the country, wherever the lofty roof of a nobleman's palace, or gentleman's mansion, presents itself to view, one is almost sure to find either a village, or hamlet, or at least several cottages, not far off. Very frequently these humble dwellings are so arranged, as to give a very correct idea of the mansion being a kind of bountiful mother placed in the midst of a large family, to whom they all look up with cheerful expectation of supplies in time of distress, and of counsel and comfort in the day of difficulty and sorrow. That all this is realized in many instances, there can be no doubt; and that it should not be so in every one, is matter of serious regret; not only as it concerns the poor, but as it concerns the rich. Indeed, there is something so truly Christian, so like the practice of the Saviour, in going about doing good in the way I have hinted, that if any thing on earth can make a family of young ladies appear more amiable and lovely than all the others of their interesting sex, it is when doing as some do, who fall under my frequent notice. I mean, in taking all proper occasions of walking out to the cottages in their neighbourhood, and endeavouring to animate, to instruct, to direct and relieve those (and especially the female branches of the family) who most require such assistance. These are visits of mercy; and if conducted in the simple desire of comforting the afflicted, warning the careless, and encouraging the timid and oppressed heart, He, who promised his blessing on the gift of a cup of cold water, will not allow such services to pass unnoticed. Much has been said of the ingratitude and stupidity of the poor, by many who have done little or nothing to befriend or instruct them. On the other hand, the ridiculous pictures of rural innocence and cottage felicity, again and again painted by our writers of novels and romance, have only served to make all the sad realities of life and positive facts appear tenfold more gloomy than they really are, to many who have but once or twice

lifted up the latch of the cottager's door. To those who really understand and believe the Scriptures, there can be but one opinion,—that Christian principles and practice will make the poorest individual an interesting and respectable character, while the absence of these principles, and of that practice, must leave even a crowned head in the rear. But it may be asked by some young ladies, "What can we do?" Or some parents may enquire, "What duties would you mark out for my daughters?" To these inquiries I would reply,—Endeavour to live under the impression, that the bountiful Giver of all good has made your lot to differ from others, that, as faithful stewards entrusted with many talents of mind and of means, you should administer to those from whom he has been pleased to withhold such a portion. Endeavour to realize to your minds this important scriptural truth that whatever distinctions the providence of God has made in this world, these distinctions pass not into a future state. There are indeed degrees of honour, and of happiness, and of glory, but these degrees are conferred, not according to the distinctions and established rules of this world, but in proportion to that fitness which the respective individuals had, through grace, acquired while pilgrims and sojourners on earth. The heart that here expanded most with gratitude for mercies received, and that stooped lowest in humility, from a sense of its imperfections—the individual who received his trials with most submission, and consecrated his prosperous and happy days most to the honour of God his Saviour—the man and woman who felt most anxious to do the will of Heaven in that state of life in which it had pleased God to call them,—these will hear that enrapturing sentence: "Well done, good and faithful servant—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" But, independently of this future reward, there is a present gratification which it would be cruel to withhold from a delicate and feeling mind—the gratification of contributing to the present peace and happiness of a fellow-creature. I know those whose enjoyments of the devotions of a Sabbath seem but half complete, until they have visited some infirm and pious matrons, and imparted to them a large portion of those discourses they have

themselves been previously listening to: and while I witnessed the honest, heart-felt joy that beamed in those aged countenances at the entry of those kind Christian visitors, I have exclaimed, "Oh the luxury of doing good!" Were I to relate but a small part of the good I have known to be produced by their thus repeating the outline of sermons, and by occasionally stepping into a cottage, and sometimes reading a suitable discourse to such of the inmates as age and sickness withhold from the public worship of the sabbath, every reflecting mind would be convinced, that much, very much, of the success even of a minister's labours are advanced by it. And not unfrequently does it happen, that such acts of kindness and Christian duty are attended to with more gratitude and solemnity, than the pastor's visits and admonitions have ever been. And sometimes the former can find access where the latter cannot. A striking instance of this sort occurred not long ago on the confines of my wide spreading parish. At a time when illness and other circumstances prevented my reaching to a group of cottages, which stood some three miles off, in a solitary and almost unapproachable part of my field of labour, a young lady, whose father's mansion stood within one mile of the spot in question, made several calls on a poor woman who was suffering under many infirmities of body, and whose heart was truly sad at being deprived of the consolations and instructions of the house of God. To this woman the young lady occasionally read a short sermon, and endeavoured to administer such other instructions and consolations from the Scriptures as seemed applicable to her case, for which the poor woman was, and still is, very thankful. But He who is pleased to work at times by feeble and unexpected instruments, and to do more for us and by us than we once dared to hope or expect, was pleased to give a blessing to these Christian labours of this young lady, which she little expected, and of which she knew nothing until after the happy death of the individual to whose everlasting happiness her readings and conversations (though not addressed to him) were made instrumental. This person was a young man, a distant relation of the poor woman's, who was a resident at that time with her family. He

was in the first stage of a consumption; and being unable to work in the fields, was generally at home when the young lady called. As he sat in a retired part of the cottage, and appeared to be under that kind of modest silent reserve which prevents people from seeming to take any interest in what is passing about them, he was in a great measure overlooked by the kind visitor, and was neither addressed by her, nor suffered to prevent her reading to, and conversing with, the poor woman. After some weeks, as his complaint increased, he removed to a hamlet about three miles farther off, to enjoy the society of his family in his last and now hastily concluding days. An intelligent and pious poor widow woman, belonging to the same hamlet, went occasionally to read and converse with him, and now was discovered what was little expected, namely, that the readings and conversations of the young lady who visited his sick relation at —, were blessed, from time to time, to the enlightening of his understanding, and to the probing of his heart. These readings and conversations had been blessed by the Almighty to the convincing him of his lost estate, by nature and by practice, and of his need of that salvation which the Son of God came on earth to procure for all who repent and believe the gospel. The poor widow was as much astonished as delighted to find in him such a knowledge of these things, and such humility and scriptural faith in the atonement and merits of Christ. From that widow I received the above account, and learnt how these principles and hopes bore him tranquilly through all the days of his earthly suffering. She witnessed his last hours, and told me how he died expressing the happy state of his soul, and blessing God that his providence ever sent that young lady to read and converse at his cousin's residence. From her account it appeared, that as his end drew near he had but one wish, but one desire on earth, and that was to once more see her to whom, under God, he was so much indebted, and to thank her with his dying breath for the good he had there received. Those desires could not, however, be granted; but he will meet her in a better world, and assist her in ascribing all the praise and glory to Him, to whom it is due, and from whom pro-

ceedeth every good and perfect gift. Meanwhile, I cannot conceive that such works of charity as these can ever diminish the true enjoyment of those comforts and elegancies of life which a gracious Providence has provided for her, and for others whom I know to be thus usefully engaged. To have furnished the sick and needy with a morsel from their abundance, and to have read to and consoled the distressed in mind—to have warned the thoughtless and encouraged the praiseworthy, will, I am persuaded, send them home to their own associates and to their own enjoyments with a double relish of those good things which God has given them richly to enjoy.

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## THE DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH AND HIS HOST.

BY MISS MATTHEWS.

‘ And the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.’—Exod. xiv. 27.

THE Egyptian pursued in the pride of his power,  
And his dark eye was rolling in triumph along  
The deep files of his chariots, secure of the hour,  
When the land should re-echo his conquering song.

He looked to his warriors, and saw that each chief  
Emulated his glance with its spirit of fire ;  
While, with danger encircled, and sinking with grief,  
The hope of the Hebrew seemed doomed to expire.

The sun on Baal-Zephon rose bright on that morn,  
And reflected his beams on the martial array ;  
But oh ! what dread portent his lustre has shorn,  
And veiled with its darkness the splendour of day.



'Tis the sign of His presence, who dwelleth in light,  
 Who hath made His pavilion of darkness a cloud,  
 The guide of His people, though shrouded from sight,  
 And never to vision of mortal allowed.

And under that banner, mysterious and dread,  
 That flamed as a guide on their perilous road,  
 The Captain of Israel their footsteps hath led,  
 Where erst the wild billows in majesty flowed.

But where is the foeman, who rushed to the fight,  
 With horsemen, and chariots, and spirits of fire ?  
 And where are the pæons in praise of his might ?  
 And why has proud Egypt forgotten her lyre ?

Cold in death is the heart that dilated with scorn ;  
 Sepulchred that host in the sea-beaten caves ;  
 And the honour of Pharaoh, degraded and lorn,  
 Lies soiled on the shore that is washed by its waves !

Awake, Palestina ! the funeral wail !  
 Let Moab and Edom partake in the moan !  
 The LORD, He is God,—and the temples of Baal  
 Shall soon by the might of his arm be o'erthrown !

—

REVIVAL OF RELIGION.—The revival of evangelical religion in a nation, is often like a summer shower, which does not fall equally, but waters and refreshes one place, and leaves another dry.

—

## AN ESSAY,

TO INDUCE THE BELIEF THAT WE SHALL KNOW EACH  
OTHER IN A FUTURE STATE.

BY THE LATE REV. SAMUEL DREW, M. A.<sup>n</sup>

THERE is scarcely a subject which moral philosophy and speculative piety are more disposed to explore than the unseen realities of the invisible world; and there is not one to the investigation of which the human faculties are more incompetent: but, involved in perplexity as this subject is, few are wholly exempt from a desire to draw aside the veil which hides futurity from our researches; and the eagerness of inquiry increases in proportion as the clouds of obscurity thicken, which conceal the desired object from our view.

To unravel what is mysterious, to discover what is concealed, and to know what is placed beyond the general range of our intellectual energies, is natural to the human mind. There is nothing censurable in this disposition, abstractedly considered; it is only when pursued beyond the boundaries of prudence that it ceases to be commendable. The faculties which explore were implanted in the human mind for useful purposes, and to their varied operations the world is indebted for many valuable discoveries and improvements in morals, in science, and in the mechanic arts.

Among the diversified topics that engage the attention of man, nothing can be more congenial to our common nature than an impartial examination of those subjects in which all are deeply interested; and of these, the more important are those which relate to our future destiny in that world of spirits for which we are candidates, of which we shall shortly become inhabitants, and on the confines of which we daily stand.

That the soul is immortal, is a truth that has obtained the

suffrage of the thinking part of mankind in all ages of the world, how much soever they may have been diversified by their modes of education, their habits of reflection, and the peculiarities of their religious creeds. Nations sunk in barbarism have cherished this belief, and, in a conviction of its truth, have concurred with the more civilized part of the human species; but, it is only in those regions where the light of revelation and the radiations of science have imparted their beams, that this truth shines forth in unclouded effulgence.

“ The poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,  
Believes admitted to an equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

In these crude conceptions he furnishes his quota of evidence in favour of this fact, to prove which philosophy, instructed by revelation, produces arguments which, though scepticism may effect to doubt, it never can refute.

Connected with the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body from the grave presses itself upon our belief as a doctrine also of revelation; and, although the subject is involved in difficulties that to us are insurmountable, yet, when the power to which the resurrection is ascribed is contrasted with the work to be accomplished, all objections, to which human ignorance and inability have given birth, dwindle into insignificance, and wholly disappear. The same power that first give symmetry and animation to a system of organized matter, can recollect the scattered parts; and nothing in a subject essentially inert can obstruct its operations hereafter, more than in the primitive formation of things.

In the physical construction of man, we perceive a conscious principle united to an organized system of matter, while the secret ties, by which these distinct natures are connected together, surpass the utmost stretch of our comprehension. But, from the little which we know of this mysterious fact, we are assured, by analogy, that what we hereafter expect to take place, when the dead

shall be raised, involves difficulties of less magnitude than those which have already been overcome in the primary creation of man.

The soul being a simple, uncompounded substance, no difficulty of moment can arise respecting the preservation of its identity ; but the body, being composed of parts, some of which are in a continual state of fluctuation, involves questions which can be more easily stated than solved.

On the subject of real bodily identity many theories have been invented, and many opinions have been entertained ; but no one has hitherto appeared that can plead an exemption from insuperable difficulties. Without entering into any investigation of this very abstruse question, we may perhaps safely conclude, that identity includes the idea of sameness ; and, if so, it must consist in something incapable of transfer, and that is placed beyond the reach of change.

Each individual had, at the commencement of his existence, a distinct principle of bodily identity, and, in whatsoever it consists it must have remained through every stage of his being. It must retain its permanency amidst those fluctuations which the floating particles of flesh and blood undergo, that constitute the visible mass in this probationary state, and be that to which they vitally adhere, during the period of their continuance in the body. Under these circumstances, permanency in the stamen must be compatible with mutation in the medium of development ; for it seems morally certain, that such partial immutability is essential to the identity of our bodies.

It is from this permanency of certain parts in our bodies, which no change, even in this mutable state, can wholly destroy, that the sameness of our features seems to arise. Hence, the same turn of countenance is preserved, and the same formation of physical properties exhibits those phenomena, which correspond with the primitive arrangement that took place when the body began to exist. It is by these results and emanations that one individual is distinguished from another, amidst those various changes that take place, through youth and age, through sickness

and health, through the corrosions of time, and the powerful influence of climate, and habits of life.

In the human countenance, scarcely a greater change can be conceived, than that which the ravages of time produce in the female features. Between the blush of beauty at sixteen, and the shrivelled muscles at four-score, on a superficial view, but little resemblance can be traced. Yet, on a minute inspection, whoever has known the individual through all these transitions, will be able to trace some sameness in the features, resulting from certain permanent qualities which the progress of time has not been able to overcome. Nor is this knowledge the mere result of uninterrupted intercourse. Long separation between two individuals, may cause their features to fade from the recollection of each other, so that, on their first meeting, no recognition may take place. But time and observation will revive forgotten ideas; a comparison between them, and the doubtful stranger will succeed; and their agreement with some radical features will be perceived. Supported thus by fact, we may follow analogy beyond the bounds of time, and, on the ground of probability, conclude, that as bodily identity will be preserved hereafter, so also will some radical properties of these features, which, in the present state, appear to be inseparably connected with it.

How disembodied spirits can know and converse with one another, we have no means of comprehending, because they are beings with whom we are not conversant. All our real knowledge of spirits we obtain through the medium of matter, in which we find them immersed, and through the organs of which they hold their intercourse with one another. But when they become divested of their material vehicles, and leave behind them those organs of communication through which their powers are made known, we find ourselves deserted by analogy, and left without a guide. We can, however, have no doubt that they enjoy an interchange of thought; but in doing this they must have some modes of communication with which we are unacquainted.

We can have no conception that the felicity of pure, spiritual, intelligent agents, can be complete without society, for it is from congenial society that a considerable portion of their happiness

is derived. But congenial society implies an interchange of ideas and this interchange involves some mode of intercourse, although we can form no conception of its nature. Pure spirits cannot speak like us, for they have no tongues, no lungs, no bodily organs of articulation; neither can they write, for they have no bodily hands; these being material instruments. If, therefore, they can commune with each other, and cannot do it through material instruments, they must have mediums that are to us unknown.

Now, it is not improbable, that their medium of communication may be also to them the medium of recognition, for such we find in a high degree to be the case with ourselves. But if we can have no idea of their modes of communication, those of their mutual recognition must be equally concealed from our researches; and yet we may be as fully assured that the latter exist, as, that without the former, they must dwell in perpetual solitude.

Of their visual powers, we can no more form any adequate conceptions, than we can of their other means of communication and recognition. These may have been retained under changes which render them as distinct from ours, as their state of existence is removed from this in which we now find ourselves. Their visual powers, adapted to the condition of a disembodied state, may enable them to perceive discriminating marks of individual identity, which, to spirits connected with matter, have never been developed; and, through their acuteness, they may discover spiritual features, for which our bodily organs are not adapted. We have, therefore, no fair data from which to estimate their modes of discernment. It is enough for us to know, that some mode must exist, and beyond this, our inquiries can lead to no satisfactory results.

On leaving disembodied spirits, and surveying human nature when the material part shall join that which is immaterial, the clouds which encircle us seem less dense, though perhaps the difficulties are by no means diminished. We, however, return to the region of matter, the essence of which must be preserved, whatever changes the properties of the body may have under-

gone ; and the same reasoning that admits the resurrection, will lead to the conclusion, that this body shall be organized, although the particular mode of organization may not be placed within the reach of our comprehension.

The preservation of individuality implies the continuance of something peculiar to each individual, by which one is distinguished from another ; and to be thus distinguished from another ; implies the capability of being known ; for we can have no doubt, that the organs of the body, which shall come forth in the resurrection, will be every way adapted to the duties they have to perform.

A body without organs, would be so far imperfect, that we can never reconcile the supposition of its existence with the wisdom and goodness of God. They may indeed, in their construction, be distinct from those which we now have ; and, perhaps they may be distinguished by names which our language is inadequate to express ; but the subject of inquiry refers to reality, independently of all particular modes and appellations. The state of the body will, without doubt, be essentially altered from what it is at present ; and the probability is, that the organs themselves will undergo a correspondent alteration, that their uses may be adapted to the objects with which they will be conversant.

As we can have no conception of a perfect body without organs, so we can have no idea of organs that are devoid of use. The organs of vision are given us to distinguish objects, and to discriminate between them ; and, consequently, if the organ and its use are both retained, objects must be both distinguished and known.

In all our conceptions of an hereafter, we uniformly admit that knowledge will be increased rather than diminished ; and hence, we cannot but infer, that all the inlets of knowledge to the soul will be rendered more acute and comprehensive, to justify that admission. These inlets must be at least as well adapted to our future condition of existence, as the senses and organs at present are to this ; and, as a natural consequence, the result will be obtained in a much greater degree of perfection.

Nor have we any reason to believe, what changes soever the body may undergo, that it will be so altered as to leave no traces of resemblance between its future and present appearance. This conclusion is forbidden, by the continuance of its organs as the medium of knowledge to the soul. But even if such a change in appearance were supposed, as would annihilate all traces of earthly countenance and features, it will by no means follow that individuals must, therefore, remain eternally unknown to one another. An interchange of thought, and a communication of particular ideas, may recall to the mind what has bound us here together in family and friendly association ; for we can as easily conceive that recognition can be obtained through this intellectual medium, as that an individual in this mortal state, deprived of the organs of vision, can recognize his relatives and companions.

It is also possible, that new sources of knowledge may be opened to the soul in a future state, through mediums which we cannot, at present, comprehend ; and from their peculiar adaptation to the realities of that state, we may be furnished with modes of discernment and discrimination, far superior to all that we now possess. Should this be the case, the clouds will at once be dissipated, and the light of eternity will, for ever, dispel the shadows of time.

As heaven is a place of complete felicity, we are warranted in concluding that nothing will be wanting there to give it the utmost consummation. But we readily allow, that to find and know our friends in the celestial abodes, will tend to enhance our joy. This being admitted, a renewal of our intimacy with them, will, we may safely conclude, be found among those realities with which we shall be encircled ; and, as an inevitable consequence, our mediums of perception must be adapted to our knowledge of them.

It can hardly be doubted, that we shall be able to distinguish angelic natures, from those who had once been inhabitants of this world ; it also seems equally clear, that the various orders of the celestial hierarchies, will invariably furnish evidence of their rank



and character, in all the gradations of their exaltation. But if the distinct orders of these holy beings can be thus distinguished, what shall prevent the individuals from being known? From these we may descend down to the human family, and conclude, that through our enlarged powers, and peculiar modes of discernment, all our friends will become the objects of our knowledge.

Without this, or some similar application of knowledge, we can have no assurance that the individuals, once brought into communion with us in eternity, had ever been known in time, or will ever be known again. In such a state of things, each individual will be solitary in the midst of the most exalted society;—no subject of intellectual investigation can ever be renewed;—no reference can be made to the former dispensations of providence;—nor shall we ever be able to recount in social intercourse, the events that have occurred in the history of our mortal existence.

We have already concluded, that an increase of felicity will accompany an augmentation of knowledge. But if those with whom we took sweet counsel in our probationary state shall remain eternally unknown, all the ties arising from a congeniality of spirit, of pursuit, and of attainment, must be, for ever, burst asunder, and even recollection, instead of augmenting happiness, will only furnish occasion for sighs.

Knowledge, approximating to perfection, must exclude forgetfulness, in proportion to the advances which it makes. Reminiscence will be, therefore, more acute, and memory more retentive; but to suppose these powers thus to exist, without applying them to recognition, will generate regret and diminish joy.

If no recognition take place hereafter, man in his future state will lose his social character, and all his social faculties must remain for ever unemployed: he will derive no enjoyment from a revival of former friendship, nor be able to look back through the medium of congenial spirits on those pleasing hours spent in holy communion with God, while travelling through the vicissitudes of a departed world.

A recollection of past mercies is renewed in the mind by converse with others, whose views and pursuits coincide with our

own; and the more vivid the reminiscence, the more powerful will be the incentive to gratitude. Since, therefore, heaven is a region in which gratitude will for ever flourish, it is rational to infer, that those sources whence gratitude springs, will also remain; and, as this pre-supposes converse, it also implies that we shall know each other in a future state.

In this preliminary stage of our existence, "none of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself;" and surely it is unreasonable to suppose that selfishness will hereafter engross all the faculties of the soul, in a region where pure benevolence shall characterize the reign of universal love.

On reviewing, in retrospect, the path we have traversed, the following conclusions, among others, have resulted from our inquiries. In our present state, embodied man can distinguish, know, and converse with embodied man; and analogy says, that disembodied spirit may distinguish, know, and hold communion with disembodied spirit; and that resuscitated man may distinguish, know, and hold converse with resuscitated man. Here spirit communes with spirit through the medium of bodily organs; but, as intellect is the seat of knowledge, and material organs are but the vehicles of thought, even if we were assured that no such organs as we now have will exist hereafter, it will not follow that our knowledge of each other will be done away. We have, however, convincing evidence that our bodily organs will not be destroyed;—that, what changes soever they may undergo in their construction and character, they will be adapted to the various offices assigned them to perform;—and, that no change in the appearance of the objects of these organic powers will be sufficient to elude their recognition.

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## S O R R O W ' S S O N .

[From the Swedish.]

BY JOHN BOWRING.

Sorrow, an exile from the sky,  
 Sat silent by the lonely strand ;  
 And moulded, musing thoughtfully,  
 A human form, with careful hand.

Jove look'd, inquiring—"What is here?"  
 "'Tis but a mass of imaged clay ;  
 Here let Omnipotence appear !  
 Here pour thy life-conferring ray !"

"Live, then," said Jove, "I claim him mine,  
 By virtue of the life I've given."  
 'Nay,' answered Sorrow, 'nay, not thine,—  
 I cannot from my Son be riven.

'I gave him being—gave him birth !'  
 "I life !"—Each urged the doubtful claim :  
 Earth look'd upon the form,—and Earth,  
 With *her* pretensions, forward came.

"'Twas in my breast he sleeping lay,  
 From me derived—my claim is just.'—  
 "'Tis well," said Jove, "let Saturn say,  
 'To whom belongs this living dust !'"

This was his sentence : " He is thine—  
 And thine—and thine :—thou, Jove ! hast given  
 Life—take that element divine,  
 And waft the enfranchised soul to Heaven.

" Earth, to thy melancholy bed,  
 Gather his dust in secret peace ;  
 And, matron Sorrow ! he shall tread,  
 With thee, life's path of restlessness.

" Thy sighs shall mingle with his breath,  
 Thy image on his cheeks shall be ;  
 Thou shalt go with him down to death,  
 In undivided sympathy."

Such was the doom th' Almighty gave,—  
 So is man's path with Sorrow trod :  
 Earth claims the pilgrim at the grave,  
 And the grave yields him up to God.

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LIFE.—The slow motion of a living man (though so feeble, perhaps, that he cannot go a furlong in a day), yet coming from life, imports more strength than is in a ship, which (though it sails swiftly) hath its motion from without. Thus, possibly, an hypocrite may exceed a true Christian in the bulk and outside of a duty ; yet, because his strength is not from spiritual life, but from some wind and tide abroad, that carries him on, while the Christian is from a divine principle within : therefore the Christian's weakness is stronger than the hypocrite in his greatest enlargements.

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## LUTHER'S PATMOS.

As an instrument of promoting the German reformation, Martin Luther was of immense importance: accordingly his life seems to have been under the divine protection in an especial manner. It is true the public faith was pledged for his security in returning home; (from the Diet at Worms in 1521, where he had been enabled so triumphantly to vindicate his opinions of the truth before a large assemblage, including the emperor, Charles the Fifth of Spain, the pope's legate, and cardinals, and catholics innumerable and inveterate). But the operation of his safe-guard was to terminate in twenty-one days: his adversaries at *Worms* were meditating a bloody edict against him; and in a very short time, therefore, it was expected that all their violence, malice and revenge, would be supported by the strong arm of the secular power.

The Elector of Saxony, (the *protestant* Frederick, and friend of Luther, who was that good prince's subject,) foresaw the rising storm; and finding it impossible to protect this subject in the open manner he had hitherto done, he contrived a plan of concealing him for a season from the fury of all his enemies. Luther did not much relish the scheme; and would rather have met the difficulty and danger in an open way, and trusted the event to God; but as it originated in *Frederick's* kindness, he thought it only a becoming respect to his prince to acquiesce in his advice. The secret was revealed to him by *Palatinus*, (the elector's friendly secretary), on the evening before he left Worms. Three or four horsemen, in whom Frederick could confide, disguised themselves in masks, and contrived to meet the persecuted monk near Eisenach, on his return home. They played their part well, they rushed out of a wood, secured Luther as it were by force, and carried him into the *Castle of Wartburg*. This business was managed with so much address and fidelity that he was completely secured from the effects of the impending per-

secution ; his implacable enemies missed their blow, and became doubly odious to the Germans, who as they were unacquainted with the wise precaution of Frederick, imagined their favourite countryman was either imprisoned, or perhaps murdered by Roman emissaries.

The sudden disappearance of Luther created great uneasiness in the minds of his followers. The mystery in which that event was involved made them exceedingly anxious about his personal safety, and many suspected, that he had by some plot been arrested and put to death. When confined in the castle of Wartburg, (or Wartenburg,) which he afterwards called his *Patmos*, in allusion to the apostle John's banishment to the island of that name, though withdrawn from the sphere of public labour, his time was occupied in a way which perhaps was calculated still more effectually than his public preaching to promote the great work in which he was engaged. It was here he employed himself in translating the New Testament into the German language. During his solitude, too, he laboured to improve his knowledge of the Hebrew and Greek languages, with the view of rendering his intended version of the whole scriptures more complete. It was while our reformer remained in this solitude, that he first heard of a solemn censure pronounced on his writings, by the divines of the faculty at Paris. It was about the same time that Henry VIII. king of England, published his celebrated answers to Luther's treatise on the Babylonish captivity. It was for this deed that the pope bestowed on the king the title of *Defender of the Faith*, which the kings of England still retain ; though cardinal Pole is considered the real author of the book.

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## ON SINCERITY.

How sweet upon the sparkling stream,  
 The calm, bright heaven's reflected beam !  
 But sweeter still when Truth divine  
 Does in the Christian's spirit shine ;  
 And when Sincerity is shown  
*By actions—not by words alone.*

WERE we asked the question, "What is Sincerity?" we should simply reply—Truth in speech—Truth in action—a definition with which few persons, perhaps, would be disposed to cavil: but, unhappily, truth in the abstract and truth in practice are so widely dissimilar, so much at variance with each other, even amongst those who would shrink from the thoughts of falsehood, and indignantly repel an accusation of insincerity, that the mind is naturally led to inquire, "Is there any standard by which we can form a charitable, and, at the same time, an equitable judgment?" This inquiry, though highly interesting and important, is not so easy to be answered as might at first be imagined; for we think it must be admitted that to merit the appellation of *sincere*, or to deserve the odium of being deemed *false*, must depend upon circumstances; for that which is an imperative duty upon one individual, is not incumbent upon another—as, for instance, in the case of giving advice; the fault may be equally discerned by both, but neither duty nor propriety equally sanction the mention of it. And, indeed, unless prudence and delicacy actuate the character and manner, Sincerity itself will remain an isolated virtue, at least as regards its effects upon others. Bacon justly remarks, "He that is only *real*, had need have exceeding great parts of virtue; as the stone had need to be rich, that is set without foil." And it may be equally asserted, that he knows very little of human nature, who is not aware that the faults of mankind must be approached not only with "a little

address,' but with a great deal of tenderness. The hand that rudely and unceremoniously unveils a wound, is not calculated to heal it. Reprehension can never be a duty unless prompted by love, and those who are animated by its spirit will avoid expressing painful truths when not called upon to do so. This delicacy of feeling is quite consistent with the most perfect integrity of conduct, and has nothing in common with a temporizing spirit, or that sensitive foresight which weighs consequences with the utmost exactness—but only in relation to *self*. It is equally remote from a regulating disposition, prompt to advise and ready to censure, which generally has its origin in a want of diffidence and an insensibility to the feelings of others.

Sincerity is in itself so estimable, we are afraid so rare, that, in pointing out its excellence for imitation, we would gladly invest it with all the loveliness of truth. But whilst we would unite courtesy—Christian courtesy with Sincerity, the true basis of which is humility, let us beware of its counterfeit—let us neither impose upon ourselves nor others by empty profession. Yet, how lamentably this is the case in some circles, let fashionable language, and fashionable practice, declare. What professions of joy with the most icy feelings, not to say repugnance—what courteous receptions contrasted with, "I am rejoiced they have taken their departure! What a deliverance!" What urbanity of manner, and apparent deference to opinion, mingled with the most perfect dis-esteem.

Persons moving in such society will perhaps say, "This is not insincerity." Insincerity is speaking and acting with an intention to deceive. Such professions deceive no one—they are mere words of *convenience*—civil expressions which have no meaning, and are received as such." Has truth no meaning? Is the abuse of speech no sin? Is the use of language to give false impressions? Base coin, when circulated, lessens the value of sterling gold; but when once the sacredness of truth is willingly violated, who can limit its future debasement?

Language should represent truth: but alas! we may well exclaim in the language of the poet,



" Sacred Interpreter of human thought,  
How few respect or use thee as they ought !"

Christianity admits of no temporizing. Wherever the spirit of our blessed Redeemer reigns, there *must be truth in speech, truth in action* ; and all those who are redeemed from the world find it so. The crooked paths of human policy are both difficult and dangerous to walk in : perhaps there is no slavery so rigorous as the slavery of deceit—no intercourse so oppressive as the *heartlessness* of insincerity. But, how refreshing and delightful is the frank and open conversation of those Christians, who in any degree resemble Nathaniel of old, of whom it was said, " Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile !" Their spontaneous expressions of affection, of gladness, and of sympathy, have a reality in them—a reality which is felt and confided in.

Sincerity has nothing *recherchée*—all is ease, simplicity, and candour ; where affection is not felt, there is no attempt at profession ; where sympathy is not awakened, condolence is not feigned, and silence brings no condemnation :—where hospitality is due, welcome, not gladness, is all that Christianity requires, for there must be guests of duty as well as of pleasure ; but the sincere in heart will not lavish those expressions of affection and joy upon the one, which can only be truly bestowed upon the other. In conversation there will be no *seeming* acquiescence with contrary sentiments, when the subject involves principle ; no cowardly silence when truth is attacked, or opinions broached which have an injurious tendency.

Every age and period has some temptation peculiar to itself ; the danger of the present day seems to be that of sacrificing principle to *expediency*. The very circumstance of bodies associated together for benevolent purposes, where great difference of opinion must necessarily exist, brings this temptation along with it.

Under the plausible pretext of *liberality*, the standard of truth is not unfrequently lowered, at least as relates to individuals. The desire of pleasing all parties, the ambition of standing high

with the world (so fatal to purity of purpose) is the rock on which too many split. In vain shall we seek to promote the well-being of society, whilst we remain unfaithful to the dictates of conscience. Those who are "all things to all men," would do well to consider whether their motives are equally single, equally pure with those of the Apostle: we do not find that, when he saw a sin upon his brother, he kept silence for fear of offending, for fear of (to make use of modern language) "doing more harm than good;" on the contrary, he reproved Peter and withstood him to the face.

The rebuke of Christian love may, from the infirmity of human nature, grieve the object of it for a moment, but it will never separate those who are upright in heart. The air, though divided as the arrow passes through it, is instantly re-united.

David said "Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil." The reproofs of a Christian will always be tempered with kindness; for those who love truth most, will feel most tenderly for their fellow-creatures; they will not only avoid all rudeness of dissent, all contradiction, where difference of opinion is immaterial, but they will concede trifles, and rejoice that they can do so, as by such concessions they gain an increased influence in things of real importance; for the love of a Redeemer, whilst it constrains to *faithfulness*, does touch the spirit with kind—with sympathizing feelings.—It is indeed the anointing oil of truth and grace!—and it is by this grace alone we can be enabled to be "*Sincere* and without offence, until the day of Christ."

A. H.

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IMITATION.—The more we know of God, the more we shall desire to resemble him in holiness. Whoever truly loves another will desire to be like the person he loves, and to do what that person likes.

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## EVENING REFLECTIONS.

It was an evening of magnificent beauty, for though the dark clouds lowered in the western sky, yet had the glorious orb of day tinged them with a portion of his own brightness, ere he bade farewell for a while to our little world. I had watched his progress for some time with deep interest, for I thought beneath these outward forms lay many a sweet lesson which it were ungrateful and wrong to overlook. For a while his bright beams seemed unable to penetrate the dense mass of clouds which lay around; now he had glanced through for a moment, and again was lost to my sight; but at last he had triumphantly burst the gloomy enclosure, and shone in great power and glory; though still one dark narrow stripe which shot across the centre prevented his appearing in *full* resplendency. How close an analogy did these present to the Christian's progress through life! Ere his soul has been first awakened to the perception of his own total darkness, how hopeless seems the task of imparting any spiritual views; but though to man this were impossible, yet could the same voice of command which spake the simple words of power "Let there be light, and there was light," as efficaciously penetrate the chaos of sin, and error, and ignorance by which the natural mind was surrounded, and when He has once clearly shone into the heart, though He may deem it needful sometimes to withdraw from our view, yet it is but to make us feel our own total helplessness, and our entire dependence upon Him; and thence lead us to acknowledge, from the inmost recesses of our hearts, that "God is Light," and that "He is the light of the world." When we indeed feel this, then will He again shine forth, and display Himself to us with much power and comfort; though, whilst still we linger here below, the remaining sin, which must cleave to mortality, will prevent us from beholding Him in the entirety of His majesty and perfection. That sin which encumbers us will ever ensure sorrow; but sweetly do

those gilded clouds pourtray the love which can illumine the darkest woes experienced here; and so sure is the Christian to obtain aid, when, from the depths of a softened but mourning heart, he supplicates his Saviour's presence with him in the furnace, that, upheld by the vivid support which his urgent need had called forth, he can even dread the removal of those afflictions which to the natural mind are so terrible, lest, with their disappearance, the immediate sense of his Saviour's nearness should also vanish.

Fancy had taken such a widely excursive range, that I forgot the rapid flight of time, and the shadows of night were fast falling around me, ere I arose from the grassy seat whence I had contemplated the glories of the setting sun. As I turned to retrace my steps homewards, other sights of beauty met my view. Every cloud had disappeared; the sky was thickly studded with countless myriads of stars, and the pale moon, with her borrowed light, imparted pleasure to my mind, when I contemplated the source whence her pure beams arose. I thought too she might evidence to us the enjoyment to be found in communion with those who seek illumination from Him who hath declared Himself to be our light; and with joyful gratitude I thanked God for the little chosen band of friends with whom my soul could indeed take sweet counsel, and who, though advanced as far beyond me as those bright lights which shone on high, were distant from our earth, yet loved to impart the knowledge they had derived from the only source of wisdom and love; and feeling that it was entirely his gift, and to be used for His glory, delighted to "bring forth out of their treasures things new and old;" the one to show from their own experience that the same toilsome path must be trod by every Christian pilgrim, but that we were not left to wander alone in darkness, for, by the mouth of his evangelical prophet, Christ hath said "surely they are my people, children that will not lie; so he was their Saviour; in all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them; in His love and in His pity He redeemed them, and He bare them and carried them all the days of old;" and then, displaying the

bright things of a renewed state, would they incite me onwards with a view of "the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Some of those with whom I had thus communed, had, I doubted not, received a full measure of happiness in the changeless glories of their Father's house above; some were still left on earth, but the time was fast hastening when those who were united in Spirit should form one great family in Heaven, "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." They should be there inseparably joined, where "the sun should be no more their light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto us; but the Lord shall be unto us an everlasting light, and our God our glory. The sun shall no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning shall be ended." "Amen! even so come Lord Jesus."

L. C. M. C.

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### SUNDAY MORNING.

The sweet sound wafts along on the soft summer breeze,  
As it flies o'er the hill-top and flits thro' the trees;  
On the mild airs of Heaven 'tis peacefully borne,  
And 'tis kiss'd by the joy-breathing zephyrs of morn.

Not Araby's rich and spicy gales—  
Not fair Italia's smiling vales—  
Not the loveliest flower in Flora's train—  
Not poesy's sweetest and tenderest strain—  
Not music's rich note, tho' my soul will rise  
On its dulcet sounds to the bright blue skies  
Not each, not all, can such bliss impart  
To my listening ear—to my grateful heart!

Oh, hark ! for again it is floating near—  
That sound to the Christian's soul so dear ;  
The note which calls him from earthly things,  
And bids him soar on devotion's wings ;  
Which leads him aside from the world's dull road,  
To the haven of peace, to the house of his God !  
Ye sacred Bells ! yes, sweet do ye come,  
To call me again to my heart's best home ;  
To calm my breast's unruly strife,  
To smoothe the rugged cares of life,  
To still the spirit's vain repining,  
By thoughts with holy comfort shining.

O ! long on peace's silvery wing,  
May ye pious joy to my country bring !  
May your cheerful sounds still gently swell  
The air, as it floats thro' each breezy dell ;  
And, as they rise o'er the city's din,  
May they hush the tumult of strife and sin ;  
From the clashings of interest and sordid care,  
May they lead each soul to the lowly prayer ;  
May they soothe the mourner's wounded breast,  
And hush contrition's fears to rest ;  
May they plume the wings of the fainting soul  
For its final flight—for its heavenly goal !

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"HE FIRST FINDETH HIS OWN BROTHER SIMON, AND SAITH UNTO HIM, WE HAVE FOUND THE MESSIAS, WHICH IS, BEING INTERPRETED, THE CHRIST; AND HE BROUGHT HIM TO JESUS."—JOHN, CHAP. I, VER. 41, 42.

Is it in the power of language to convey a more touching picture of fraternal love, than that which these few affecting words present? They go, with irresistible force to the heart, and, at a glance, convey some faint impression of the value which the rejoicing disciple attached to the blessing he himself had found, and of the yearnings of impatient affection which could not rest, till he had made the chosen brother of his heart partaker of the stupendous gift. At Jesus's invitation he had come and seen where this divine Redeemer dwelt; he abode with Him that day, and fed upon his heavenly words of wisdom and of life; then, full of the energy of love which such a feast imparted, his heart expanded towards the world around him; but, *first*, sought out the beloved associate of his infant days and early home, "his own brother Simon." *There* were his *strongest* sympathies attracted; and holy spiritual affection, uniting with the tender influences of fraternal love, urge forth the rapturous exclamation, "we have found the Messiah," the long expected Saviour! Was his hope chilled? and did the tide of animated joy ebb backward to his heart, as he beheld the cold reluctance, or the contemptuous incredulity with which the blissful tidings were received? No—it was a bond of holy love which bound these hearts together; and, with willing steps, both turned again to Him who would receive them gladly. Nor was the returning guest less favourably welcomed than when he first approached his Lord. Approvingly does the divine favour rest on those whose pure delight is found in making others blest. "He that winneth souls is wise;" and, whilst it be written that they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament," it is added, "and they that turn many to righteousness," shall be "as the stars for ever and ever." Oh! if the love of Christ be dear to us, if on us the true light

hath brightly shined, and given us "the knowledge of the excellency of Christ Jesus the Lord" let not the precious treasure be, in silent selfishness, alone enshrined within; but let the endearing ties of natural affection be sanctified and blest by a participation in the heavenly gift. Let the reviving truth spread widely, "we have found the Messiah,"—but, in the endearing privacy of the domestic circle, let the heart's sacred joy at first expand; and, whilst some faithful, fond, responding spirit catches from us the enlivening flame, be ours the ministry which the angelic hosts themselves rejoice in, and of which it may approvingly be recorded, "He brought him to Jesus."

L. H.

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HABAKKUK.

CHAP. III. VER. 17—18.

THOUGH the fig-tree should not blossom,  
Nor the vine her clusters yield:  
Nor the golden harvest waving  
Crown with sheaves the fruitful field.

Nor the flocks at eve returning,  
Whiten o'er the peaceful plain;  
Nor the shepherd's lute resounding,  
Call them from the fold again.

Yet in Thee, O God, confiding,  
Every anxious care is still:  
Perfect love its law fulfilling,  
Bows obedient to Thy will.

M. R.



## PROVIDENCE.

It was as calm an evening as ever came from Heaven,—the sky and the earth were as tranquil as if no storm from the one had ever disturbed the repose of the other; and even the ocean—that great highway of the world—lay as gentle as if its bosom had never betrayed,—as if no traveller had ever sunk to death in its embrace. The sun had gone down, and the pensive twilight would have reigned over nature, but for the moon, which rose in her full-orbed beauty, the queen of an illimitable world, to smile the goodly things of ours, and to give a radiance and a glory to all she shone upon. It was an hour and a scene that led the soul to the contemplation of Him who never ceases to watch over the works he has made, and whose protecting care displays itself alike upon the solid land and the trackless wastes of the deceitful sea.

On the western coast of the county of Devon, which has been termed, and, it may be added, justly, “the garden of England,” upon such an evening, a group had assembled around one of the fisherman’s cottages. The habitation was built in the true style of the olden time, when comfort was the principal object of the projector. At either side of the door were scattered the lines and nets and baskets that betokened the calling of the owner, and the fisherman was taking his farewell for the night, of his happy loving family, who were bidding him “God speed” on his voyage. A fine old man was leaning his arms on the railing, and talking to an interesting girl whose hand lay upon the shoulder of a younger sister. The stout fisherman, dressed in his rough jerkin, and large boots, that reached far above the knees, was in the act of kissing a little cherub, who seemed half terrified at being elevated so high as the father’s lips; while the wife and mother, with her infant nursling on her lap, was looking anxiously upon her husband as she breathed the parting blessing, and

the prayer for his safe return. A little boy, the miniature of his father in countenance and in dress, bearing a huge boat-cloak across his shoulders, and the lanthorn that was to give light when the moon departed, completed the group—if we except a noble Newfoundland dog, some steps in advance of the party, watching for the nod to command his march to a kind of pier where the fisherman and his boy were to embark.

“Good luck! good luck!” exclaimed the old man; “good luck, and safe home again, John: ye want no more but God’s blessing, and that ye may have for asking: but ye may as well take mine too,—God bless ye, and good bye to ye.”

The blessing was heartily echoed by his kind partner and his children, and, whistling as he went, with his boat-hook on his shoulder, his dog Neptune before, and his boy following, he trudged along to the beach.

With the earliest dawn of morning the fisherman’s family were astir; the elder girl was busily arranging their little parlour, while the younger was preparing the breakfast table, and the mother spreading before the fire the clothes of her husband and her boy. An hour passed, and she grew somewhat uneasy that he had remained abroad beyond the usual period of his return. Another hour had elapsed, when she said to her father, “Father, go out to the hillock and try if you can see his sail upon the water; he seldom stays out so long when the sea is calm and the weather fair; my little boy too was not quite well last night, and this alone should have hastened him home.”

The old man went forth, and one by one his grandchildren followed him, until the mother was left alone, rocking the cradle of her unconscious babe. After the lapse of another hour, her daughter entered with news that a neighbour had spoken to her father in the night, and that he would certainly be soon home.

“God grant it!” said she, and she spoke in a tone of deep anxiety,—“He never was away so long but once, and that was when he saved the crew of the ship Mary: and then the whirl of the sinking vessel had well nigh made his grave.”

Again she stirred the fire, again arranged the clothes before it,

and poured some hot water into the tea-cups. Still the breakfast remained untouched.

The sun was now soaring to his meridian height, when once more the family assembled in their humble dwelling; the prop of the whole was yet wanting. They sate down to a cheerless meal, the seats at either side of the wife remaining vacant. The old man was the only individual who appeared to anticipate no evil; but he hastily finished his breakfast and went forth.

The noon was rapidly passing, and the sun had already given tokens of the glory of his departure, when the fisherman's wife, having lulled her infant asleep, went herself to the hill that commanded an extensive view of the wide-spread ocean. All the little household soon assembled on the spot, but no boat was seen upon the waters,—nothing that could give hope except the aspect of the waves which looked too placid to be dangerous.

Their deep dread was no longer concealed; and while the old man paced to and fro, looking earnestly at brief intervals over the lonely sea, the mother and the daughter were sobbing audibly.

"Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!" exclaimed the father.—The sentence was uttered involuntarily, but it had its effect.

"Ay," said the mother, "he always trusted in Goe, and God will not forsake him now."

"Do you remember Jane," continued the old man, "how often Providence was with me, amid the storm and the wreck, when help from man was far off, and would have been useless if near?"—And they cheered and encouraged one another to hope the best,—but to submit to the decree of Heaven, whether it came as the gentle dew to nourish, or as the heavy rain to oppress. From that hillock which overlooked the ocean, ascended their mingled prayers that God would not leave them desolate.

The fisherman—the object of their hopes and fears—had been very successful during the night, when at day-break, as he was preparing to return home, he remembered his promise to bring with him some sea-weed to manure the potatoe plot behind his

cottage. He was then close to rocks which were only discernible at low water ; he pulled for them, jumped on shore, fastened the painter of his boat to a jutting part of the cliff, and took his boat-hook with him. He collected a sufficient quantity of the weed, but in his eagerness to obtain it, had wandered from the landing-place, when he heard his boy hallooing and exclaiming that the painter was loose. He rushed instantly towards the boat, which was then several yards off; the boy was vainly endeavouring to use both the oars, and Neptune, the faithful dog, was running backward and forward, howling fearfully, as if conscious of his master's danger, at one moment about to plunge into the waves to join him, and the next licking the face and hands of the child, as if he foresaw that for him his protection would be most needed.

The fisherman perceived at once the desperate nature of his situation ; the tide he knew was coming in rapidly, and his hope of escape was at an end, when he perceived that his boy, in an effort to use the oars, had let one of them fall overboard. "Father, father," exclaimed the poor lad, "what shall I do?"—the boat was at this moment so distant that his distracted parent could scarcely hear the words, but he called out to him as loud as he could to trust in God, the father of the fatherless. He then stood resigned to the fate which he felt awaited him, and watched the drifting boat that bore the child in peril from the fatal rocks. He had offered up a brief prayer to the throne of mercy, when in an instant, a light broke upon his mind. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "I may yet be saved." With the energy of hope battling with despair, he collected all the stones around him, and heaped them rapidly upon the highest ledge of rock: it was indeed wonderful how he could have gathered so many in so short a time ; but the Almighty gave strength to his arm, and he was labouring not for life merely, but for beings still dearer to him. The tide came on; on, on, and soon obliged him to abandon his work. He then mounted the pile he had heaped, planted his boat hook firmly in one of the crevices of the cliff, and prepared to struggle for existence: but his heart failed him, when he considered how slight was the possibility that the waters would not

rise above his head. Still, he determined to do all he could to preserve life. The waves were not rough, and the boat-hook supported him.

The awful moment rapidly approached; the water had reached his knees; but he stood firmly, and prayed that he might be preserved. On, on, on, it came, slowly and gently, but more fearfully than if it had raged around its destined prey;—soon it reached his waist, and he then prayed that it might go no higher. On, on, on, it came, and his shoulders were covered;—hope died within him, and he thought of himself no longer, but of those who were dear to him—his wife, his children, and his father—it was for blessings on them that he then implored Heaven. Still on, on, it came, and he was forced to raise his head to keep as long as possible from death; his reason was almost gone, his breath grew feeble, his limbs chill; he panted, and his prayers became almost gurgling murmurs. The blood rushed to his head; his eye-balls glared as if they would start from their sockets. He closed them with an effort, and thought for the last time on the home that would be soon so wretched! Horrible images were before him—each swell of the wave seemed as if the fiends were forcing him downward, and the cry of the sea-bird was like their yells over their victim. He was gasping, choking, for he had not strength to keep his head above the waves, every moment it was plashing upon them, and each convulsive start that followed only aroused him to the consciousness, if consciousness it could be called, that the next plunge would be his last.

Merciful powers!—at the very moment, when the strength and spirit of a man had left him, and the cold shudder of death had come on, he felt that the tide rose no higher. His eyes opened, closed, and a fearful laugh troubled the waters! They eddied in his throat, and the bubbles floated round round his lips—but they rose no higher—that he knew—again and again his bosom heaved with a deep sob, as he drew in his breath, and gave it forth anew in agony. A minute had passed since the salt sea touched his lips;—this was impossible if the tide still flowed: he could reason so much. He opened his eyes, and faintly murmured forth—

"O God, be merciful."—The flow of the ocean had indeed ceased; there he still stood motionless; but praying and weeping—thinking of his beloved home, and hoping that his place there might not be for ever vacant. The waters in a short time subsided, and he was enabled to stretch his chill limbs, and then to warm them by exercise. Soon, the rock was left dry as before, and the fisherman knelt down upon that desolate spot among the billows—hid his face in his hands, and praised and blessed his Creator—his Preserver!

Oh! it was the well-known bark of his faithful dog that he heard above the waves; in another moment the creature was licking his pale cheek. He was saved—he was saved—for his own boat had touched the shore, and his own boy was in his arms. He had been drifted to the land, and had easily found those who rowed hard for the chance of his saving their father's life.

Now homeward, homeward! he exclaimed. Homeward, homeward! echoed the child, and Neptune jumped and barked at the welcome sound.

The fisherman's family were still supplicating Providence upon the hillock that overlooked the deep, when the old man started from his knees, and exclaimed—"We are heard! there is a speck upon the distant waters."

"Where, where?" was echoed by the group; and he pointed out what he hoped to be the absent boat. They eagerly strained their eyes, but could see nothing: in a few minutes, however, all perceived a sail; still it was impossible to tell the direction in which its course lay.

Then was the agony of suspense; it continued, however, but for a short time; a boat was evidently advancing towards the shore; in a few minutes, they could clearly perceive a man at the bow, waving his hat above his head, and soon after the well-known bark of Neptune was borne to them by the breeze. The family rushed to the extremity of the rude pier, and the loud huzza of the fisherman was answered by the "welcome, welcome," of his father, and the almost inarticulate "thank God" of his wife.

And now all was joy and happiness in the cottage, where there

had been so much wretchedness ; the fisherman, his boy, and his dog, were safe from the perils of the great deep ; but he would return no answer to the many questions, as to what had detained him so long beyond the usual hour of his return—"Wait, my wife," said he, "until we have dressed and refreshed ourselves, and you shall know all ; but before we do either, let us bless God for his mercy, for out of great danger hath he preserved me."

Never was there a more sincere or more earnest prayer offered up to the Giver of all goodness, than ascended from that humble dwelling. And when the fisherman had told his tale, how fervently did they all repeat the words that had given them so much consolation in the morning,—

"Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!"

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"FOR DEMAS HATH FORSAKEN ME; HAVING LOVED THIS  
PRESENT WORLD."—2 TIMOTHY, CHAP. IV, VER. 10.

IN recapitulating the names of those who had walked with him, who had been his spiritual associates, friends, and even helpers in the ministry, how painful must it have been to the affectionate heart of the apostle, to have to say of one of whom he had had good reason to hope better things, "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." No doubt, his spirit had been deeply wounded at this defection, but its temper was too high wrought, its hopes too securely founded, to suffer discouragement by the trial. Like a zealous and faithful servant of his God, ever intent on the work of edification, he endeavours to turn the afflicting dispensation into a beneficial warning, that some might be built up and strengthened by the very instrument which to him had conveyed pain and bitter mourning. He therefore records the error of the apostate disciple, and assigns as its cause the love of this present world ; knowing that in all ages of the Christian church, the same alluring snare would put forth an equally seductive power, to the fall, and final overthrow of many. O ye,

who ardent in affection, yet still weak in faith, ye who hold out many a bright hope to the spirit which anxiously watches for the meridian day, thus ushered in by a bright and lovely morning, see that ye disappoint not, in like manner, the soul that watches over you with ministering love, as one "that must give account, that he may do it with joy, and not with grief." Oh! suffer not your senses to be dazzled, and your hearts enslaved by the glittering appearances, or the caressing endearments of a world which is but perishing,—which will, inevitably disappoint, and must, finally, desert you. It will seduce you from your God,—it will rob you of your eternal treasures and of your everlasting portion. Ye cannot love it but to your great loss,—ye cannot *cling to it* but to your utter ruin. The scriptures, which ye believe and look to, are explicit on this head; and experience of the world around us, and of the world within us, testifies to its truth. "Ye cannot love God and mammon." The more our hearts are occupied with the creature, the more our time and thoughts are engaged in the things which have this world only for their end, the further will God's presence retire from us; and the less shall we enjoy of the comforting, exalting, sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. And oh! what an exchange! From treasure unspeakable, to barrenness, poverty, and desertion!—Which then will ye prize, things external, or things internal and eternal? Oh! may ye be guided to make your choice wisely, and to adhere to it resolutely and steadfastly;—to cast in your lot with the people of God; to be willing rather to suffer afflictions with them, "that ye may enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Thus shall ye, indeed, "be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."

L. H.



**"THE PATTERN OF THINGS IN HEAVEN."**

BY G. F. RICHARDSON.

I look on the charms that Nature brings,  
Her gifts of joy and love ;  
And I see, in her brightest and holiest things,  
But the pattern of those above.

For every joy of purest beam,  
To this poor earth that's given ;  
What is it ?—An echo, a shade, a dream—  
Of still brighter joys in Heaven !

The loveliest charms of bow'r or field,  
That deck this earthly clod,  
Can but a faint resemblance yield,  
To the garden of our God.

And Nature's music breathed around,  
As it charms our ravish'd ears,  
But tells of that of holier sound,  
That is heard in yonder spheres.

And ev'ry thought that would fain aspire,  
Beyond this lower earth,  
Is but a spark of heavenly fire,  
That soars to its place of birth.

And every feeling priz'd in this,  
But speaks of a world more fair ;  
Affection's love, and friendship's bliss,  
Are only perfect there.

Then, as through a waste and weary land,  
Awhile our spirits roam ;  
Let us prize these gifts of a Father's hand,  
As sent from a Father's home.

## THOUGHTS ON RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHY.

His warfare is within, there evermore  
His fervent spirit labours.—COWPER.

IT is not very necessary we believe to explain what we mean by Religious Biography. We have chosen that phrase to express shortly a description of memoirs, which have for their object not merely to exhibit the outward occurrences of a person's life in his different relations with his fellow-men, but to record also the history of his "interior self," in that far higher relation, for the true comprehension, and for the perfect enjoyment of which man was made. We are quite aware of the defects of taste and language that appear in many works of this kind, and these it is not our purpose to defend,—we had much rather that purity of intention were always accompanied by purity of style, for there is certainly no necessary connection between inelegance and holiness. We are persuaded, however, that no one in pursuit of real information on a subject of common knowledge, would revolt at the homeliness of any medium by which it was conveyed, and, therefore, if there is to be found *truly* recorded in the pages of any volume the history of a mind which, amidst all the weakness, and the corruptions of its natural state, is yet holding itself attentive to the renewing education of the "Father of Spirits," and habitually feeling that

" its great affair  
Is with the Deity, his grace or frown,"\*

We cannot admit the wisdom or the fairness of turning away from that in which we may gather the materials of much nobler science than all the labours of human wisdom can teach. If the mind or soul of man be in all its aspects a most curious and engaging

\* Gambold.

subject of observation, it must be peculiarly so in that aspect on which its destiny throughout eternity depends; but it is not as affording subjects of curious moral speculation, that the works of which we speak are chiefly valuable; they have a stronger and a nearer interest to us, for they contain in them a most important part of that chain of evidence which attests the truth of Christianity. They contain in fact the history of the Church of Christ. We read books which treat of the divine origin of our religion, and dwell on its benefits and blessings, and our time is well spent in doing so—they tend to establish our faith, and to exalt our hope, but have not many of us felt, in turning from these to look on the world, that the prospect is desolate;—are we not almost tempted to doubt whether the sun of righteousness has arisen, so many are the clouds that intercept his beams,—so little are there ripened here the fruits “meet for immortality” hereafter? If we would be preserved from doubting the power or the practical efficacy of the religion of Christ, we must acquaint ourselves with the characters of those who have received it in simplicity and truth. It is by no means unfair to judge of the greatness of a cause from the correspondent degree of its effect, only let us be certain that the cause has had an actual field of operation. Now if we take the gospel as a cause, of which holiness should be the effect, it is *not* fair to judge of its power by the general aspect of the Christian world, because among the numbers who receive it nominally, how few are there who receive it really.—This declaration of great mercy, this “manifestation of the character of God” is not written in the heavens that it may be seen by the bodily eyes of all who walk on the earth,—it is written in the Bible that it may be transcribed on the hearts of those who read and believe; and as we value the original, so should we rejoice in looking at the transcript.

It is thought indeed by some that in the very publication of papers, written only for private use, there is a violation of the sacredness which should attach to such memorials, and the opinion is certainly entitled to respect, but we think it worth examining whether it be quite just, because it would, if acted on, deprive us

of those parts of religious memoirs, on which their chief interest and usefulness are to be found.—We do not ask how such publication might appear to the feelings of any individual while still alive on the earth, for we can well understand the shrinking sensibility that would forbid the exposure of that “bitterness” which the “heart only knoweth,” or that joy with which a stranger “intermeddleth not;” but is it not one of our imperfections here that we do so far feel strangers to one another, and that our communications are so often restrained by feelings allied to selfishness or distrust? When removed to a higher state, may we not hope that it will be otherwise? and if the followers of Christ are raised to partake not only of the happiness, but of the benevolence of Angels, we cannot imagine that the diffusion of any records respecting themselves which may tend to inform or influence a single child of their great Father’s family on earth should in any degree offend the spirits of those “just made perfect.”

But there is an objection sometimes made to the published memoirs of devout Christians, which if well grounded would indeed be a very strong one, and this is, that by the tone of melancholy in which their private meditations are often expressed, they tend rather to darken the prospect of a religious life than to invite to its pursuit, and by the continued severity of their self condemnation, they scarcely allow us to mark the progress of that sanctifying work which we are assured, the Holy Spirit does indeed carry on in the heart of a believer. As to degrees of cheerfulness or the reverse in all our views, much depends on the constitutional frame of the mind and spirits; generally speaking, we believe, the strongest impressions of religious truth are to be found in those who are grave rather than gay by natural temperament, but even if this should not be the case, still it must be remembered that strong affection is, by its very nature, anxious and apprehensive concerning the approbation of its object; the deeper the sensibility of any mind, the less is its love allied with confidence, and the more susceptible is it of alarm, and if this be the case even with respect to human objects of attachment, how

infinitely more must it be so when the mind has fixed its supreme regards upon Him whose "loving kindness is better than life." From the same source, and in close connection with this feeling, arises that self-condemnation of which we have spoken; it is the unfailing result of a self examiner's inquiries when they are made in sincerity and recorded with truth, and painful though it be it can appear strange to those only, who accustomed to "measure themselves by themselves," and not by the standard of the holiness of God. When we find Sir Isaac Newton lamenting the smallness of *his* attainments in natural philosophy, and comparing himself to "a child who passes its hours in picking up pebbles on the shore while the wide sea of knowledge lay unexplored before him," we do not the less admire his genius or estimate his attainments, we venerate his humility, and receive from thence an enlarged idea of the dignity and difficulty of his objects of pursuit. We must not refuse to the self-condemning Christian the same honour, we must rather learn from his experience that the higher his view of the holiness of God, the deeper will be his self-abasement, because from the very light that surrounds him, the more distinct will be his view of his own imperfections. If it were not thus—if the *assurance* which a believer is authorised to feel of the love of God towards him were in no degree subject to be disturbed by his want of conformity to the perfect law of God, or if he ever were permitted to feel his desires after personal holiness fully satisfied in this world, we have reason to fear that he might be hushed into a security very fatal to his spiritual advancement, and he would at all events be deprived of the natural, and necessary training which is every day preparing him for a fuller enjoyment of the *happiness* of Heaven. The search which the mind of man is constantly making after "Things not seen," and its unceasing desire for greater satisfaction than can be obtained here, is the foundation on which the very idea of heaven is built, while the aspect or form of future blessedness must vary (according to the spiritual condition of the mind that desires it) from the degrading expectation of a Mahomedan Paradise, to the pure, and enlightened hope of a place or

state whose bright mark of distinction from the earth we inhabit is that therein "dwelleth righteousness."—Such is the heaven promised in the Bible,—a state of entire moral health, with the capacity to behold "as he is," and to praise, as we desire to do, the good Physician who hath healed us,—just in as much, therefore, as the Christian knows and laments the disease of his moral nature, will such an anticipation be precious to him, and its fulfilment glorious.

When the ardent reformer exclaimed in his disappointment, that "the old Adam was too strong for the young Melancthon," he had only made a discovery respecting others, which every one who enters on the course of a Christian life with too sanguine expectations of a sensible and unfaltering progress in it will sooner or later make with far deeper disappointment respecting himself, not because he has over-rated the power of religious motives, but because he has under-rated the strength and variety of the influences that oppose them. This is a species of information that can be but imperfectly obtained from any professed treatise on a religious subject however eloquent, but we find in it marked and expressive distinctness in the simplest record of a religious life. We hold it to be in truth among the most important benefits to be derived, from the class of books of which we now speak, that they tend to correct those too abstract representations of religion, which prevail in the pages of some very excellent writers on the subject, and that they exhibit Christianity to us not merely as an object of admiring regard, perfect in its plan, as coming from the hands of an Almighty Author, but as it exists in visible application to the wants of our brethren of mankind—as it appears (to use the words of an old sacred poet of England, Herbert) when

" Meeting sin's force and art."

And if the picture which a devoutly contemplative imagination delights to paint, should be somewhat lowered in its tints when received through this medium its *expression* will be rendered

much more familiar, and its effect therefore must be more usefully felt. But in saying that the representations of Christianity, given by divines in general, are of too abstract a kind, we have not stated the only or (as it appears to us) the chief defect that exists in their writings, when we look into them for practically useful information. In these we have often been struck with a disposition to magnify some one doctrine of Christianity to the neglect, if not at the expense of others, and as we cannot help thinking that this results from the habit of considering the subject apart from its intimate adaptation to the varieties of the human character, so we can imagine no means likely to assist in restoring and settling the just balance of Christian truth, as to consult the personal records of Christian experience. If we are right in attributing such utility to this practice in the rectifying of our faith, we cannot be less so in saying that it may be made of great use in the enlargement of our charity. These two graces of the Christian life, are indeed so linked together in the New Testament, that when we meet them in the world in a state of separation from one another, we may well doubt whether it is the *very* faith and charity of the Gospel that we behold, or only some false resemblances placed in their stead by the passion or the indolence of men, but of no account with Him who searcheth the heart. To feel bound together by a common belief in the great doctrines of Christianity, rather than by partaking the peculiarities of any sect or church, is the way in which the disciples of Christ will best fulfil the "new commandment" of their holy Master "to love one another." —We cannot doubt therefore that the charity, proceeding from a "pure heart, and a good conscience, and faith unfeigned," will find a blessed exercise and a useful cultivation in tracing the "unity of the Spirit" through every variety of external profession, for it will delight to acknowledge a brotherhood in Christ, with all who have come unto him "weary and heavy laden," and seeking have found "rest unto their souls."

To those who have been accustomed to make the reading of religious memoirs a part of their employment, we have already said more than may seem necessary, but as our object is to influ-

ence to a more favourable regard for them, those who have not been in the habit of seeking in such works for religious knowledge, we cannot conclude without reminding the latter that the plan adopted, in describing the divine communications to man, contained in the holy Scriptures, is at once a warrant for this practice and a pledge of its usefulness. Turning first to the Old Testament we need hardly say, to any one conversant with its contents, how much their interest to us depends on the minute knowledge of human nature (from individual instances), that is there conveyed to us, for in nothing does even the historical part of the Old Testament differ from other histories more than in this, that it calls the attention of the reader not so much to the external narrative of its wonderful events as to the moral history of those who were concerned in them. It is not thought enough to our edification in that book, that we have the account of creation, and the promise of redemption, the pronouncing of the law from Sinai, and all the miraculous doings of God for the preservation of his chosen people—we are admitted to a nearer and more interesting view still of His divine government, in the records of its felt effects on the hearts of those who dwelt in a conscious nearness to Him as a Father and a friend. Passing over all that might be urged on this subject from earlier parts of the Bible, we find in the book of Psalms, a full and perfect illustration of what we mean.—From the earliest time at which religion becomes to any mind needful or attractive, to the latest hour of the Christian's earthly pilgrimage, he finds in some portions of that book his chosen comfort in sorrow, and, in others, the expressive organ of his heart's gratitude and joy.—It cannot be to the often deep and mystical sense which the learned have found in them, that we are to attribute this, nor even to their plainer prophetic intimations; not even to the delicious sweetness of pastoral imagery, or the incomparable sublimity of thought and diction with which the Psalms abound;—they have a source of interest to us more endearing than all these, which is, that their words are spoken out of the fulness of the heart.—We know from them what the writers personally experienced and



felt.—We have the veil of ceremony drawn aside which commonly obscures the communication of thought between one man and another, and we see the soul itself, abased in penitence, or seeking shelter from danger or affliction, or rejoicing with child-like confidingness in the presence of God. We should be guilty of very bad taste, as well as of irreverence, if we proceeded to compare any uninspired compositions with these in their *degree* of value or of interest, but if we are right in what has been mentioned as giving to the Psalms their *peculiar* interest, the same principle of moral taste (we should rather perhaps say of moral sympathy), ought, we think, to be applied to other writings which possess, in however inferior a degree, the same claim to our regard.

When we turn to the New Testament, and study the greater, and “better covenant,” wherein indeed we find the “substance of things hoped for,” and gain “the evidence of things not seen,” we find that by Evangelists and Apostles, the same principle of interest is understood and confessed. The writers of the Gospels are scarcely more faithful in reporting the words of their Divine Master, or the facts of his miraculous interposition, than they are in showing us what were the effects produced on the minds of those who listened to his voice, or who had felt, or desired to feel, the personal benefit of his saving power. “One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see,” (words which closed a confession made in the face of danger and obloquy by the man whose eyes had been opened) show us with the energy of living evidence a state of mind well pleasing to the God of truth; and to such, we are told in the account that follows, Christ will further reveal himself.\*—“Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief” were the simple words in which an afflicted father “cried out with tears,” when looking to his Saviour for the restoration of his son, and surely no *description* of the feelings of an oppressed heart, when it is first visited by the hope that infinite power, joined with infinite goodness, are concerned for its relief, could convey a picture to our minds half so intelligible or affecting.—When we

\* John, chap ix. ver. 35—38.

read that "the Lord turned and looked upon Peter," and that "Peter went out and wept bitterly" we do not require even words to tell us how severe is the remorse of an erring believer when he has in any instance suffered the fear, or the love of the world, to prevail in his heart over the love of Christ. We need not multiply such instances from the Gospels, they are many, and not one of them is likely to be forgotten. In the Apostolic writings the same principle is applied to excite the interest and attention of those who read them, and that it is not done in vain, is proved by the peculiarly deep feeling with which all, who have entered in earnest on the Christian warfare, read such passages as this:—"For to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do."—This is more than eloquence, it is the language of heart-felt experience; all the symptoms of our moral disorder are here recounted to us, not in the tone of a teacher, but in that of a fellow sufferer, and when at the close of the melancholy reckoning he asks, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" we are well prepared to rejoice with him in the answer "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." It is from himself also, that St. Paul draws a picture of Christian perseverance—(unequalled in the energy of its expression, yet not more calculated to repress arrogance than it is to cherish the devout confidence that is needful to invite to the pursuit he describes)—when in addressing his Philippian converts, he says, "Brethren I count not *myself* to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ."—These are but two among numerous instances in which the great Apostle, by the same means, does not only throw a life and warmth into his teaching, which it could not otherwise have possessed, but seems anxious, by a reference to his own personal experience on religious subjects, to correct any possible mistake or abuse of the doctrines he taught, when stated in their more abstract or general form. The strength of the

testimony thus afforded to his integrity is too obvious to be here insisted on. We urge St. Paul's example in the present case chiefly to show that even while holding, as he did, the lofty commission of an inspired "ambassador for Christ," he yet knew no better means of conveying the full import of his Master's message to the minds of others than by declaring the effects of his reception of the same great truths on his own.—He does this as a simple disciple, and are we not therefore warranted in saying that whenever a sincere follower of the same Master has recorded his progress in the same school, there must be benefit to those who seek for it in reading the record?—That the degree of benefit as well as of interest must vary, not only according to the attainments of the writer, but according to the resemblance between him and the reader in the general character of their minds, is very evident, for upon this depends the influence that any book, whether of argument, or feeling, has on the mind of any reader.—In the character of the writings of which we speak, we need hardly say that truth is the one thing needful. It bears a stamp that it is not easy to counterfeit, and where this exists, we should guard against too fastidious a concern about the mode in which the writers express themselves, remembering that the object for which we consult them is something much higher than a gratification of literary taste,—it is, that we may gain assistance in knowing ourselves and our relation to God, and in maintaining within us a sense of the religion of Christ in all its reality and all its tenderness.

M. F.

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## THE TRIAL.

## FOUNDED ON FACT.

THE trial of James Frankland was not yet over. His mother, his sister, and younger brother, bent their knees in prayer for his deliverance, with an agony which momentarily increased. Every fresh arrival of some kind neighbour, with later news from the court house, made them more and more afraid that even innocence, manifest as his appeared to their eyes, might be finally overborne by a weight of circumstantial proof, artfully and audulently piled together. By degrees these messengers of kindness came less frequently; and their words were less encouraging. For evidence of forgery, strong as presumptive evidence well could be, was rapidly accumulating against the prisoner, and finally closed with so exact an appearance of the whole charge, that in spite of his solemn and repeated denials of the whole charge, the able efforts of his counsel to rebut the direct bearings of the testimony, and his high character—eagerly and amply sustained by voluntary witnesses of the greatest respectability—a jury of his countrymen found him guilty of the capital crime, and sentence of death was recorded against him.

It was thought by many hard-hearted in the judge to leave, from the moment after the verdict was pronounced, no hope of mercy for the criminal. To all representations (and many were made) of the value of the evidence in the prisoner's favour, it was replied "that the offence was too dangerous to society ever to be pardoned, and that his previous good conduct aggravated the guilt; since from his station and circumstances, he had no visible temptations to fraud. And yet," continued the judge, "guilty of deliberate felony, this man undoubtedly is—if ever a crime *can be* proved, which no one has been seen to commit."

The suspense, in which the family of James Frankland had passed nine dreadful hours, was now terminated by the certainty of their doom of unutterable affliction. Mr. Vincent, the clergy-

man, stood by the side of the widowed mother when she lifted up her eyes, and reading in them the questions which her lips had no power to utter, he clasped her hand in his own, saying sorrowfully, "Commit your innocent child to the mercy of his God; for innocent, I feel assured, he is of the crime for which he is doomed to suffer!" She drew a long gasp of unutterable agony, and fell insensible on the floor. Her daughter, down whose pale and hollow cheek not a tear flowed, made no attempt to raise her, but kneeled at her side, gazing upon her features with a fixed and wild stare—rigid as a figure of stone. The boy, who had been praying with them, rushed to the bed-room once his brother's, and flung himself on the tenantless bed, groaning aloud in agony.

These wretched beings spent the night, immediately following the condemnation of one so deeply beloved, together. At length the morning dawned, bringing for them no comfort. James had wished to see his mother once more for the last time; but her reason seemed so nearly giving way under the crushing weight of her calamity, that the minister, who gave up his whole time in going from one to the other, succeeded in persuading him that it was better to spare her a trial, which would probably destroy her life, or render her an incurable maniac during her remaining years. But the fortitude of affection, stronger than the grave, bore up his sister through the sorrows of their interview; and though they met only to cast themselves into each other's arms, while no word was spoken, they felt that to have been withheld from such a meeting, would have added bitterness to death. Silent, from feelings which choked all speech, and which none might venture to describe, she was at length obliged to depart; and it was only when he gave up her cold and quivering frame to the care of his unwearied friend, that he said, "Farewell, my own dearest Agnes—for ever!"

I do not desire to set forth the harrowing details of the execution—the preparation on the scaffold—the assembled multitude—or the unshrinking deportment of the sufferer. It was over. Life was extinct in the breast of the gifted being, who, throughout his

brief existence, had discharged its duties kindly and nobly, and whose innocence was almost universally believed, in the teeth of overwhelming proof; and many went from the sad spectacle to their homes, deploring the cruelty and defects of a law, which judged such a man worthy of death. The minister, who had only left the afflicted to afford the last succour and consolation to the dying, desired to avoid all publicity in conveying the body to the house of mourning. It was deposited by his directions, in strict privacy—in a room near to the place of execution; whence he meant to accompany it to the residence of the afflicted family, as soon as the dusk of the evening should conceal the procession from the gaze of the idle and curious.

At the appointed hour, a few friends who had known him from childhood, and whose strong love and trust were unshaken by the trial and sentence, attended to bring home the dead. But the shell, which had contained the remains, was empty. The body was not to be found. Nothing remained but the linen cloth which had been thrown over it, and which still covered the place where it had lain; and the men and the minister stood looking at each other in petrified amazement. Their subsequent search, conducted with the utmost keenness and activity, failed to elicit anything leading to discovery. Mr. Vincent tasked his best judgment and feelings, to prevent the bereaved family from coming to the knowledge of this misfortune, for the present; and endeavoured to gain time for the father prosecution of an inquiry, in which he was not destined to be successful.

At no great distance from the place of execution, was the abode of Mr. Tesimond, a gentleman not less eminent for generosity and benevolence, than for an ardent pursuit of knowledge in his profession, which was that of a surgeon. We leave it for our readers to determine by which of these he was moved; when, by a rapid and dexterous manœuvre, he caused the body of James Frankland to be conveyed to his dissecting room, with a celerity and secrecy, that set all scrutiny at defiance. It was not until an hour past midnight, that he ascended his private staircase, and, taking the key from his pocket, cautiously opened the door, and

entered the apartment where he had locked up the body of the man who had been executed the day before, and whose unaccountable disappearance had caused such astonishment. It was now his turn to be astonished. The sack, which had contained the body, lay empty on the floor, and he stood surveying it in mute surprise, and perhaps other feelings not altogether agreeable. A slight noise behind him made him turn his head, and he saw the figure of a man entirely naked : it rose from a chair in which it had been sitting, and advanced towards him. He had firm nerves, and was the reverse of a timid man ; but his heart sank, and his knees trembled for a moment—it was but a moment ; for the being proved itself corporeal, by addressing him in incoherent language, evidently under impressions of strong delusion, and fearful excitement. The man prayed for mercy—said he suffered death unjustly, in the world he had left, and finally dropped on his knee, in the fervency of his supplication.

The whole truth now flashed like lightning on the mind of Mr. Tesimond : he saw, in an instant, that it was one of those cases of resuscitation, of which so few are upon record ; and knew that it must have been owing either to the imperfect fastening of the noose, or to the body having been cut down prematurely. He determined, however, that innocent or guilty, the victim of the law should not be hung a second time. To all intents and purposes, he had once suffered death ; and evidently imagined himself to be translated to the world of spirits. While he is concealed in the house of Mr. Tesimond, until retirement, kindness, and judicious treatment, gradually restore his bodily and intellectual health, we return to his family.

Mr. Vincent was sitting by the mother, some hours after the remains of her son were missing, painfully conscious that he should not be able, much longer, to keep the circumstance from coming to her knowledge ; when he was summoned away by a written message. Apparently the business was very urgent, for he arose, in considerable perturbation, and hastily left the house.

In about an hour and a half he returned ; and dismissing every body but the widow and her daughter, he was closeted alone

with them a long time. What passed at that conference was not known ; but the mother of James Frankland afterwards manifested the most entire resignation, under the heavy affliction she had sustained ; and the dim eyes of Agnes began to be lighted up with somewhat of their former brightness : it was even said that she was overheard humming the air of an old ballad, that James had been fond of hearing her sing ; but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. The family continued to inhabit the same neighbourhood for a few years, and then suddenly quitted it ; without telling their neighbours whither they went.

More than twenty years had elapsed since this event, and it was almost universally forgotten, when some affairs, of great interest to his fortunes, called Mr. Tesimond to Amsterdam. He was pausing to bestow an intent survey on the Stadthouse, when he was accosted by a middle-aged person, of gentlemanly dress and bearing, in terms of the most eager and cordial delight. He was astonished—was entirely at a loss—and might have remained so ; but the stranger called him his preserver—his best friend under heaven ; and fairly led him away, *vi et armis*, to a large and handsome house, where he introduced him to his wife,—to his mother, now very aged ; and sent for his sister, who was married to a wealthy citizen, to help to enjoy what he called the happiest hour of his life. “ You see me,” he said, “ opulent, respectable, and with as little to disturb me as generally falls to the lot of humanity. And the Giver of all good repay to you and yours, a thousand fold, the happiness of which you have been the instrument, in preserving the life of James Frankland.”

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## SONG OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"They sin who tell us love can die,  
 With life all other passions fly—  
 All others are but vanity !  
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;  
 Earthly these passions, as of earth—  
 They perish where they have their birth !  
 But love is indestructible !—  
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth !

SOLITUDE.

Oh ! droop thou not, my gentle earthly love—  
     Mine still to be !  
 I bore, through death, to brighter lands above,  
     My thoughts of thee.

Yes ! the deep memory of our holy tears—  
     Our mingled prayer—  
 Our suffering love, through long devoted years,—  
     Went with me there !

It was not vain, the hallowed and the tried—  
     It was not vain !  
 Still, still, though viewless, hovering at thy side,  
     I watch again !

From our own paths, our love's attesting bowers,  
     I am not gone ;  
 In the deep hush of midnight's whispering hours,  
     Thou art not lone !

Not lone, when by the haunted stream thou weapest—  
That stream whose tone  
Murmurs of thoughts, the holiest and the deepest,  
We two have known :

Not lone, when mournfully some strain awaking  
Of days long past,  
From thy soft eyes the sudden tears are breaking,  
Silent and fast :

Not lone, when upwards, in fond visions, turning  
Thy dreamy glance,  
Thou seek'st my home, where solemn stars are burning  
O'er night's expanse !

My home is near thee, loved one ! and around thee,  
Where'er thou art ;  
Though still the o'ershadowing veil of earth that bound thee,  
Oh, trust thy heart !

Hear its low voice, nor deem thyself forsaken :  
Let faith be given  
To the still tones that oft our being waken—  
They are from heaven !

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MEEKNESS.—Passionate reproofs are like medicines given scalding hot: the patient cannot take them. If we wish to do good to those we rebuke, we should labour for meekness of wisdom, and use soft words for hard arguments — DODD.

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## JERUSALEM.

"Is this thy place, sad City?"—BISHOP HEBER.

How potent is the magic exerted by a geographical name!—Rome—Athens—Jerusalem! What a host of images do they call up! what a thrill of feeling do those words excite! No single name of sage or hero acts so powerfully on the imagination, as that of some once favoured resort of the illustrious dead, which therefore stands to us for a hundred names of individual interest and sanctity. When we think of Socrates, or of Cæsar, fancy can but suggest the imaginary portrait of the man; but the name of Rome calls up the long line of Cæsars, with all the splendours of the Augustan age, and those who made it illustrious—Virgil, and Horace, and Cicero. A crowd of brilliant but indefinite images rush upon the mind, which operate the more powerfully from that indefiniteness: for the next step which the mind takes, is, to shape to itself some material form, or ideal being, as the object on which to concentrate those feelings. It is obvious, that mere scenery cannot fix and sustain this local enthusiasm: the soul and centre of the scene is a shadowy abstraction, combined of all the material and moral elements of the landscape, or rather sublimed from them, which forms the genius or deity of the place. For instance, when we speak of Rome, "the Eternal City"—who thinks of the modern capital, with its narrow filthy streets, the Campo Vaccino and the Corso, the Castle of St. Angelo, or even of St. Peter's, and the Vatican?—No; the Rome which we picture to ourselves, is the queen of nations, the *Mater Dea* of the ancient world, who, throned on her seven hills, once complacently beheld her sceptred or laurelled sons, those master spirits of heroic mould, who in successive ages made her name glorious;—now, prostrate and conscious of her fall, surrounded by a desert of her own creation, looking up half disdainful at the paltry palaces and churches, with their still

more insignificant tenants, who have usurped the scenes of her former grandeur.—Thus, with a sort of intellectual idolatry, the mind bows down before its own immaterial workmanship, made after the likeness, not of the human figure, but of the human spirit, yet invested with an obscurity and vastness related to the attributes of Deity.

These lofty raptures, however, are a flight too high for vulgar minds; and, in them, the local enthusiasm must ally itself to something more tangible, which shall still represent and typify the genius of the place. And now this topographical passion puts on the form of grosser idolatry, as it blends with the fanaticism of the pilgrim or the crusader; and the Holy Sepulchre or the Kaaba, the Heathen Temple or the Christian *Basilica*, becomes the shrine of the presiding genius,—the *numen loci*. But the shrine must have its altar and its visible symbol of divinity. Hence, the palladium of Troy and the *diopetes* of Ephesus, the black stone of Mecca and the gray stone of the Mosque of Omar, the marble sarcophagus of Calvary and the manger of Bethlehem.

If idolatry had not grown out of the very constitution of our nature,—if it had not been an instinctive feeling taken on, as it were, a deceased action, it could never have become so universally prevalent. Originating at once in the strength and the imbecility of the human mind, it results from the effort to localise and embody the invisible objects of those awful hopes, and fears, and devout emotions, which bear witness within us to the Deity. Thus, the old pagans assigned gods to the hills, and gods to the valleys; while Christian Rome has its Olympus and Pantheon of patron saints and tutelary demigods. But the local enthusiasm is in itself a blameless and even an exalted moral sensation; and the faculty by which we identify with the outward forms of inanimate nature, the moral spirit or historic soul of the scene, seems like a reflection of that creative power which has linked in the human being, in most intimate connexion, two substances as distinct from each other, and as incapable of spontaneously uniting, as the hills, and

streams, and pillared fanes are distinct from the spirits of the mighty dead.

"What went ye out for to see?" may well be inquired of the Christian traveller on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. A splendid capital? Then you must visit St. Petersburg, Mexico, or Rome. The mountains of ancient magnificence? For these you must go to Persepolis or Thebes. For objects of wonder and admiration, the traveller must ascend the Nile or the Hellespont; for scenes of beauty, visit Naples or Damascus. But what in Jerusalem does the traveller go forth to see? The city of David? Not a trace of it remains. The city of Herod? Of that too not a stone exists that has not been subverted. The colonial city of Adrian? That has been overthrown. The Jerusalem Delivered which Tasso sang? That has been reconquered by the victorious sword of the Moslem. What remains? A turkish walled town, inclosing a number of heavy, unornamented stone houses, with here and there ruined heaps and vacant spaces!—seated amid rugged hills on a stony and forbidding soil,—“a cemetery in the midst of a desert.”

Is this thy place, sad city,—this thy throne,  
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?  
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,  
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?  
Where now thy pomp?

HUBER.

Jerusalem is no more. What exists on its site, serves only to mislead topographical inquiries. Not a monument of Jewish times is standing; the very course of the walls is changed, and the boundaries of the ancient city are become doubtful. The monks pretend to show the sites of the sacred places; but neither Calvary, nor the holy sepulchre, much less the Dolorous Way, the house of Caiaphas, &c. has the slightest pretensions to even a probable identity with the real locality to which the tradition refers. “The mistaken piety of the early Christians,” Dr. Clarke

remarks, "in attempting to preserve, has either confused or annihilated the memorials it was anxious to render conspicuous. Viewing the havoc then made, it may now be regretted, that the Holy Land was ever rescued from the dominion of the Saracens, who were far less barbarous than their conquerors." But the less there remains to be seen here, the more remarkable is the intense interest which still brings pilgrims from all quarters to the sacred city. At the beginning of the eleventh century, the *mania* of pilgrimage was at its height. It was a prevalent belief, that the end of the world was at hand; and among the armies of devotees, who at that time flocked to the Holy Land, were found kings, earls, and prelates, with immense numbers of women, many of whom had taken the resolution there to die, or wait the coming of the Lord. One corps, which is said to have amounted to 7,000, had three bishops and one archbishop among its leaders. Toward the close of that century, in consequence of the preaching of Peter the Hermit, still larger masses of European population began to roll toward the East. The poor rustic, who, equally with the proud baron and valorous cavalier, caught the enthusiasm, would place his whole family in the cart to which he had yoked his oxen, to perform this unknown journey; and the children, as they approached any large town or castle, would inquire whether that was Jerusalem. Then came the bloody days of the Crusaders, when the love of rapine, blending with the hope of salvation, became stimulated to the pitch of diabolical frenzy. A three days' massacre of men, women, and children, signalized the entrance of the pious Godfrey into the city where the Saviour of mankind shed his blood for a guilty world. When Saladin, in 1187, retook the place, he released the greater part of his prisoners, and loaded them with presents. Those days are past; and the Templars, the Hospitallers, and the Saracens, are extinct. But still, as Easter returns, some few thousands of Greek, and Latin, and Armenian, and Moggrebin pilgrims, repair to the Holy City, to kiss the consecrated marbles, to light their tapers at the sacred fire, and to wash away their sins in the Jordan. In them the

local enthusiasm exists in all its vigour and simplicity, or rather grossness. When they catch from the summit of the last hill over which the road from Jaffa passes, the first sight of the embattled walls, their transport is at its height; for they see in imagination, the Jerusalem of other days, and the very castle of king David is seen rising on the one hand, while the church of the Holy Sepulchre forms the principal object on the other.

Ecco apparir Gierusalem si vede ;  
Ecco additar Gierusalem si scorge ;  
Ecco da mille voci unitamente  
Gierusalemme salutar si sente.

TASSO.

The first sight of an eastern city is generally imposing; and the effect is the more striking, when the traveller comes upon it after having for hours, or perhaps days, traversed a desolate and cheerless region. The general aspect of the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem, is blighted and barren: "the bare rock looks through the scanty sward, and the grain seems in doubt whether to come to maturity or die in the ear." On approaching the city from the west toward the Jaffa or Pilgrims' gate, little is seen but the embattled walls and the Gothic citadel, the greater part of the town being concealed in the hollow formed by the slope of the ground toward the east. But, from the high ground in the road to Nablous and Damascus, when the distant city first bursts on the traveller, the view is exceedingly noble and picturesque. Amid a seemingly magnificent assemblage of domes, and towers, and minarets, the eye rests with delight on the elegant proportions, the glittering gilded crescent, and the beautiful green blue colour of the mosque of Omar, occupying the site of the temple of Jehovah; while, on the left, the lovely slope of Mount Olivet forms a soothing feature in the landscape. The general character is a sort of forlorn magnificence; but the distant view is all. On entering at the Damascus Gate meanness, and filth, and misery, soon reveal its fallen and degraded state. You lose yourself among narrow, unpaved

deserted streets, where a few paltry shops expose to view nothing but wretchedness; the houses are dirty and dull, looking like prisons or sepulchres; scarcely a creature is to be seen in the streets, or at the gates; and throughout the whole city, there is not one symptom of either commerce, comfort, or happiness. "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How is she become as a widow, she that was great among the nations; and the princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! From the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed.—All that pass by say, Is this the city that was called the Perfection of Beauty, the Joy of the whole Earth?"\*

But even that view of the modern town, which has been pronounced so exceedingly beautiful, is revolting to the mind. For what can reconcile the feelings of a Protestant Christian to the monstrous incongruity of Turkish domes and minarets towering over the site of the Temple, and the triumphant symbol of the Mahommedan imposture glittering amid the towers of convents and churches dedicated to fraud and idolatry? The Roman, to whom the city was given in vengeance, might be allowed to insult its ruins by erecting over them shrines and altars to his fabulous deities; and were any of the edifices of the Ælian colony still standing, they would speak a language in unison with the scene. But the monuments of Saracenic prowess, and of Christian fanaticism are alike disgusting here; and when one thinks of all the mummeries that have been acted since the days of the Empress Helena down to the present time, of all the blood that has been shed in the successive crusades for the conquest of Jerusalem, and of all the unutterable abominations which have polluted the once sacred precincts,—one can hardly suppress the wish, that the earth would upheave and shake off the paltry burden that encumbers the soil, or ingulf all that usurps the site and holy name of that guilty and devoted city. Jerusalem, utterly waste and untenanted, a sad and savage desert, were a sight less melancholy, less uncongenial with the feelings appropriate to the scene.

\* Lamentations i. 1—6; ii. 15.



The features of nature, however, possess an unchangeable interest; and it is on these, not on the pretended holy places and intrusive structures, that the eye reposes with complacency: with these it is that the heart communes. "The beautiful gate of the Temple," remarks Dr. Clarke, "is no more; but Siloa's fountain haply flows, and Kedron sometimes murmurs in the valley of Jehoshaphat." A few gardens still remain on the sloping base of Mount Zion, watered from the pool of Siloam; the gardens of Gethsemane, the Vale of Fatness, are in a sort of ruined cultivation; the olive is still found growing spontaneously in patches at the foot of the mount to which it has given its name; there, too, the road to Bethany still winds round the declivity; and Mount Olivet itself retains a languishing verdure.

The Mount of Olives forms part of a ridge of limestone hills, running N. E. and S. W. It is the second of its summits which overlooks the city. "On rising," says the Rev. Mr. Jowett, "it was pleasant to view from my chamber window, the mild scenery of the Mount of Olives. This mountain gradually increases in beauty till about the second hour after sun-rise, when the swell and slopes upon its side present at this season of the year (November), a very soft variation of light and shade. If the heart desire the solace of some holy reminiscences, these may still be enjoyed, pure and native, as the eye turns toward Mount Olivet. There no violence, or none that merits notice, has been done to the simplicity of the scene." From this summit is obtained a bird's eye view of the city, which many travellers have pronounced to be the best. It commands the whole circumference of the town, and nearly all the more striking details,—the Church of the Sepulchre; the Castle of the Pisans; the Armenian convent; the mosque of Omar, in the midst of its beautiful garden; the mosque El Aksa; St. Stephen's gate, near which is the Turkish burying-ground; the barren vacancies and ruined heaps which occur within the walls; and the Christian burial-ground and the tomb of David on the unenclosed part of Mount Zion. In returning from Bethany by the nearest path, as you wind round the side of the mountain, you come almost suddenly in view of

the city ; and the mind is irresistibly led to indulge the conclusion, that this must have been the spot whence, as our Saviour drew nigh to the city, he beheld it and wept over it, foreseeing and predicting its destruction.

That destruction has been consummated ; and it is now difficult to recal even to imagination the scene which it then presented. " To conceive of its ancient aspect, we must endeavour to shut our eyes to the domes, and minarets, and castellated towers which now revolt every pleasing and sacred association—we must forget the Turks, the Arabs, and the monks, and blot out from the picture the Holy Sepulchre, with all the horrible mummery connected with it. We must imagine ourselves looking down from Mount Olivet on a well-peopled and strongly fortified city, occupying the oblong area of two sloping hills, about four miles in circumference, and sheltered on almost every side by more commanding elevations, cultivated in terraces, and clothed to their very summits with the olive, the fig-tree, and the palm. We must bear in recollection, that artillery was not invented when Jerusalem was approached by the Roman armies ; and that its natural position, as surrounded on three sides by deep ravines, and on the fourth side with a triple wall, rendered it all but impregnable. In point of strength, therefore, the site was admirably chosen : while its numerous springs and water-courses, a circumstance of the first importance in that country, rendered it ' beautiful for situation,'—imparting fertility to the rich alluvial soil of the surrounding valleys, where the Jews had their gardens according to the custom of the East ; the gardens and burying-places which environ the towns, as at Gaza and Jaffa, being their greatest ornament. It was in a garden thus situated, that Joseph of Arimathea had hewn out a sepulchre in the rock which rose from the other side of the valley—probably in some part of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, through which flowed the river Kedron, with its little tributaries, the Siloa, and the Gihon, ' making glad the city of God.'\* The city itself, if it could not boast of a Partheon, was probably equal, in architectural decoration, to any

\* Psalm xlv. 4. Isa. viii. 6. John xviii. 1.

one then standing in the world.\* It could not, indeed, compare with Babylon, or Nineveh, or the hundred-gated metropolis of Egypt, either in extent or magnificence; but its two temples—the one built by Solomon, and the other repaired and completed by Herod—were successively the admiration of the world. Of the latter Josephus has left us a description, which, making every allowance for his national partiality, must be held to prove that it was every way worthy of the founder of Cesarea and Sebaste, and the other cities which attest the greatness of the Jewish monarch. The stupendous foundations on which the terrace rested, at the height of 600 perpendicular feet from the valley, which was formed to extend the area of the temple, still remain to indicate the gigantic nature of the work. From the temple the city had the appearance of an amphitheatre, the slope of the hill being just sufficient to present it to the greatest advantage. At certain distances, towers, of not less strength than architectural beauty, broke the line of the walls; while on the left, the acropolis of Zion overlooked the whole city. Modern Jerusalem, though now disfigured by intervals of waste ground and ruined heaps, still suggests the idea of a ‘compact city;’† but when every part was built upon, it must have peculiarly deserved this appellation. Its ancient populousness we read of with surprise; its gates received an influx of strangers from all parts; and the wealth thus poured into it, rendered it probably one of the richest cities in the world. If to these topographical and political advantages, we add the local sanctity which dignified the scene of so many proud historical recollections, and connect with the bulwarks, and palaces, and gardens of the metropolis of Judea, its consecrated character as the peculiar abode of Deity—the chosen mountain of Jehovah—the ‘city of God;’ we shall obtain some idea of the aspect which it once presented, when the light of Heaven, which no where comes with a purer ray, shone on a free and favoured people, and the voice of joy and thanksgiving was heard ascending from the dwellings of her citizens.

\* Psalm xlviii. 12, 13.

† Psalm cxvii. 3.









## THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

"And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

PICTURE, thou troublest me! I cannot gaze  
 Upon thy portraiture, intent to praise,  
 But dimness, born of dreams—mysterious awe—  
 Steals o'er my vision as if Christ I saw!  
 O that thou wert a scene of common life,  
 Speaking alone of human love or strife!  
 Then could I write, nor deem Him by my side,  
 Who laid His hand upon the ark—and died.  
 Picture, thought-chaining picture, I behold  
 Thy cedars darken 'gainst a sky of gold;  
 Hills made by sunset gorgeous as the cloud,  
 And clouds like mountains piled, a stately crowd:  
 And thou hast female forms—one, meekly sad,  
 And one, a sister, yet more meekly glad;  
 Beauty and quiet on thy page appear—  
 Sunset and woman—is it these I fear?  
 O not for these my eye of soul grows dim,  
 But heaven is in *that* form;—God breathes in Him!  
 The Nazarene is there—and can I know  
 The thrilling words that from his lips now flow;  
 Reproof that sinks the spirit into dust,  
 And praise that fills with extasy of trust,  
 Nor turn from all the beauty glowing there,  
 Abashed like her—the one of too much care?  
 O gentle Presence! Lowliest yet Most High!  
 And thou wert canopied by this our sky!



And Earth, most lovely and most guilty thing,  
 (As bearing in her bosom Man and Spring)  
 Hath felt thy footsteps ! Well may she be proud,  
 And well may ocean, and the silent cloud :  
 But man, like whom thou walk'dst in heart and limb,  
 Sorrow and shame, nor lofty thoughts for him ;  
 His sin the cause that thou on earth wert seen  
 Wearing thy glories with a grief-worn mien ;  
 That each resemblance that thy name would bear,  
 Must heavenly beauty dim with human care !  
 But now sad thoughts farewell : the pictured three  
 Are safe in heaven at last, from sorrow free ;  
 Christ on the throne of God, his birth-right meet,  
 And Martha, now, like Mary, at his feet !

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### DUTIES.

Take up all duties, in point of performance ; and lay them down, in point of dependance. Duty can never have too much of our diligence, nor too little of our confidence.—*Dyer*.

Be serious and exact in duty, having the weight of it upon thy heart : but be as much afraid of taking comfort from thy duties themselves, as from thy sins.—*Wilcox*.

They who act in the path of duty, and depend on the power of God, are equally safe at all times, and in all circumstances : no less safe when surrounded by enraged enemies, than when encircled by kind and assiduous friends.—*Mr. Newton*.

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## THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

EVERY one who has attentively marked the formation of character, will at once acknowledge that man has been justly called an *imitative creature*. Direct instruction carries less, and example much more weight, than is usually imagined. This is best evinced by observing that plastic period of life, when both the mind and the manners are most yielding and susceptible. "We are all," says Mr. Locke, "especially youth, a kind of chameleons, that take a tincture from the objects around us." The words of Seneca have gained the currency of an approved general maxim:—"Longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla."—Your way by precepts is tedious, by example short and sure. Were our design to point out the influence which bad company has in vitiating and ensnaring youth, the difficulty would not be so much in finding facts, as in selecting and classifying them. We should be bewildered in the mass of materials, and demonstration itself might wear an air of triteness.

How many, besides Julius Cæsar and Charles XII. of Sweden, have been roused by the story of the Macedonian Madman, to aspire after heroic fame! They can, unmoved, contemplate the earth deluged with torrents of blood and misery, so they may but win and wear the wreaths of conquest. Nor does it rarely happen that one fierce, daring spirit, inflames a multitude, though in prosecuting their wild career, they are chiefly distinguished by petty exploits of mischief and extravagance. Promptitude and energy, when joined with eccentricity, often act with the power of enchantment on the impassioned minds of the young. Schiller's play, called the Robbers, was forbidden the stage in one town, because it was discovered that certain juvenile frequenters of the theatre had been instigated by it to bind themselves in a secret confederacy, to go out into the woods and live the life of freebooters. Thus we see that not only real characters, but

fictitious also, which vividly represent them, possess and exert, in no small degree, this powerful species of fascination.

But there are many who have none of the elements of ambition and enterprize in their nature, and of course can never be spurred to daring deeds. True; yet have they not other propensities, which expose them to peril in an opposite quarter? Are they not liable to be drawn into the haunts of gross sensuality? Gay and sprightly triflers first hang out the lure of pleasure on the borders of forbidden ground. Dissipation and luxury, deadly and odious as they are, and from their natures necessarily must be, can assume a fair and tempting exterior, and call the unwary with the softness and melody of a Siren's voice. But it is commonly example which has the greatest force of attraction: let one crafty decoy lead the way, and a train of dupes eagerly follow to their ruin. "He," says the eloquent Bishop Taylor, "that means to be temperate, and avoid the crime and dishonour of being a drunkard, must not love to partake of the songs, or bear a part in the foolish scenes of laughter, which distract wisdom, and fright her from the company."

There is a vagueness, a coldness, a bleak and wintry sterility, in the best abstract principles. We always prefer a pattern to a precept; for should both be equally understood, which is seldom the case, they are never both equally felt. "Verbal teaching," says Dr. George Campbell, "when in its highest perfection, comes as far short of good example, even for conveying just ideas of duty, as a verbal description of a man's person to those who never saw him, would fall short of a masterly portrait or statue of him; or as the most elegant account that could be given in words, of the figure, the situation, and the fortifications of a town, would fall short of an accurate map or model of it. And again, if to avoid some imminent danger, or to attain some valuable end, I must climb a steep and craggy mountain, to appearance inaccessible, or must pursue my way through some sandy desert; do but shew me the print of a human foot, or rather point out others who have successfully engaged in the

same arduous enterprise, and I shall sooner be prevailed on to attempt it than by ten thousand arguments."

Adverting again to the years of childhood, the good example of parents has unquestionably the most powerful and benign influence; and the very endearment and tenderness intimately connected with the relation, are sufficient to account for it. In the subsequent stages of human life, even the recollection of those early impressions thrills the heart with feelings of pleasure, love, and veneration; and, wakening anew, invest all the objects, scenes, and sentiments of that interesting period, with an exquisite and happy charm. "How often," saith Bishop Hall, "have I blessed the memory of those passages of experimental divinity, which I have heard from the mouth of my mother! What day did she pass without being much engaged in private devotion? Never have any lips read to me such feeling lectures of piety; and her death and life were saint-like." Here, indeed, we find the inculcation of principle, and the exhibition of correspondent practice, conjointly touching and affecting the opening faculties of the mind; but it is easy to see, in the very tenure and cast of the language employed, how much the efficacy of the former depended on the influence of the latter. Augustine, Hooker, Flavel, Cecil, and many others, have left testimonies in many respects similar to that which has just been recited. These memorials should render Christian parents anxious to present religion to their children in a lovely and engaging form. Where it is not so presented, the creed and the commandments are taught in vain. I recollect reading of a son who once said to his father, "I have *done* evil, but I have *learned* of you."

Next in importance after parents, must be placed the character and spirit of those guardians and tutors, to whom the education of youth is entrusted. And when such as have this high and arduous duty to perform, possess qualities calculated to create and rivet attachment, what happy effects may be anticipated! The most appropriate instance which occurs to my mind, for illustrating this point, is drawn from the life of the amiable and devout Fenelon. The duke of Burgundy, when placed under his care,

was proud, perverse, irritable, obstinate, and violent. He possessed a good capacity, and discovered a promptitude in acquiring all kinds of knowledge; but the fierceness and turbulence of his passions made him a terror to all around him. The lessons and the life of Fenelon, in a short time effected an extraordinary change in him. His talents were cultivated and improved, his tempers were softened and subdued, and he became not less agreeable as a gentleman than accomplished as a prince. That much was in this case owing to the wisdom, dignity, candour and mildness of his excellent tutor, has been readily admitted by all. Fenelon seems to have had a singular power of conciliating esteem and affection, by exhibiting virtue and piety arrayed in their most winning and attractive charms. Even lord Peterborough, the sceptical wit, when he lodged with this prelate, was so interested in his conversation, that, on his departure, he exclaimed, "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." But while those who are rising up in life are confessedly much influenced by parents, guardians, and tutors, their characters, for the most part, are still more modified by the companion of their own rank and age. Ductile and pliant, they easily receive impressions; ardent and unsuspecting, they are more ready to pursue a track opened for them, than to strike out one for themselves. Our present concern is not to enter into any philosophical discussion of the cause of this, but merely to state the fact; nor does it appear of any consequence, though some rare exceptions could be produced, while the general principle is established.

From what has been above advanced, we may fairly infer, that it is a matter of the highest moment for all, but particularly the young, to choose those associates whose good character and good conduct have been both well known and well tried. Doubt and uncertainty on this head ought instantly to check and repress intimacies, though they should not form an absolute bar to all intercourse. Let not this inference from the reasoning of the preceding pages, be branded with the charge of monastic rigour, or attributed to a system of discipline too elevated and refined to

be ever practicable. If the value of good example be once admitted, it is a fair conclusion that we should be incessantly careful in the selection of our acquaintance and friends. To say or insinuate the contrary, is to allow in the gross what is denied in the detail,—to build up with one hand, and pull down with the other.

But grant that friends are to be chosen with due caution and care,—what then? Why, it will fairly follow that mere personal attractions and showy accomplishment, wit and spirit, humour and vivacity, where a sense of delicacy and propriety is wanting, can set up very slender and inadequate claims to our regard;—that we are not to trust ourselves with persons whose prominent qualities please and fascinate only to ruin and destroy; and that it is dangerous long to admire what we cannot, on moral grounds, really approve.

But methinks the sprightly votary of pleasure, as yet unentangled in its toils, briskly replies, What then can we do, unless we had some wonder-working instrument, like the spear of Ithuriel, to detect evil at a touch, and make every fiend under a fair disguise, start up in his own likeness in a moment? Such an instrument cannot be found: but a little good sense and consideration, mixed with patience, will serve the purpose, if not so speedily, quite as well. The warnings which age and experience impart, are, at any rate, worthy to be weighed. It is a fact, that young people are apt to be charmed with those qualities which lie on the surface, which glitter to the eye, or captivate the fancy, without taking time or measures to form any just estimate of those attributes which alone give sterling worth to the character. With more generosity than wisdom, they give an easy credit to what is plausible; and though assured that counterfeits abound, are usually too impatient and sanguine to apply a test by which they might soon be detected and exposed. If the hints which have been given us on this subject are accurate, the choice of fit associates is of incalculable importance to young persons of both sexes. Their principles, their tastes, their tempers, their

habits, and pursuits, are all considerably affected and modified by the company they keep.

The force of good example exerts an influence over us in books as well as in society, though not perhaps in an equal degree. The position, were it necessary, might easily be sustained by facts; but few, it may be presumed, will require any formal proof in a matter so evident. Taking the point for granted, there is therefore the same reason for the exercise of a discriminative judgment, and a virtuous delicacy, in fixing the preference we give to books, as to friends. He who actually shuns the company of debauchees and blasphemers, yet can relish or even endure lewdness and blasphemy in the form of a novel or a narrative, has no real love to moral purity. Virtue, with him, is a thing of ceremony and show, of interest and expediency. Some writer has said, "History is philosophy, teaching by example." The assertion would be more correct as applied to biography than to history; for the latter is too general to answer the purpose, at least, with equal effect. Biography, wisely chosen, supplies a kind of reading peculiarly interesting and advantageous. It furnishes the best specimens of excellence in every kind, the choicest products of knowledge and wisdom, virtue and piety, from every soil. Biography affords to young people the means of forming a circle of acquaintance, in every respect unexceptionable. They can converse with these freely, dismiss or recall them at pleasure, without giving offence; receive their counsel and imbibe their spirit, without engendering suspicion, or incurring the charge of servility. "How many pictures of the bravest men," says Cicero, "have the Greek and Roman writers left us, not only to contemplate, but likewise to imitate! These illustrious models I always set before me, and have formed my conduct by contemplating their virtues." But in this age, and Christian country, we have brighter patterns of every thing truly great and good, than the philosopher, whose language we have here repeated, had to boast.

On the other hand, a good man may be instrumental in diffusing

the fruits of righteousness much farther than his most sanguine thoughts had anticipated. Has he genius and intellectual energy? How powerfully he pleads the cause of truth! While the productions of Voltaire or Hume are scattering poison, his efforts are successfully excited to heal and purify. Has he wealth? How wide a surface does he make it to fertilize and cheer! How much pressing misery does he remove—how much positive good communicate! Has he civil authority? The vicious are repressed, the virtuous encouraged. In a word while he is intent in supporting the sacred cause of freedom, or in maintaining and promoting, amidst the clamour of prejudice and the rancour of opposition, the claims of justice, of benevolence, and of religion,—his energy, his firmness, his activity, his prudence and perseverance are kindling in many other bosoms a similar spirit. His light so shines before men, that they see his good works and glorify God in the day of visitation. If such be the importance attached to example, how ought we to watch and guard our conduct! Property may be lost and recovered; but the influence which character gives, if even weakened and impaired, is seldom restored. What diligence, temperance, and circumspection, are necessary in those who draw many others in their train! Their virtues and graces are strong, in exact proportion as they are bright and fair. To be eminently useful, they must be eminently exemplary. And can we witness a more interesting or animating sight, than a good man finishing the course of life and beneficence, in calm peace and unclouded joy? Like a summer sun, he sinks below the horizon and disappears: but the excellence of his character remains, and sheds a mild and lovely radiance over the whole surrounding scene.

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## A STORY OF THE DAYS OF THE MARTYRS.

BY THE REV. E. ———

THERE is nothing, my dear friend, for which I envy former times more than for this, that their information was conveyed from one to another, so much by word of mouth, and so little by written letters and printed books. For though the report might chance to take a fashion and a mould from the character of the reporter, still it was the fashion and the mould of a living, feeling, acting man ; a friend, haply a father, haply a venerable ancestor, haply the living chronicler of the country round. The information thus acquired lives embalmed in the most precious associations which bind youth to age—inexperienced ignorant youth, to wise and narrative old age. And to my heart, much exercised in early years with such traditionary memorials of the pious fathers of our brave and religious land, I know not whether it be more pleasant, to look back upon the ready goodwill, the heartfelt gladness, with which the venerable sires and mothers of our dales consented to open the mystery of past times—the story of ruined halls, the fates of decayed families, the hardships and mortal trials of persecuted saints and martyrs ; or to remember the deep hold which their words took, and the awful impression which they made, upon us whom they favoured with their tale. Of the many traditions which I have thus received, I select for your use one of the most pious and instructive, as well as the most romantic and poetical, for that, while I prize you as a poet, I esteem you as an upright and worthy man. Now, I have such a reverence for the traditions of past times, that you may depend upon my faith as a Christian man and a minister, that I have invented nothing, and altered nothing, in what I am about to relate, whether as to the manner of my receiving the story, or as to the story itself.

A branch of my mother's family, who lived in Nithsdale, and whom you knew well as distinguished amongst the clergy of that district for faithfulness, had cultivated the most intimate brotherhood with another family, likewise of the Scottish clergy, who, when the father died, betook themselves to Glasgow, where the blessing of God continued to rest upon the widow and the fatherless. When about to repair to that city, to serve our distinguished countryman, my dear and honoured master, Dr. Chalmers, I received a charge from my mother's aunt, now with the Lord, not to fail to pay my respects to the old lady and her children, of whom I had seen the only daughter, when on a visit to our part of the country. Thus entrusted with the precious charge of an old and faithful family friendship, and with this also for my only introduction, I proceeded to the house of the old lady, and inquired for her daughter. The servant who admitted me, mistaking my enquiry as if it had been for the old lady herself, showed me into a large apartment; and deeming, I suppose, that I was well acquainted with her mistress, she shut the door and went away. When I looked around, expecting some one to come and receive me, I saw no one but a venerable old woman, seated at the further end of the room, who neither spoke nor removed from her seat, but sat still looking at her work, as if the door had not opened and no one had entered; of which, indeed, I afterwards found she was not conscious, from the great infirmity of deafness. I had therefore time to observe and contemplate the very picturesque and touching figure which was before me. She sat at her spinning wheel, all dressed in black velvet, with a pure white cap upon her head, an ancient plaited ruff about her neck, and white ruffles round her wrists, from under which appeared her withered hands, busily employed in drawing the thread, which her eyesight was too feeble to discern. For as I had now drawn near, I observed that her spinning-wheel was of the upright construction, having no heck, but a moveable eye which was carried along the pirn by a heart-motion. She afterwards told me that it had been constructed on purpose to accommodate her blindness, under the direction of her son, a gentleman in a high office in London; for she had so much difficulty in reading, and

was so lull of hearing, that it was a great relief to her solitude to employ herself with a spinning-wheel, which also preserved her habits of early industry, and made her feel that she was not altogether useless in the world. I felt too much reverence for this venerable relict of a former generation that was now before me, to stand by, curiously perusing, though I was too much impressed immediately to speak; besides feeling a little embarrassed how I should make my approach to a stranger for whom I instinctively felt so much reverence, and with whom I might find it so difficult to communicate. Having approached close up to her person, which remained still unmoved, I bent down my head to her ear, and spoke to her in a low and slow voice, telling her not to be alarmed at the sight of a stranger, of whose presence she seemed to be utterly unconscious, for that I was the friend of one near and dear to her. I know not whether it was from her being accustomed to be thus approached and spoken to, in consequence of her infirmity of sight and hearing, but she was less surprised than I had expected, and relieved me from my embarrassment by saying,— sit down beside me; so I sat down, and told her of her ancient and true friends, whose remembrances and respects, thus delivered, she seemed highly to prize; and as I had touched upon a chord which was very sweet to her memory, she began to talk of her departed husband, and of my departed grand uncle, who had been long co-presbyters and fast brethren, and had together fought the battles of the kirk, against the invasions of moderation and misrule. I loved the theme and love it still; and finding what a clear memory and fine feeling of ancient times she was endowed withal, I was delighted to follow her narratives, as she ascended from age to age, so far as her memory could reach. When she found that I had so much pleasure in her recollections of former times, she said that she would tell me a story of a still older date, which her father had oft told her, and in which he was not a little concerned. So, pushing her wheel a little away from her, and turning her face round towards me, for hitherto, for the convenience of my speaking into her ear, she had looked towards her wheel, she began and told me the following history,

of which I took a faithful record in my memory, and have told it since to pious and well-disposed people, though never till this hour have I committed any part of it to paper. I shall not attempt to recal her manner or expressions, but simply recal the very remarkable events of Divine Providence which she related to me.

After the restoration of Charles the Second, when the presbyterian clergy of Scotland were required to conform to the moderate episcopacy which he sought to introduce, the faithful ministers of the kirk were contented, with their wives and children, to forego house and hall, and to tear themselves from their godly people, rather than suffer the civil power to bring guilt upon its own head, and wrath upon the land, by daring, like Uzziah, to enter into the sanctuary of the church, and intermeddle with its government and discipline. But when the civil authorities of the realm, not content with this free-will resignation of all they held of their bounty, would require of the ordained ministers of the word to shut their mouths, and cease from preaching the gospel of the grace of God to perishing sinners, they preferred to obey God rather than man, and the Head of the church whose vows were upon them, rather than the head of the state, who had ventured to usurp the power of the keys, instead of resting contented with the power of the sword, which by right appertaineth to them. The first who suffered in this contending for Christ's royal office in his house, was James Guthrie, professor of divinity in the university of Edinburgh. He was the first of that time who was honoured with the martyrs' crown, and having witnessed his good confession unto the death, his head, according to the barbarous custom of those evil days, was placed upon a pole over one of the ports of the city of Edinburgh, called the West Port, which lies immediately under the guns of the castle, and looks towards the south and west, the quarter of Scotland where the church ever rallied her distressed affairs. And at the same time a proclamation was made at the Cross, and other high places of the city, forbidding any one, under peril of instant destruction from the

castle, to remove that head of a rebel and traitor to the king. The body was given to his sorrowful kindred, amongst whom was a youth, his nephew, of great piety and devotedness to the good cause of Christ and his church, of strong and deep and tender affection to his uncle, in whose house he had lived, and under whose care he had studied until he was now ripe for the ministerial office, and might ere this have been planted in the vineyard, but for the high and odious hand with which ungodly power and prelatical pride were carrying it in every quarter of poor suffering Scotland. This youth, his heart big with grief to see his uncle's headless trunk, vowed a vow in the presence of God and his own conscience, that he would, in spite of wicked men, take down from the ignominious gate his uncle's reverend head, and bury it beside his body. Full of this purpose, and without communicating it to any one, he went his way, at high noon, and climbed the city wall, and from beneath the guns of the castle, in broad day-light, he took down his uncle's head, wrapped it in a linen napkin, and carried it away with him; whether overawing by his intrepidity the garrison, or by his speed out-stripping them, or whether protected by the people, or favoured by the special providence of God, my venerable narrator staid not to tell, but as he vowed he was honoured to perform, and in the same grave was the martyr's head buried with his body. Soon was it noised abroad what this devoted and fearless youth had done, who, regardless of his life, was disposed to walk abroad and at large as usual, and abide whatever revenge and violence might be permitted to do against him. His kindred, and the stedfast friends of the distressed church, perceiving from this heroic and holy act what such a youth might live to perform, set themselves by all means to conceal him from the public search, which was set on foot; and to save him from the high price which was placed upon his head. Finding this to be almost impossible, in the hotness of the search which the lord provost, zealous in the cause of prelacy, whereof he was a partizan, had set on foot, they sought to convey him beyond seas. This was not difficult at that time, when Scotland had become too hot for the people of the Lord to abide

in, and many of her nobles and gentlemen found it better to leave their lands and habitations, and follow their religion in foreign parts, than, by following it at home, to suffer fines, forfeitures, imprisonment, and death. These noble witnesses by exile, for that cause for which the ministers and the people witnessed death, were glad to find pious scholars or ministers who would accompany them as chaplains to their households and tutors to their children, and the name of Guthrie had already risen to such distinction in the service of Christ and of his church, that little difficulty was found in obtaining for the proscribed youth honourable shelter and occupation in a foreign land. But here, said the venerable matron, I should have told you that young Guthrie was knit to Edinburgh by a tie which made it more after his heart to abide in the face of threatening death, than to accept the protection of any noble family, or the shelter of a foreign land. For the providence of God, to give in this youth a notable example of true faith as well as of high devotion, had fast knit his heart to a maiden of good degree and fervent piety, as the sequel of this sad history will prove, being no other than the only daughter of the lord provost of the city, who with such zeal and bitterness was seeking her lover's life. To this true love religion had been the guide and minister, as she was destined to prove the comforter; for the soul of this young maiden had been touched with the grace of God, and abhorring the legal doctrines of the curates, she cast in her lot with the persecuted saints, and in the hiding places from the wrath of man, where they worshipped God with their lives in their right hand: these two hearts grew together, as it were, under the immediate eye and influence of the Holy Spirit; and now that they were knit together in the bands of faithful love, they were called upon to sacrifice their dearest affections to the will of God. She, knowing her father's zeal and speed to serve the cruel edicts of the reigning powers, was not only content to part with the proscribed youth, but anxious to hasten his escape from the danger to which he was continually exposed from her father's diligent search; and he, though very loath to leave his heart's desire under the sole authority of a father who sought his life,

and persecuted the saints of God, was fain at length to yield to the remonstrances of all his friends, and become an exile from his native land. Yet did these lovers not part from each other until they had plighted their mutual truth to be for one another while they were spared upon this earth, and to fulfil that vow by holy wedlock, if Providence should bless them to meet in better days, and so they parted, never to meet again in this world of suffering and sorrow.

All this passed unknown to her father, and, indeed, hardly known to herself: for the events of the uncle's martyrdom, and the nephew's piety and proscription, had awakened the maiden's heart to the knowledge of an affection whose strength she had not dreamed of; and all at once, setting her father, whom next to God she honoured, in direct hostility to him whom more than all men she loved; there was neither time, nor room, nor even possibility, to give heed to any other thought than how she might prevent the man whom she most honoured from slaying the man whom she most loved. Fearful predicament for one so young and uncounselled, but a more fearful predicament was reserved for her.

She was her father's only child, and he was a widower; so that all his affections and hopes centered in her alone. Her fear of God made her mind beautiful, and her walk and conversation as becometh godliness. Her father, also, bore himself tenderly towards her predilections for the persecuted preachers, thinking thereby the more easily to win her over to his views, not finding in his heart to exercise harsh authority over such a child. Sore, sore was her heart as she thought on her exiled lover and her affectionate father, who lay in her heart together, and yet she must not speak their names together; than which there is no trial more severe to a true and tender mind. To sit beside her father, night after night, and not dare mention the name of him over whom she brooded the livelong day, was both a great trial, and seemed likewise to her pure conscience as a great deception. But aye she hoped for better days, and found her refuge in faith and trust upon a good and gracious Providence. But Providence,

though good and gracious to all who put their trust therein, is oft pleased to try the people of the Lord, and make them perfect through sufferings, which truly befel this faithful but much tried lady.

Her father, seeing the hopes of his family centered in his only daughter, naturally longed to see her united to some honourable and worthy man, which, above all things, she feared and sought to prevent, well knowing that the man to whom she had betrothed herself could not be he. Her father's official rank and good estate made her hand to be sought by young men of high family, with whom he would have been glad to see her united, but her own disinclination, to the cause of which he must remain a stranger, continually stood in the way; until at length, what at first he respected as a woman's right, he came to treat as a child's perverseness; and being accustomed to obedience, as the companion and colleague of arbitrary men, leagued in the bad resolution of bowing a nation's will from the service of God, he was tender upon the point of his authority, especially over a child whom he had so cherished in his bosom. At length, when his patience was well nigh worn out, the eldest son of a noble family paid his court to a betrothed maiden, and her father resolved that he should not be gainsayed. When she saw that there was no escape from her father's stern and obstinate purpose, she resolved to lay before him the secret of her heart. Terrible was the struggle, for she dreaded her father's wrath; and yet at times she would hope for her father's forgiveness. But when he heard that she had given her affections to the man who had defied his authority, and set at nought the proclamation of the state, his wrath knew no bounds. His dignity as chief magistrate, which had been braved by that young man; his religion, which had been contended against by him and his fathers; his prospect of allying his family to the nobles of the land; and, above all, the joy of heart which he had set upon his beautiful, his obedient, and his only child, arose together in his mind, and made him sternly resolve that she should not have for a husband the man of her own choice. It was in vain that she pleaded a woman's right



to remain unmarried if she pleased. It was in vain that she pleaded a Christian woman's duty, not to violate her faith, nor yet to give her hand to one, while her will remained another's. When she found her father unrelenting, and that he would oblige her upon her obedience to marry the man of his choice, she felt that she had a duty to perform likewise unto him whom he would make her husband. But whether God would, in her case, teach unto all young maidens a lesson how they betrothed themselves without their fathers' consent, or whether he would show to betrothed maidens an example of true heartedness and faithfulness to their plighted troth, it was so ordered that this pious and dutiful child should find both a hard-hearted father and a hard-hearted husband, who vainly thought that their after-kindness would atone for their present cruelty. But, alas! it fared to her and them as she had told them beforehand, that they were mingling poison in their cup, and together, a father and a husband, compassing her death. Oh that this tale of sorrow might prevent such deeds of stern authority and unrelenting wilfulness! This young woman, who had borne a lover's peril of death, and a lover's exile from his land, and hidden her sorrows in her breast, without a witness, through the strength of her faith, could not bear the unnatural state in which she now found herself placed, but pined away, without an earthly comforter, and without an earthly friend. Resignation to the will of God, and a conscience void of offence, bore her spirits up, and supported her constitution for the space of twelve months only, when she died, without a disease, of a blighted and withered heart. Yet, not until she had brought into this world of sorrow an infant daughter, to whom she left this legacy, written with her dying hand: "I bequeath my infant daughter, so long as she is spared in this world, to the care of William Guthrie, if ever he should return to his native land; and give him a charge before God, to bring up my child in the faith of her mother, for which I die a martyr, as as he lives a banished man."

This, all this misery, had passed unknown to her faithful lover, who had no means of intercourse with his own land, and least of

all with that house in it from which his death warrant had issued, and vigilant search gone out against him. But shortly after these things were consummated, a full opportunity was given to him, and every brave hearted exile, to take share in that great demonstration that was made by William of Orange for the Protestant cause in Britain. Without delay, William Guthrie hastened to Edinburgh, where all the faithful sufferers for the truth were now overwhelmed with joy. But for him, alas! there awaited in that place only sorrow upon sorrow. Sorrow, they say, will in a night cover the head of youth with the snows of age; sorrow, they say, will at once loose the silver cord of life, and break the golden pitcher at the fountain; and surely, hardly less wonderful was the change wrought on William Guthrie's heart, which grew cold to the land of his fathers, and indifferent to the church for which the house of his fathers had suffered so much. For in his absence also, his cousin or brother, I wot not which, the persecuted minister of Fenwick, and the author of the 'Trial of the saving Interest in Christ,' with other principal works of practical godliness, had been violently ejected from his parish, and died of sorrow for the suffering church. Wherefore the youth said he would turn his back upon the cruel land for ever and with his staff go forth and seek more genial heavens. They sought to divert his grief, but it was in vain. His faculties were all absorbed in the greatness of his grief, and the vigour of his heart was gone. One thing only bound him to that cruel city, the charge he had received of the infant child, whom God spared only for a short season after his arrival, and then removed to himself. Upon this, true to his purpose, he took his staff in his hand and turned his face towards England, which hath often yielded shelter since to many a Scotchman tossed in his own land with envious and cruel tempests, and by the way he turned into the town of Dumfries, being desirous to take solemn leave of some of his kindred before leaving his native land for ever. His friends soon saw of what disease he was pining, and being men of feeling, they gave themselves to comfort and heal him. Being also men truly devoted to the church, they grieved that one who

had proved himself so faithful and true should thus be lost from her service. They meditated, therefore, how they might win him back unto God and to his duty, from this selfish grief which had overclouded all his judgment. But wisely hiding their intent, they seemed only to protract his visit by friendly and familiar attentions, taking him from place to place, to show him the monuments of those who, in the much persecuted dale of the Nith, had sealed their testimony with their blood ; skilfully seeking to awaken the devotion of the martyr, that it might contend with the sorrow of the broken-hearted lover. And from day to day, as thus they endeavoured to solace and divert his grief, they would point out to him how, now that the church had gotten rest, she was threatened with a hardly less grievous evil, arising out of the want of well-educated and well-principled ministers, who had been mostly cut off by martyrdom, imprisonment, or exile. And as they spake to him of these things, they would gently, as he could bear, press upon him their grief and disappointment that he who was fitted, by his learning and devotedness, to be an example and a help to many, should thus surrender himself to unavailing grief, and forsake the church which his fathers had loved unto the death. And being now removed from Edinburgh, the scene of his sufferings, the seat of business and bustle and hard-hearted men, and dwelling amongst the quiet scenes and noble recollections of his country, he felt a calm and repose of soul which made it pleasant to abide among his friends.

Now, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, there is a parish called Irongray, and in the remote parts of this parish, in a sequestered hollow amongst the hills, looking towards the south and west, whence least danger came, but on every other side surrounded with summits which command the whole of Nithsdale, the foot of Annandale, and a great part of Galloway: in this hollow are to be seen at this day, nearly as they were used, tables and seats cut out of stone, at which the persecuted people of the country were wont to assemble from the face of their enemies, and meet their pastors, who came forth from their caves and dens of the earth to administer to them the precious memorials of the

dying love of our Lord; for which they are called to this day, the communion tables of Irongray. And as they were filled by one company after another, some were stationed upon the summits round about to keep watch against the approach of their persecutors. To these communion tables of Irongray would William Guthrie wander forth, and meditate upon the days of old; and then there would come over his heart a questioning of his backwardness and opposition to the work of the Lord, like the voice which spake to Elijah in the cleft of the rock of Sinai, saying, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" Now, it so happened at that time, that the faithful people of Irongray were without a pastor, and God was preparing to give them one according to his own mind. Little wist William Guthrie why God permitted that darkening of His glory, and hiding of His face, in his soul. Little knew he for what end God had loosened him from Edinburgh, and from Angus, the seat of his fathers, driven him from his station, and "tossed him like a ball in a wide country." Little thought he wherefore he was turned aside from his heedless course, and drawn and kept for a season at Dumfries.

The people of Irongray, as I said, were, in the south, like the people of Fenwick in the west, a home and a rallying place unto the distressed of the Lord; and if aught under Heaven, or in the Providence of God, could hallow a spot, which may not be until Jerusalem be rebuilt and his feet stand upon the Mount of Olives, then would these communion tables of stone, from which so many saints, famishing saints, were fed with heavenly food, have hallowed the parish of Irongray. But though there may not be any consecrated places under this dispensation, there is a Providence, be assured, which extendeth itself even to the the places where worthy and zealous acts have been done for the testimony of God and of his Christ. And in no way was this faithfulness, unto a well-deserving and much-enduring parish, shown more, than in that Providence which drew this much tried and faithful youth to their borders. Haply moved thereto, and guided by the friends of the youth, who longed for his stay, the heads of the parish came and entreated him to become their

pastor, offering him all affection and duty. Whereupon our worthy was much pressed in spirit, and sorely straitened how he should refuse, or how he should accept the entreaties of the people ;— and then it was that his heart said, “ What art thou, foolish man, who settest thyself up against the providence of God? Hast thou suffered like Job? or like any of the cloud of witnesses, wilt thou leave that land unto which thou hast received thy commission to preach the gospel? What would she thou mournest advise thee to do in this strait? How wouldst thou most honour and best please her whom thou believest to be a saint of God? Would it not be in caring for those with whom she preferred to cast in her lot, and unto whose society she bequeathed her child?” And thus, after some strugglings between the righteousness of duty and the inclination of grief, between the obedience of the Head of the church and the idolatry of a departed saint, whom he loved as his own soul, he surrendered himself to the call of the heads of the parish, and was ordained over the flock. Yet so far as nature was concerned, there was a blank in his heart which he preferred should remain a blank, rather than seek the fellowship of any other woman. Year passed over year, and found him mourning; for thirty years he continued to deny himself the greatest comfort and joy of human life, though drawn thereto by a true and tender heart, but after this long separation unto the memory of her who had proved herself so faithful unto him, he at length yielded to affections of the living and married a wife. Of which marriage,” said the venerable old mother who told me the history, “ I am the fruit.”

Such was the history of her father; after hearing which, you may well believe, my dear friend, I was little disposed to listen to any thing besides. My desire for traditions was swallowed up in deep sympathy with the wonderful narrative which I had heard; and I felt disposed to withdraw to my own reflections. But the worthy and venerable woman would not suffer me to depart until she had taken me to her own little apartment and shown me a small picture, but whether

of her father or of her husband, who was minister of the neighbouring parish of Kirkmahoe, I cannot now recall to my remembrance. She also showed me the Bible in which she was wont to read, and told me it had been the Bible of a Queen of England. I took my leave; and not many weeks after, I followed her body to the grave: so that this story, if it contain any moral instruction, may be said to be expired by the dying lips of one of the mothers of the kirk of Scotland. Farewell, my dear friend, may the Lord make us worthy of our sires!

E.

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### THE BRIEF SOJOURNER.

Oh! for that region, in the eternal clime,  
 Where hope, anticipated, melts in joy;  
 When the brief sunbeams, and the storms of time,  
 Shall be remembered as an infant's toy;  
 Where the dire woes that vexed our being's prime,  
 Shall lose their magnitude,—and earth's alloy,  
 Like to Elijah's mantle on the wind,  
 Be but the floating dream of all mankind!

Oh! thou lamented one! whose sojourn brief  
 Claims the parental offering of this lay,  
 Thy coming was a sunbeam, brightening grief,  
 Smiling in tears, like flowers in dewy May:  
 Delight upon thy brow, a daring chief,  
 Led, premature, thy buoyant heart to play,  
 Light as the Antelope—thy life and form—  
 The loveliest rainbow fading in the storm.

Vain hope had whispered, that a few short years  
 Would grace thee with the dignity of man;  
 Fond thought had raised thee far above thy peers,  
 Even while thy feet in infant gambols ran:

Oh, transient exultations!—all our fears  
Were slumbering, when the deadly pest began,  
All secretly, yet desperate in his might,  
Glazing thy beaming eyes in endless night !

Fame hath not lured thee with her witching dreams ;  
Unknown to thee the patriot's virtuous fire :  
Thy happy soul ne'er thought of minstrel's themes,  
Nor of the pangs which wait upon the lyre ,  
Nor planned, with anxious heart, the page that teems  
With chronicles of blood, till memory tire :  
Posterity shall never hear thy name,  
Nor needs thy blessed lot the breath of fame.

Thy race is run in purity—thy prize  
Was not the meed from man, for victory's sway ;  
Nor was it thine, in fierce ambition's guise,  
To tread down millions in the martial fray :  
Nor to mislead the weak, and tempt the wise,  
With gilded falsehoods, daz'ing to betray :—  
'Thrice happy pilgrims they who reach the goal,  
Ere the base Earth contamin te the soul !

Yet, oh ! blest being, there is one regret  
Which vibrates to the fountain of our frame ;  
One thought that lingers, till the eye grows wet,  
Which Heaven perchance in pity will not blame.  
Oh, in yon skies do heavenly minds forget,  
The sympathies which human breasts inflame :  
Thy bliss is sure, while endless ages run,—  
And I shall come to thee,—my Son ! my Son !

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THE CAVE



## REFLECTIONS

### ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A BROTHER'S DEATH.

BY W. M.

“ 'Tis twelve months to day !” I exclaimed, “ since my brother died, and I will go and bedew with a tear the bed on which he breathed his last.”

A solemn awe overwhelmed my spirits as I entered the room, and an involuntary sigh found its vent from my heart. In the full bloom of youth, ere twenty summers' suns had ripened and matured thy frame,—while yet the purple current flew swiftly through every vein,—a noxious fever dried up the streams of life, and laid thee here. Immediately I closed the door, broke the fetters of imagination, and bade her fly ! Roll back ! I exclaimed, roll back, sad recollection, and realize again the interesting moment, when endeavouring to assist my loved brother in his struggle with the King of Terrors, I held his cold, cold hand, and wiped the dews of death from his pallid but smiling face. Oh, the keen anguish that wrung my bosom, as the fatal hour approached, to see thee in the grasp of death, body and soul hard struggling to maintain their union, but struggling hard in vain : not the united stream of a mother's, sister's, or a *brother's* tears, could move the monster, nor repel his fatal shafts ! —But, oh ! what a joyful reverse, to see thee *hope in death* ! that though before mid-day thy sun went down, it descended with a smile, promising to shine again in a fairer horizon !

“ Oh my brother ! hadst thou died a few months sooner, ere yet thy lost condition and the Saviour's glory were presented to thy view,—before the barren fig-tree and its doom, had impressed thy mind, it would have been to thee, as well as to us, a loss indeed ! ‘ *Would God I had died for thee !* ’ should then have been

my language : but unutterable woe must have beat upon thy soul ! All praise to the grace, that cut not the fig-tree till the blossoms of fruit appeared ; then seeing its tender branches laden, transplanted it to a warmer soil and purer air, where its fruit might ripen into perfection.

“ Oh ! could I trace thee to that world of bliss, and view the progress thy young soul is making there, it would be joy indeed ! Thou art twelvemonths old in heaven : then, perhaps, thou canst lisp the language of eternity now, and art learning to unite in the chorus, ‘ *Worthy the Lamb !*’ Perhaps thine eyes have attained sufficient strength to behold the King in his beauty ; and to discern the glories of the hills. Thou canst now digest food such as angels eat, and drink full draughts at the fountain head, the distant streams of which refresh me here. The shining hosts are becoming familiar to my view, and thou canst almost articulate some of their names. Thou canst now begin to climb the mountains of bliss, and try thy wings across the ethereal plains !

“ But who is this, clothed in a body like my own, and girt about with a golden girdle ? whose hands and whose hair are as white as wool ; with eyes like a flame of fire, and a countenance bright as the sun shining in his strength ? Hark !—‘ *I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I live for evermore !*’ Yes, my Redeemer ! I know thee by the glory that surrounds thy head !—by thy wounded side, and the print of the nails in thy hands ! See ! how the Saviour smiles, and the shouts of the redeemed form one continued echo—‘ *Worthy the Lamb !*’

“ But oh ! my brother ! I had almost forgotten I was so near this mournful bed ! Well, whilst I continue on this boisterous ocean, may I have now and then a cordial from your blest abode ! till some kind billow, impelled by the storms that now toss me hither and thither, shall wash me on your peaceful, your immortal shores !”

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# “ALL FLESH IS GRASS.”

A TRUTH I very fully acknowledge ; yet to how little practical effect do I consider it ! How seldom as applied to my own self does its remembrance come home with realizing power ! I cannot stir beyond my door but the tolling bell repeats the lesson. I hear it and I heed it not. An acquaintance drops and I am startled ; a nearer and a dearer friend is withdrawn, and now I weep and reflection busies itself in following the departed ; and a voice is heard, saying, “ Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die ; ” “ prepare to meet thy God. ”—Conviction follows the appeal ; for a little season the solemn change appears to be at hand : “ Lord ! comest thou to me in this watch ? ” is the inquiry which the heart, impressed under such warnings, will with solicitude put forth. Time passes, and the summons comes not ; forgetfulness and security succeed : but every closing day abridges something of the short remaining portion of the sojourn here ; and, ere another sun arises, “ I may go hence and be no more seen. ” The sentence may even now have proceeded from on high, “ this night thy soul shall be required of thee ; ” shall I not therefore ask, “ then whose shall those things be which I have provided ? ” Shall they be thine, my Saviour and Redeemer ? Shall this soul, this spirit, which thou didst go forth to purchase at so dear a rate ; shall it return to Thee ? Where are my thoughts, my affections, my desires ? Roving to the very ends of the earth ? Centered in some little spot of home endearments and of intellectual joys ? Or, fixed on Heaven, on things unseen, on the living God, “ the heavenly Jerusalem, on an innumerable company of angels, the general assembly and church of the first-born, and God the Judge of all, and on the spirits of just men made perfect ? ” Where are my hopes ? Rest they on myself ? On the faint prayers which I have breathed ? On the poor pitiful performances of a charity but scanty in its measure, and

cold and tardy in its performance? On tears of repentance seldom shed; on deeds of self-denial in number few, in spirit little in accord with Him who trod privation's painful path? Are these my hopes? Poor perishing delusions all! Or, are they anchored on a firmer rock? Ascend they to the Rock of Ages, to Salvation's Lord? Do they with trembling yet believing Faith lay hold on Christ? Am I, in lowliness of spirit, come to "Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel?" Lord! if here I make my resting-place I fail not: therefore do Thou henceforth take my heart, my life, my thoughts into thy keeping: mould them into conformity with thy will, and then shall I be safe. Then shall I know no fear, for the everlasting arms shall be beneath me and shall bear me up; and, with confiding trust, my latest breath may testify that "into thy hands I" do in hope "commend my spirit," because "Thou hast redeemed me, oh Lord, thou God of Truth."

L. H.

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REVILERS.—If a man strike his hand upon the point of a spear, he hurts not the spear, but his hand: or, if he spurn at a stone, he hurts not the stone, but his foot. So is it with the despisers of Christ, and the revilers of his gospel.—PARR.

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RICHES.—If riches have been your idol, hoarded up in your coffers, or lavished out upon yourselves, they will, when the day of reckoning comes, be like the garment of pitch and brimstone, which is put on the criminal condemned to the flames.—HERVEY.

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REVELATION.—I am no more surprised that some revealed truths should amaze my understanding, than that the blazing sun should dazzle my eyes.—HERVEY.

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## EARTH AND HEAVEN.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FEMALE.

BY G. F. RICHARDSON.

## EARTH.

THERE is grief, there is grief—there is wringing of hands  
 And weeping and calling for aid ;  
 For sorrow hath summoned her group, and it stands  
 Round the couch where the Sufferer is laid.  
 And lips are all pallid, and cheeks are all cold,  
 And tears from the heart-springs are shed ;  
 Yet who that looks on the sweet saint to behold,  
 But would gladly lie down in her stead !

There is grief, there is grief—there is anguish and strife,  
 See, the Sufferer is toiling for breath ;  
 For the spirit will cling. Oh ! how fondly, to life,  
 And stern is the struggle with death !  
 But the terrible conflict grows deadlier still,  
 Till the last fatal symptoms have birth ;  
 And the eye-ball is glazed, and the heart-blood is chill ;  
 And this is the portion of Earth !

## HEAVEN.

There is bliss, there is bliss—in the regions above  
 They have opened the gates of the sky  
 A Spirit hath soared to those mansions of love,  
 And seeks for admittance on high.



And friends long divided are hasting to greet  
 To a land, where no sorrow may come,  
 And the seraphs are eager a sister to meet,  
 And to welcome the child to its home!

There is bliss, there is bliss—at the foot of the throne,  
 See the spirit all purified bend;  
 And it beams with delight since it gazes alone,  
 On the face of a father, a friend!  
 Then it joins in the anthems for ever that rise,  
 And its frailty or folly forgiven;  
 It is dead to the earth; and new-born to the skies;  
 And this is the portion of Heaven!

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## EVENING.

### CONTEMPLATION OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

BY THE REV. T——.

SHOULD some seraph wing his flight,  
 From the realms of cloudless light,  
 Earth and ocean soaring over,  
 WHERE would he delight to hover?

Not o'er halls of regal pride;  
 Not o'er halls with carnage dyed,  
 Where 'mi' shouts of triumph breathing,  
 Fame the hero's brow is wreathing;

Not o'er cells of letter'd age;  
 Not o'er haunts of hoary sage;  
 Not where youthful poet stealing,  
 Wooes the muse's warm revealing;

Not o'er wood or shadowy vale,  
Where the lover tells his tale,  
And the blush—love's fondest token—  
Speaks what words had never spoken ;

Not where music's silver sound  
Wakes the dormant echoes round,  
And with charms as pure as tender,  
Holds the heart in pleased surrender.—

O'er the calm sequestered spot,  
O'er the lone and lowly cot,  
Where, with fairest hands enwreathing,•  
Woman's guileless prayer is breathing ;—

Where the gentle mother nigh,  
Points her daughter's prayer on high,  
To the God whose goodness gave her,  
To the God whose love shall save her :—

THERE, awhile, the Son of Light  
Would arrest his rapid flight ;  
'Thence would bear, to Heaven ascending,  
Prayers with heartfelt praises blending.

Gladly would he soar above,  
With the sacrifice of love ;  
And, thro' Heaven's expanded portal  
Bear it to the throne immortal !

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## A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

"My own sweet home!" thought Charles Lumleigh, as he was whirled rapidly along on the stage coach, "with what pleasure shall I again return to thee! and you too, my loved mother and sisters, the pain of my separation from you is amply repaid by the delight I now experience." The coach here turned a sharp angle of the road, and he strained his eyes in endeavouring to discern the fir-crowned hills of the seat of his forefathers. Fancy vividly painted a few faint specks in the distance, like the woods that encircled his mother's residence, and the tears started in his eyes as he gazed. He was but eighteen, and had not yet entered into that period of life, when the kind and virtuous feelings of boyhood are silenced by the deceitful pleasures of man, or lost in the cares and attentions which too often occupy the breasts of the inhabitants of this sinful world.

Charles Lumleigh was, at the time my story commences, returning from the university, where he had kept one term; and had there gained a character of attention and regularity which is often the reverse of that given to students when first released from the fancied thralldom of their parents. From childhood it had been his wish to become a minister of the Protestant Church, and this intention had gradually strengthened as he arrived to maturer years. He was heir to a comfortable fortune and estates, which, by the decease of his father, devolved on him, on his entering his twenty-first year; and in the event of his death before that time, they would become the property of his brother, a lad who had just entered the British Navy. It was not therefore the love of gain which had influenced him, but a sincere and earnest desire to become a promulgator of the Gospel, and the blessed words of eternal life.

The coach had now arrived at the town of D —, which was about two miles from Elmwood, the seat of the Lumleigh family;

and leaving his trunk at the inn, he proceeded on foot towards his home. During the few months he had been at Oxford, a visible change had taken place in his appearance: the clear, transparent bloom of youth had fled, and his cheek was ashy pale; his step, no longer swift and firm, was slow and faltering, and his fine form appeared weakened and attenuated by disease. In truth, he *was* ill, and on this account he had been permitted to return during the time devoted to study; but in his letters to his mother he had slightly mentioned it, and this instance evinced his constant attachment to a beloved parent, in his endeavours to conceal from her the illness that was slowly consuming him. The path to Elmwood lay over a high down for nearly half a mile, and then wound round by the side of the hill, by many a picturesque lane and leafy avenue, to the lodge of the Lumleigh residence. Charles was not sorry when he reached the entrance of the pleasant road, which was partly shaded by the young leaves of April. The sun, though early in the spring, shone with fervour, and he felt exhausted by the heat ere he had half crossed the sandy common; but in this cool retreat he felt no alleviation of his fatigue, and from extreme weariness threw himself at the foot of a large oak on the borders of the lane, and in a few moments fell into a broken and uneasy slumber. How long he had slept he knew not, but the loud barking of a dog awakened him. He hastily unclosed his eyes, and beheld his faithful and attached Cæsar leaping around him, and by various gambols endeavouring to call his attention. He half arose, and extending his hand, the shaggy Newfoundland dog was instantly in his arms, and almost overpowered him with his caresses. At this moment, a sportive laugh reached his ears, and, looking up, he beheld two fair, youthful countenances, peeping at him cautiously through the branches of the hedge, and both beaming with sisterly affection. "Dear, dear girls, how long have you been waiting for me? I am quite ashamed that I should have slept here; but indeed I could not help it," said Charles, as he assisted them to descend the bank. The sisters assured him they had not waited long; but Caroline, the eldest, exclaimed anxiously

"It was wrong, very wrong, dear Charles, to lie on the damp ground; see, the dew still remains on the grass, and you have left the print of your arm on that wet moss. I find," she continued, smiling, "I must watch my careless brother narrowly." The happy trio resumed their walk, beguiling the time by inquiries and replies respecting the dear inhabitant of Elmwood, which was soon reached, and in the warm embrace of his mother, Charles forgot his laborious studies, and consequent illness.

On the following morning Mrs. Lumleigh questioned her son about his health, with that minute attention which a tender parent only can feel and describe. Charles strove, as far as he was able, to calm those emotions which it was evident his mother felt, and laughingly pointed to his glowing face, and asked if that savoured of illness. Mrs. Lumleigh shook her head, but did not reply: she knew too well that the crimson hue on his cheek was not that of health, and in spite of her son's remonstrances, a messenger was despatched for a physician from D——. Dr. R. did not arrive until evening, when Charles, who had fatigued himself in rambling through the grounds with his sisters, was stretched languidly on a couch, and vainly endeavouring to sleep, which seemed, when courted, to fly from him. The worthy physician was visibly affected at the sight of his patient, and in a broken voice, after mature reflection, said, that every attention must be paid him, in order to stay the progress of the disease, which had arrived at an alarming height; then promising to visit him the next day, with a sorrowful heart departed.

Mrs. Lumleigh who had long known Doctor R., was convinced that he felt more than he expressed; and with an aching heart, she knelt in fervent prayer to Him who alone can calm the troubled spirit, and heal the wounded breast. She knew that He could raise her child from the bed of sickness, or take him to His own kingdom, and she bowed in resignation to His dispensations, whatever they might be.

A few days had elapsed, and no change had taken place in the disorder of the youthful sufferer; but his mother and all the inhabitants of Elmwood were fearful that he was hastening to

"that bourne from whence no traveller returns." On the ninth day there was a fearful alteration in his appearance; his eyes were sunk, and scarcely could he be raised in his bed; whilst his deep, hollow, and frequent fits of coughing, were the only sounds that echoed through the mansion. Sleep alone afforded a transient cessation from pain; and during a short slumber Dr. R. visited him. His entrance awoke him, but he continued silent, and listened to the conversation of those around. The voice of the speakers were so low, that he could only hear a few words: this sentence distinctly reached him: "He never can recover; he may linger for some time, though I should think not more than a few weeks." The voice then ceased, and Charles feebly called to his mother, who, with Dr. R., instantly approached the bed. He extended his hand to the latter, and in a tremulous voice said, "Sir, I thank you for what I have just heard; I will not deceive you, I have not slept, and your assurances that I shall never recover, have been listened to with greedy attention by me. I again repeat. I am thankful to you for informing me of my danger. Until now, I had a few faint hopes that I might have lived some years longer. I know I have too fondly clung to this world, when I should have fixed my thoughts on another; but God, in his infinite mercy, will I trust, forgive the sins of a guilty, erring mortal like myself"—here a severe fit of coughing precluded the possibility of his farther speaking, and he sunk exhausted on the pillow. Still his thoughts returned to the words he at first heard. "Then I *must* die," he mentally exclaimed. "Never again shall I behold the friends of my youth—never, never! Oh, what a sense of dreariness does it convey to my heart!" and a few, a very few tears fell at the idea. "But what am I to grieve for? Do I mourn the separation from this world, and the deprivations of its pleasures—its few transient pleasures? No, no! it is not *that* I care for. Wherefore then do I mourn? O God! look down on me, thy guilty creature, and shed the light of thy merciful countenance upon me, to enable me to withstand the temptations that now assail

me." This short, though fervent prayer, calmed his perturbation and he fell into a slumber, which lasted for many hours.

It was late in the evening when he awoke, and softly withdrawing the curtain, beheld his mother watching by the side of his bed : in her hand she held a watch, and a glass of medicine stood by her. She tenderly raised it to his lips, at the same time saying, " It will do you much good, dear Charles : Dr. R. assures me it will ease the pain that torments you." Her son unhesitatingly swallowed it, and when he had finished it, replied,—“ To oblige you, my dearest mother, I will take anything ; but it is all in vain : it is like fanning a few expiring embers, which, though they burn for a time, are quickly quenched and soon die away." The soporific draught he had taken he soon felt the influence of, and with a languid smile, said he could talk no longer. His sleep now lasted until the sun had risen far above the horizon, and shed streams of golden light through the closed shutters of the apartment. Caroline Lumleigh was seated near the bed, and wept tears of unfeigned joy when she heard the cheerful sound of her brother's voice. He spoke now in a clear, firm tone, and expressed a wish to be moved to a sofa in the next apartment ; but this request was not deemed prudent to be complied with, until the arrival of Dr. R. Impatiently Charles waited the physician's visit.

At length his well-known step was heard entering the room, and the patient was satisfied at being allowed to quit his bed. Supported by his mother and Dr. R., he was placed on a couch which was drawn near the open window. It was a beautiful afternoon in May, and the odour of a thousand blossoms stole heavily through the casement. " What a lovely world is this !" exclaimed Charles, as, resting his head on his mother's bosom, his eyes wandered over the scene ; but its beauties are trifling when compared to those of that heavenly kingdom which I am fast approaching. Nay, do not weep, dearest mother" he continued, as her warm tears fell rapidly on his face ; " grieve not for me ; I am resigned to die. I did once hope that I might live to be a comfort to you, and a friend to my dear sisters ; but Henry.

I know, will never forget them. In his breast the seeds of virtue have, I trust, taken such a deep root, as time will not speedily eradicate. Tell him from me, as my last request, to remember the doctrines of our blessed Lord; for through the knowledge of his laws, and a desire to walk in his paths, can we alone hope to rise to the life immortal in heaven." He was here interrupted by the entrance of his two sisters. They had been wandering through the grounds, by their brother's wish, to find a few early roses. The invalid received them gratefully; but he soon relapsed into silence, and appeared intently watching the departure of the sun behind the mountains of his native county. When it had sunk from his view, he turned to the dear relatives who sat by him, and said, "I shall never see that bright luminary rise again. Death approaches; but I do not tremble. My sisters, I have a very foolish wish, still I know it will be gratified; it is that you place a rose upon my grave whilst they remain in bloom. And now, farewell! Bless you—bless you all."—A faint smile illumed his lips, which moved as if in prayer;—they were soon stilled—the blissful soul had fled!

For nearly half a century a cluster of blushing roses were, during the summer months, thrown across the urn that marked the grave of Charles Lumleigh; but the flowers themselves, and the hand that placed them, are returned to dust, like him who sleeps beneath the sod.

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DUTIES.—They who act in the path of duty, and depend on the power of God, are equally safe at all times, and in all circumstances; no less safe when surrounded by enraged enemies, than when encircled by kind and insidious friends.



## DOMESTIC VIRTUE.

## SKETCHES.

"THERE is," (thus writes one of my ingenious friends,) - "there is a magic enthusiasm in great and exalted acts of virtue, that will more than outweigh the weakness of the mind. The obstacle is removed, the noble act performed, the sacrifice consummated; weakness and humanity may now resume their empire; the deed is done, and will remain as a proud monument to the eye of admiration. Spectators will not haunt us in our solitude, and pierce through the obscurity in which we hide our weaknesses and failings; but it is there that the mind finds a trial of endless exertion, patience, love. The man who has relieved his fellow-creature in some hour of signal calamity, may wound him unprovoked in his every-day intercourse; for gentleness is a more difficult as well as a more useful virtue than generosity. The mind has too much of a divine origin not to be occasionally capable of sublime flights—momentary flights; and has too much of an earthly nature not to flag and fall to the earth, which it had spurned for a moment."

Perhaps we have, each of us, felt the truth of these observations, and found it less difficult to perform an exalted action, than to practise that unboasting self-denial, which through the passing hours of the domestic day, in the constant intercourse with different characters and various tempers, and when new connections are formed, can keep the steady flame of family love alive, and preserves the equanimity which smooths down asperities, soothes disquietudes, chases dejection, and makes to-morrow cheerful as to-day.

Eleanor married a widower, a man of a convivial temper, who might have been attracted to the tavern by love of company, had not the good temper of his wife, and her attention to his comforts,

attached him to home, and made the cup of tea partaken with her, supersede less blameless gratifications. His two sons, who were in business in the city, one after the other sickened of consumptions, and successively came to their father's home to experience the tender attentions of their step-mother, and to die. Their sister was now the only surviving child of the family. With her rich relations young Fanny was a favourite, and she spent much of her time with them. They encouraged her in singing, dancing, and dressing: and she was thus disqualified from paying due regard to the occupations more serious and more suitable for her. She attracted the affections of a young man, gay and thoughtless as herself, and they married without consent of parents on either side. They had little wherewith to begin the world, and were unskilled in economy. With some difficulty Eleanor prevailed upon her husband to keep them in his house for a year. While they remained there, Fanny bore a son; and when they removed to a house of their own, the kind-hearted Eleanor assisted them in various ways. The young wife became consumptive, and maternal care was exerted in vain. The gay good humoured Fanny died. Her son, taken to the bosom of his nominal grandmother, was the consolation of her widowhood. She sent him to school, instilled good principles into his mind, and won his little heart by her unwearied love. His father loved him; but having a family by a second marriage, sought not to deprive Eleanor of her charge. It was a beautiful sight to behold the attention of the young man to his aged and infirm benefactress—her feeble frame, as she moved along the street, supported by the arm of her affectionate, adopted grandson, while her looks of sensibility and secret exultation demonstrated that she already began to reap the rewards of her benevolent solicitude.

“Jane was the eldest daughter of a widow who had a large family. She was an active and willing assistant to her mother, who not only instructed her in all domestic concerns, but, by her excellent example and pious precepts, instilled into her daughter's

mind the pure principles of genuine religion, which took deep root in so good a soil.

Jane was healthy, strong, and active. She rode remarkably well. Her brothers, being addicted to the diversion of hunting and fondly attached to their sister, prevailed upon her one morning to join them in their favourite amusement. Several other young females were of the party; but Jane, either better mounted, or having more courage, outdid them all, and was in at the death of the hare. She returned home: the effervescence of her spirits had subsided, she stood pensive in the presence of her mother. That wise and tender parent read her daughter's unfeminine exploit. The daughter felt in the mild gravity of her mother's looks, a reproof more touching than if it had been expressed by severe words. Thus in silence was pardon sought and granted, and perhaps this was the last time Jane pained her mother by any thing like disobedience.

Jane had a firm and cheerful temper, united to great compassion and generosity; qualifications that fitted her to endure the sorrows which successively fell to her lot by the death of several brothers and sisters. The eldest of the family, a youth who seemed to be all his mother could desire, was killed by a fall from his horse; another died of the small pox, at a distance from home; and these calamities preying on the susceptible heart of the mother, called forth all the cares and tenderness of her daughter, who struggled hard with her own feelings to be able, by these cares and this tenderness, to preserve a life so dear, but which she saw was passing away. Repeated offers of marriage could not induce Jane to leave her parent, to whom she was for some years an only daughter; herself and two brothers alone remaining to the amiable matron. The mother died: the daughter's health and spirits sunk beneath this affliction, and consolation superior to any this world could give, alone sustained and cheered her drooping mind. She settled with a relation, near the place of her birth. Three years after the death of her mother, in the space of one month, she lost both her brothers, now in the prime of their age. They left behind them disconsolate widows and

children, to whom Jane felt it her duty to offer all the consolation in her power, while her own heart was bleeding, for the paternal and fraternal ties were now torn asunder. They were a family of mourners; but the wounds which are not inflicted by ourselves will heal, and the dispensations of Providence, meekly submitted to by the patient humble mind, are followed by the blessing of resignation.

Jane, now disengaged from domestic cares, was, nevertheless, fully employed: her benevolence and observation had instructed her in the diseases of the human frame, and she became the doctress of the neighbouring poor, for whose use she kept a large assortment of medicines, and to whom she devoted the most part of an ample income. Her attentions were not confined to these; all her friends experienced them, and found her sympathy and assistance consoling and efficient. Thus employed, her mind recovered its usual tone, and in her surviving relatives she found her affection returned, and was comforted. Not only by them, but by all who knew her, was Jane beloved; for they were conscious that her heart expanded with kindness to all. That heart had another trial to encounter—to share in paying the tender, unavailing attentions which the lingering and fatal illness endured by the father of the family in which she resided, long required before his pure and patient spirit was released from mortality. He was scarcely less dear to her than a brother: her loss and grief were great; but she was accustomed to stem the tide of her own sorrows to support others under theirs. The mournful widow and her young family needed the succour of such friendship as affluence could not purchase, and Jane remained with them till the family became dispersed on account of marriages and removals. She then left the country, to which her habits were conformed, and the scenes associated to early recollections, and took lodgings in a country town many miles distant. Her departure was lamented by all ranks; but the poor would scarcely let her leave them. A mason offered to build her a house without fee or reward; and an ancient man in the hope that at least her bones would rest among them, assured her, that though he was too feeble himself to dig the grave, *he would stand*

*by, and see it properly done.* Another brought a present of potatoes to her lodgings. she thanked him, but determined to pay for them. and accordingly had them weighed: they weighed eight stone. Disappointed in his first intention, the poor man begged her servant to say that they weighed but four, and hoped Jane would not detect the deception. This good woman loves society, and the company of young persons yet contentedly submits to the solitude of her lodgings, and to deafness; amusing herself with her needle, or strengthening her mind by the perusal of her Bible, and the works of pious writers; visiting the sick or afflicted; receiving her friends with cordial hospitality; and now in her seventy-eighth year, exposing herself to cold, and fatiguing journeys, in the discharge of those duties which she is called upon to perform.

The pedigree of several persons who once happened to be in company together, being made the topic of conversation, it was inquired of Maria, who was her ancestor? "He was," answered she, "an Irish Scollogue." Her cheerful and unembarrassed reply was heard with a smile of love and approbation, which acknowledged that a rich and generous soil alone could produce fruits of such peculiar and excellent flavour as were enjoyed in the friendship and conversation of Maria. Her ancestor was an Irish farmer, in comfortable circumstances, as the title *Scollogue* denotes. Maria and her sister, industrious, independent, and unassisted, pursued the business of shop-keeping: their integrity, their punctuality their fair and honourable dealing, gained them sincere respect, and they were even more beloved than respected, because of their total freedom from selfishness; their native politeness, which seemed to receive while it conferred a favour; their quick conception of, and scrupulous attention to, the feelings of others; and their genuine compassion, which gave relief with secrecy and discrimination. Yet a poor woman who knew their family, declared they deserved no credit for their good nature—they could not avoid possessing it—they inherited it from their grandfather and grandmother; and, branching from such a stock.

their virtues were hereditary. Prudence, engrafted on this precious stock, was cherished by that high sense of independence which prevents impositions on generosity, quickens discernment, without contracting the mind. They were very regular and neat in their habits, yet the little children of a friend, their nearest neighbour, were freely admitted at all times to them. They reproved their misdemeanours with gentle firmness; while, sensible of their affection, the children fondly loved them. When these children were indisposed, their mother flew to Maria, depending on her skill, and experiencing the good effect of her judgment. They were her consolers in sickness or sorrow; in her domestic concerns she found them able advisers and willing assistants; but if her gratitude confessed to others what she owed to them, they were grieved and somewhat displeased, wishing to perform their good acts in secret, and jealous, lest the child of their friend should suffer through their means. The children seemed a joint stock, and carried with them to maturity the love which attached them to their excellent friends. Thus the two families lived twenty-five years under one roof: they had shared the joys and sorrows of each other, and hoped to descend the hill of life together, when the younger of these worthy maidens sunk into a languishing state of health. Maria, ever attentive to the sick, neglected nothing to restore or comfort her sister; and sometimes oppressed by her fears, again enlivened by hope, she continued her pious offices for six years with unremitting attention, unmindful of her own health, which was much impaired by her devotedness to her sister, who at last expired in her arms,—but not without invoking a blessing from the Almighty upon Maria—the pattern of “Domestic Virtue.”

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MERCY.—To bless God for mercies, is the way to increase them; to bless him for miseries, is the way to remove them. No good lives so long, as that which is thankfully improved; no evil dies so soon, as that which is patiently endured.—*Dyer.*

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## WHAT SEEK YE?

JOHN, CHAP. 1, VER. XXXVIII.

HEART-SEARCHING interrogation! How shall I reply to it? Something I have ever been in quest of, since the moment of earliest thoughts and feeling—something I am still pursuing. Have my researches hitherto brought peace. Have I learned, by past experience, what is the good which will effectually yield it; and am I now steadily pursuing it—withersoever the pursuit may lead me. This foolish heart has indeed often gone—far astray, and lost apace when it has seemed most likely to enjoy the good it courted;—the object it sought after, has perhaps, been gained,—but did it find the possession sufficient to secure the end? Vanity was stamped upon the fancied treasure: peace was still far off. In its first ardent search after happiness, did it never flatter itself with the delusion that it sought its enjoyments only in permitted objects?—friends, good opinion, domestic endearments, cultivation of mind, innocent recreation, these were by turns, pursued, with all the eagerness of a soul panting after the attainment of bliss, and believing that a merciful Creator would fulfil the natural desires which were implanted in the mind:—Blind, foolish heart! Unenlighten'd by the Spirit of Truth, it discerned not that the things of nature are insufficient to satisfy the cravings of the immortal mind;—it saw not, that, unless the gifts be held in subordination to one ruling end, they are as destructive of true peace as the grosser allurements of sense, or the more agitating emotions of worldly ambition. But “seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness,” and all these things shall, in their due proportion, minister to the end thou hast in view.

Seek Christ in the centre of your souls;—seek His kingdom, establishing in your hearts the rule of heavenly love and prompt

obedience;—seek His graces, to develop within your souls the germ of true blessedness,—and “all things are your’s.” Friends, chosen for Christ’s sake, will love with an affection little liable to the interruptions of caprice. Influence, sought for the extension of His kingdom, will neither minister to the tyrannic miserable sway of selfishness, nor be disturbed by the often mortified defeats which vanity encounters. Domestic ties, held in subservience to a higher love, will yield double sweetness; death and partings do not dissolve *such* bonds. Talents, appropriated to God’s service, will not be spent in vain. Innocent recreations, not the object of the day, but the necessary refreshment of severer hours of toil, will bring their recruiting influences. Nothing *rested in*, but *all enjoyed*—this is the Christian’s privilege. Lord! be Thou mine,—and I have *all* in Thee!

L. H.

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## THE LAMENT OF A BEREAVED HUSBAND.

BY THE REV. T——.

THE tear which falls upon thy tomb,  
 It would not win thee back to earth,  
 Nor bind thee to the darker doom  
 Of one of mortal birth:—  
 No, dearest! When I think of all  
 Which thou hast been, and still might’st be,  
 I would not—weal or woe befall—  
 Thy gentle spirit now recall,  
 To pine on earth with me;  
 For, though life’s fairest joys were mine,  
 Oh what are they, blest Saint, to thine!



I know not if the bright above  
 Look down on those they loved below ;  
 If aught that once was earthly love  
 In angel-breasts may glow :  
 For, could they mark the countless woes  
 Which those—*once* most beloved—must bear,  
 'Twould be a thorn in Eden's rose—  
 A chill upon the joy that glows  
 With quenchless transport there ;—  
 A lingering taint of earthliness,  
 Where all beside is formed to bless.

Then—though *I* never can forget.  
 By thee forgotten would I be,  
 Ere ought of fond, though vain, regret  
 Should break thy rest for me.  
 And this shall be my solace—this  
 Shall aid me still with grief to strive ;  
 Let me but gain that world of bliss,  
 And all that charmed awhile in this,  
 Shall there again revive :—  
 Yes, dearest—I shall come to thee,  
 Though thou canst ne'er return to me !

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**SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.**—I am particularly delighted with such social interviews, as serve to enlarge our knowledge, and refine our affections ; such as have an apparent tendency to render us more useful in our present stations, and to ripen us for future happiness. This is a feast of reason ; a feast of truth ; and, I must own, has charms for me, infinitely superior to all the impertinent amusements of modish chat, or the mean gratifications of the bottle.—*Jenkins*.

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## CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

He knelt—the Saviour knelt and pray'd,  
 When but His Father's eye  
 Look'd thro' the lonely Garden's shade,  
 On that dread agony !  
 The Lord of All above, beneath,  
 Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour ;  
 The heavens might well grow dim,  
 When this mortality had power,  
 So to o'ershadow *Him* !  
 That He who gave man's breath might know  
 The very depths of human woe.

He knew them all !—the doubt, the strife,  
 The faint perplexing dread ;  
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,  
 All darken'd round His head ;  
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray—  
 Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away !

It pass'd not—tho' the stormy wave  
 Had sunk beneath His tread !  
 It pass'd not—tho' to Him the grave  
 Had yielded up its dead.  
 But there was sent Him, from on high,  
 A gift of strength, for man to die !

And was *His* mortal hour beset  
 With anguish and dismay ?  
 How may *we* meet our conflict yet  
 In the dark, narrow way ?  
 How, but thro' Him, that path who trod ?—  
 Save, or we perish, Son of God !

## THE STEAM BOAT.

## FOUNDED ON FACT.

EARLY in the last autumn I had occasion to travel in the north, and mingle much with all sorts of men and women. Sometimes disgusted with open and hardened wickedness or pained by thoughtless levity, and almost wondering at the strange humours and inconsistencies of my fellow creatures, shown in endless variety of characters, I mourned and laughed by turns. Sometimes refreshed and delighted by genuine feeling, and pure Christian simplicity, and active Christian principle exhibited in all the beauty of holiness, I went on my way, gleaning, as I hope, something profitable for my own heart, and full of interest to the beloved fireside circle at home.

From the large, noisy, busy town of Newcastle, I wandered along the coast to the ruins of Tynemouth Abbey ; and, in meditative musing on days gone by, suggested by the venerable remains before me, I scarcely perceived the approach of evening, till the darkening horizon, where but one narrow stream of golden light remained to tell how gloriously the blessed sun had sunk to his repose, warned me to retrace my steps. The screaming sea-bird seemed to reproach me as an intruder on her solitary way—the great ocean heaved darkly on, rolling forth volumes of mighty sound—making the sublimest of all music. I could gaze on it and listen to it, for ever ! “ The sea is His, and He made it.”

Surely it speaks in a special manner His wonders and His love ! I marvel at those, I pity those, who see in it nothing but a dull and wearisome monotony—I could not make *such* understand me. Peace be with them ! They have, I hope, *their* enjoyments—they shall not laugh or frown me out of mine.

Darkness gathered around me :—the way was long and dreary and to expedite my return, I embarked at Shields, on board a

Steam Boat. The deck was crowded with a noisy and motley group of colliers and market people, and I took refuge in the cabin below. There, in a dark corner, sat three poor women, who quietly and respectfully made room for me beside them. One was a *Quaker*; she had retired with a characteristic modesty from the confusion that reigned above, and sat the picture of neatness and peacefulness—her hands folded across her gray shawl—waiting her emancipation from so uncongenial a situation. Her right hand neighbour had a sickly infant on her knee which she sadly mis-managed, and in piteous cries it spoke the severity of its little sorrows. There was something in the appearance of the third female that deeply interested me. She was deadly pale, her garb of the poorest kind, and her woe-struck, though peaceful, countenance, told of many sorrows meekly borne. In her hand she held a basket of tracts and little books for sale.

At the time of my entrance, she was endeavouring to pacify her neighbour's child, and to infuse some common sense into its mother. I joined my endeavours to hers, but in vain. "Well sir," she said, "it is sometimes a blessed thing to hear them cry, it shows there is strength to struggle. I have seen them when they could only moan—when I should have blessed the Lord for one such cry as this." "Our friend," said the Quaker, "has been sorely afflicted, but I tell her the Lord is surely with her, for she bows with the spirit of meekness.

I asked her story—it is the story probably of hundreds. She told it with all the simplicity of truth—with all the earnestness of misery.

"My husband was a book-binder, but his health left him. He worked in his bed when he was too weak to sit up. We sold our furniture so pay his doctor—but all would not do:—he lay helpless in his bed for weeks, with hardly a rag to cover him. I and my seven little ones, did what we could to earn a morsel of bread—my poor John could do no more! It was the Lord, and he was very merciful, for he sent a kind lady, who put my husband into the Infirmary. There he is well looked after, though if it had so pleased God I could love to nurse him myself,

Oh ! if *he* come back to me in health, I shall have more than I can desire or deserve !

" About a month ago, three of my little ones fell ill of the hooping cough—they fell sick one by one—they coughed day and night—I would have given my life to ease their pain—but it was not to be so—I saw them die, one by one—and they looked peaceful when death was on them ; I laid them side by side in the same grave, and I tried to say, ' They are taken from the evil to come ! ' I shall go to *them*, though never, never can they return to me.' " She stopped, and with the back of her hand quietly wiped away the tears from her eyes. I laid my hand on hers, and said, " Your dear children are happy, far beyond what even *you* could have desired for them. They are in the hands of God ! and He is with you in all your trouble. Underneath you is His everlasting arm supporting you. This is His doing. He *must* do well ; ' Whom he loveth he chasteneth.' "

" I know it, I know it ! " she exclaimed. " Thank you Sir, for those blessed words. Yet ungrateful as I am, I cannot yet *love* His correction. I fear I do not say from my *heart*, ' Thy will be done'—*not mine*. I have yet another precious child sick at home, the pride of my heart—and a blessed daughter she has been to me—but I believe she must go, for death is in her sweet face. I thought, when I left her this morning, I should hear her speak no more, but I was forced to seek a morsel of bread, for her and myself. And why should I desire to hear more words from her in this world ? they cannot be better than her last. " Dear mother," she said and smiled, all-suffering as she was, " perhaps I shall be gone to Heaven before you come back ; but I shall find Jesus Christ there, and I will pray Him to come and comfort you and take care of you."

Oh, sir ! you are a kind Christian ; if you have little ones at home, do not love them *too* well ! May you find them again in health and never know how hard it is to see their little dying agonies, and kiss their cold lips for the last time ! Yet do not think I complain ; I have much, much more than I deserve. Sometimes I have thought my heart would break, but it was wicked to doubt

—for God has never failed, in my greatest need, to raise up friends ; and when I think of a happy eternity to come, I feel that the sufferings of *this* life are not worthy to be compared to it."

She ceased—and, shall I be ashamed to own it ? my tears flowed fast ; yet I secretly blessed the Christian's God, who can make His servants to triumph even over misery like this. " Godliness is," indeed, " profitable unto *all* things ; having promise of the life that *now* is, and of that which is to come."

Our little voyage was done. The time had been short. Yet our hearts were warmed with a kindness as of many years standing. With the sincerest interest and respect I assisted my poor friend to disembark : and at parting put a few shillings into her hand, for the use of her invalid. " There," she exclaimed, " did I not say right ? the friend in need is sent me again. Sir ! He will bless you, who receives the cup of cold water as given to himself. I will praise Him for you and for me : He will hear the blessing of her who was ready to perish. Oh, may He bless you, now and for ever !"

She returned to her sad home and her dying child—"sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." I, to my solitary inn, where, in the visions of the night, my meditations were sweet, for they rested on the reward of Christian sorrows meekly borne, on purified affections—on holiness, and happiness, and Heaven ! Some straggling rays of comfort break through the deepest gloom ; even in this dark valley, one by one, the rolling threatening clouds disperse—the Sun of Righteousness, himself, breaks forth at last, and all is meridian day !

Reader ! are *your best* affections set on things above ? If not—oh ! where will your trembling soul find refuge in the bitter day of sorrow, in the awful hour of death ? Lose not a moment, for 'why will ye die ?' Seek peace and secure happiness in the words and ways of God. He will not cast you out !

" If you *have* laid up your treasures and fixed your heart in Heaven, blessed are you !—you need *no* words of mine ; you know and follow the ways of pleasantness and peace ! Yet a

little while, it may be, you must struggle and "fight the good fight." The Christian armour brightens with the using. Victory, glorious victory, shall be yours, for the Lord is your shield! "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the things" laid up for you. "Rejoice then—always rejoice." You have *waited* for Him, and in the day when the "Lord of Hosts maketh up His jewels" you shall be His!

H. M. P.

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CONCIT.—There is a strong resemblance between a pert, over-bearing, conceited opinionist, and a drunken man.—You may see him reeling to and fro; now entertaining this odd conceit, to-morrow that, and the next day a third: unstable in all.—Vomiting too, and casting out scornful reproaches against such as differ from him.—Talkative, as drunkards commonly are; prating, and obtruding his own opinions on every body.—Self-sufficient, and boasting himself and his party as too hard for all their opposers. Thus, as our proverb saith, "one drunkard is forty men strong."—Whoever attempts to reason with such a dogmatist, will soon find him as incapable of conviction, as Nabal was of Abigail's narration, until his wine has gone out of him.—*Dr. Arrowsmith.*

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EARLY CONVERSION.—If I could lawfully envy anybody, I should envy those that are converted to God in their youth. They escape much sin and sorrow; and resemble Jacob, who carried off the blessing betimes.—*Anon.*

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## BISHOP HEBER.

It is long since the Christian world has sustained so heavy a misfortune as the death of Bishop Heber.\* He was engaged in the most important duty that can fall to the lot of man—to superintend the conversion of British India ; an office in which he had to look forward to the almost certain loss of health, and to engage in which, he had forsaken his beloved home and dearest connexions. He had left that station in which his soul delighted; the spiritual charge of a country parish : a station of life in which perhaps more of happiness is to be found than in any other. There is none in which the conscientious discharge of duty meets with so quick a return of love and respect, and none, in a comparatively private sphere, in which such a man as Reginald Heber could be so useful to others. How deeply he felt the sacrifice which a higher call imposed upon him, may be learned from the last sermon which he preached to his mourning congregation at Hodnet.

“ My ministerial labours among you must have an end ; I must give over into other hands, the task of watching over your spiritual welfare ; and many, very many, of those with whom I have grown up from childhood, in whose society I have passed my happiest days, and to whom it has been, during more than fifteen years, my duty and my delight (with such ability as God has given me) to preach the gospel of Christ, must, in all probability, see my face in the flesh no more. Under such circumstances, and

\* Reginald Heber was born at Malpas, in Cheshire, April 21, 1783. He was distinguished at an early age as the Author of “ Palestine,” a production which obtained for him at once a high place among our English poets. In 1816 he published his Bampton Lectures, which established his reputation as a divine ; six years after this period he added a valuable life of Jeremy Taylor, and a criticism on his writings, to a new edition of the works of that great and excellent prelate. His hymns, a volume of which have just been published, display an exalted imagination and deep religious feeling. He was consecrated Bishop of Calcutta in the year 1823 ; arrived in India in October of the same year, and died on the 3rd of April, 1826, at Trichinopoly.



connected with many who now hear me by the dearest ties of blood, of friendship, and of gratitude, some mixture of regret is excusable, some degree of sorrow is holy. I cannot without some anxiety for the future, forsake, for an untried and arduous field of duty, the quiet scenes where, during so much of my past life, I have enjoyed a more than usual share of earthly comfort and prosperity; I cannot bid adieu to those, with whose idea almost every recollection of past happiness is connected, without many earnest wishes for their welfare, and (I will confess it) without some severe self-reproach that, while it was in my power I have done so much less than I ought to have done, to render that welfare eternal. There are, indeed, those here who know, and there is *One*, above all, who knows better than any of you, how earnestly I have desired the peace and the holiness of His church; how truly I have loved the people of this place; and how warmly I have hoped to be the means, in His hand, of bringing many among you to glory. But I am at this moment but too painfully sensible that in many things, yea in all, my performance has fallen short of my principles; that neither privately nor publicly have I taught you with so much diligence as now seems necessary in my eyes: nor has my example set forth the doctrines in which I have, however imperfectly, instructed you; yet, if my zeal has failed in steadiness, it never has been wanting in sincerity. I have expressed no conviction which I have not deeply felt; have preached no doctrine which I have not steadfastly believed: however inconsistent my life, its leading object has been your welfare—and I have hoped, and sorrowed, and studied, and prayed for your instruction, and that you might be saved. For my labours, such as they were, I have been indeed most richly rewarded, in the uniform affection and respect which I have received from my parishioners; in their regular and increasing attendance in this holy place, and at the table of the Lord; in the welcome which I have never failed to meet in the houses of both rich and poor; in the regret (beyond my deserts, and beyond my fullest expectations) with which my announced departure has been received by you; in your expressed and repeated wishes for

my welfare and my return ; in your numerous attendance on the present occasion, and in those marks of emotion which I witness around me, and in which I am myself well nigh constrained to join. For all these, accept such thanks as I can pay—accept my best wishes—accept my affectionate regrets—accept the continuance of the prayers which I have hitherto offered up for you daily, and in which, whatever and wherever my sphere of duty hereafter be, my congregation of Hodnet shall (believe it!) never be forgotten.”

It is not consistent with the object of this short notice to trace, step by step, Bishop Heber's progress in India. It is enough to say, that he accomplished in three years, more than one less zealous, less eminent in talent, and less simple in heart, could ever have effected. He gained the affections of those whom he came to convert, proving by his affectionate concern for them, that, like the Great Head of the Church, he was their true Shepherd, and as he had laid down every comfort, so, if necessary, he was ready to lay down his life in their service, And so he did ; and he has left a sound foundation for the Church of Christ, on which we pray that his successors may raise a permanent and beautiful structure.

But where can we hope to find a successor whose zeal will be so tempered with meekness, and so elevated by talent ; whose energy will be so enlivened and supported by apostolical enthusiasm ; whose industry though united to genius, will be such, as if that humble virtue alone were (with the assisting grace of God) sufficient to support him through his divine embassy ; whose love to God and to his brother will be so fervent and so pure ?

We cannot conclude this brief notice better, than by quoting his own beautiful lines :

“ Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb :  
Thy Saviour has pass'd through the portals before thee,  
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom !

Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,  
Whose God was Thy ransom, Thy guardian and guide ;  
He gave thee, He took thee, and he will restore thee,  
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died !”

## A FATHER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

" He speaks

But not of hope ! *that* dream hath long gone by :—  
His words are full of Memory--and of all  
The sad but fond remembrances that lie  
Deep with earth's buried treasures.'

Mrs. HERMAN.

THE midnight bells were ringing out the departing year :—  
Alone and thoughtful, their distant sound struck on my ear. It  
was a sound full of tender recollections, tender even to sadness.  
When last I welcomed in the coming year, not alone nor sadly  
had I hailed it ; for *He* was near whose heart responded to every  
emotion of mine, whose look of answering love still met my  
glance, whose youthful gladness had been wont to send the  
warm glow of happiness to his parent's heart. The year had  
opened on us *brightly*—I looked forward through the long vista  
of coming time : and ever as I looked, one *bright* object was still  
foremost in my view,—my Boy !—My day dreams had woven for  
him a brilliant career. I saw him amiable in disposition, elevated  
in principle, distinguished by talents sedulously cultivated, and  
devoting those talents to the end for which they were bestowed.  
—I saw him worthily filling the station he was born to occupy, the  
ornament of his country, the delight of his friends ; I saw him  
blessing and blest,—and connecting my destiny with his, as  
Heaven had linked them together, through many a year of sorrow  
and of joy, I thought of my declining age cheered by his love, and  
reposing on his cares ; I thought of him as at length closing my  
eyes, and following me to my grave.—So dawned the year upon  
us both :—it was our year of reunion, for I had felt it right for a  
time to send him from me—our partings were sad ones even  
then—ah ! little did I dream that they were but training me up

" with tender art

To brook that day when we must part for ever."



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**To brook that day when we must part for ever."**



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THE AMERICAN PEOPLE



Then, for a while, his short periodical visits had been my seasons of restored enjoyment. I had been wont to look forward to them, through many a week and month of loneliness—I have many such now—I look forward, still but it is with no earthly hope.—I look forward to our reunion, but it is in those mansions of our Father's house, where “all tears shall be wiped away from all eyes, where there shall be no more partings, nor sorrow, nor death.”

His education completed, he had returned to me, and the spring of that year was to see us commence a tour, from which we promised ourselves both pleasure and improvement. We had together sketched its outline. It was to lead us through a wider range, and by less frequented ways than the usual routine of foreign travel. We were consulting, as the last preliminary step, the pages of the most celebrated tourists, who had described the countries we were about to visit, and were selecting the little portable library which was to accompany us, when that illness commenced which led to such a different termination. It arose from so trifling a cause that we deemed lightly of it. It bore at first no threatening aspect; but the seeds of hereditary disease lurked in the very constitution of his being. Consumption had laid her silently wasting hand upon him; and soon, too soon the fatal truth flashed upon me.—He was my all—the sunshine of my otherwise dark and desolate existence—I had lived but for him, and in him—and was he now to be taken from me?—I thought of the hour when his dying mother had bequeathed him to my love.—The anxious hours of his infancy were before me, the brightening hopes of his youth, the rich promise of his manhood—and *was* all thus to end?—Oh how fearful was the thought that followed soon!—I had idolized him too fondly—in the enjoyment of the gift I had almost forgotten the Giver—and how was I now to be chastened!—“Oh, if it be possible,” was the inarticulate prayer of my agonized heart,—“Father of Mercies! if it be possible that thy gracious designs for my purification may be effected without this trial, from which my nature shrinks, do thou avert it.” Blessed be He who enabled me soon to add, “but if



not, oh ! give me the cup of bitterness, and enable me to drink it with patient submission and gratitude." The supplication for strength was heard, though that which implored the removal of the bitter cup was denied ; and my child was the medium through which a higher than any human comforter dispensed the rich supplies of his own most perfect consolations.

The first bright days of opening summer appeared for a while to revive his sinking frame, and his father's heart caught at this shadow of a delusive hope ;—but *his* eyes were steadily fixed on the world of realities, whither he felt himself hastening ;—he told me that he did so. I love to dwell now on many of the conversations we had together at that period ;—they were full of comfort ;—they strengthened me to bear my heavy trial. Life was to him full of joys—it had one strong charm in his eyes—his parent !—For me he still would have wished to live ;—but he had bright and elevating views of the world beyond the grave ; and the fairest visions of earthly joy faded into nothing before the pure refulgence of that heavenly bliss on which he loved to meditate. He felt, too, that however bereaved, he should not leave me comfortless. He knew that though the cistern may be broken, the fountain of living waters is never dried up ; and that it is often in the hour when the earth is darkened to our view, that the brightest light shines in upon the soul from the unclouded beams of the Sun of Righteousness. His prayers for his sorrowing parent had ascended to the Father of Mercies, and the God of all consolation,—and he was heard :—the spirit of peace, which had descended into his breast, gradually took possession of mine also. But it was not till all hope of his recovery was extinct, till full and entire resignation had silenced every conflicting emotion of nature, that his still small voice was heard speaking with power to the heart of the mourner. But I will not enlarge upon those intimate feelings of the renewed soul, which must be felt to be understood ; nor attempt to describe the heavenly hope which succeeded to the murmurings of despair ; neither will I dwell upon painful recollections, on the decay of the earthly body, when the spirit shone more radiant as each hour seemed to take from it something of

the obscuring veil which mortality had cast around it. Let me rather follow it now into the regions where, purified from all of earthly alloy and corruption, it rejoices for ever in the fulness of celestial bliss ! A few more years, or months, or days, and I too may be where my treasure is !—I will look back on the years that are gone, with gratitude that I have so been blest in Time ; —I will look forward, and it shall be with the humble confidence that all I have loved and lost here, shall be restored to me in Eternity !

“None but a parent, perhaps, can fully sympathize in the tenderness of a father's recollections : but in the hopes of a Christian all may participate.

L. H. C.

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### A VILLAGE HYMN.

BY REV. W. L. BOWLES.

As by my mother's side I stand,  
Whose hairs, from age, are few and gray,  
I watch the hour-glass shed its sand,  
To mark how wears the night away.

Her sight is now by years decayed :  
The spectacles to aid her eyes,  
Upon the Bible-leaf are laid,  
That open in the window lies.

Though age must many ills endure,  
While time for ever speeds away,  
This shows her Christian comforts sure,  
And leads to heaven's eternal day.

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## A VISIT TO THE DAIRYMAN'S COTTAGE.

TAKEN FROM MEMORANDA MADE DURING A SHORT RESIDENCE IN THE ISLE OF  
WIGHT.

EARLY in the morning of the 9th of May, we left the little sequestered village Shanklin, and, though not without a feeling of regret, rambled for the last time amongst its rural cottages, many of which were overgrown with roses, myrtles, Virginian creepers, and other flowering shrubs. The situation of this village is remarkably delightful. It lies in a verdant valley of corn-fields and pasture land, and is surrounded by a range of hills which terminate with a bold sweep into the ocean, whose wide expanse forms a fine boundary to one end of the vale. A ride of six or seven miles, through a picturesque country, brought us to a large open plain, known by the name of Hill Common. On inquiring for the Dairyman's Cottage, (for we had made a little circuit for the sake of passing it,) we were directed to a small straw-thatched dwelling by the side of the road. Two or three tall trees overshadowed it, and a little wicket gate opened upon a narrow path, edged with sweetbriar, which led to the door.

We entered the cottage with feelings of the deepest interest, for under its lowly roof a Christian of no ordinary character had died. It was *there* that the pious and amiable Elizabeth surrendered herself into the hands of her Father and of our Father, of her God and of our God, and her image was brought vividly to our remembrance as we surveyed the spot that was formerly her home; for the old oaken arm-chairs which stood on each side of the fire-place the shelves which contained her few favourite books, and the prints of sacred subjects, with which the white-washed walls of the little apartment were ornamented,

still remain just as Leigh Richmond describes them, and objects comparatively insignificant call forth emotion when associated with beings of distinguished piety and virtue.\* The cottage is almost covered on one side with a large vine, whose curling tendrils and light green leaves peeped in at the open casement. A brother of Elizabeth's now inhabits it, and we learned some interesting particulars of her decease from his wife, who showed us a little note in her husband's handwriting, commemorating the death of his beloved sister, which happened in 1801. After having spent half an hour at the cottage, we proceeded along some retired narrow lanes, beautifully overarched with hazels and other trees, and whose high hedge-banks were completely covered with wild clematis and honeysuckles, until we arrived at the little village church of Arreton. No sooner had we entered the churchyard than we involuntarily seated ourselves upon the grass, to enjoy the beauty of the surrounding scenery. On our right stood the parsonage house, almost concealed from view by a shrubbery of evergreens; the little cottages that constituted the hamlet, interspersed among tall elms and other trees, formed the foreground of the picture, whilst rich corn-fields and wood-crowned eminences, with still more distant hills, bounded the delightful scene. The church itself was a humble structure, partly overgrown with ivy, and surrounded—not by “storied urn” or costly monument, but by tombstones of the most simple description. One among them particularly attracted our attention, and we copied it under the sketch we had just been making. It was as follows:

To the Memory of

ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE,

“THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.”

Who died May 30th, 1801.

“SHE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.”

\* See the interesting narrative entitled ‘The Dairyman's Daughter,’ by the late Rev Leigh Richmond.

Stranger ! if ere by chance or feeling led  
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,  
Turn from the contemplation of this sod  
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.

Lowly her lot on earth, but He who bore  
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,  
Gave her, His truth and faithfulness to prove,  
The choicest treasures of His boundless love.

(Faith that dispelled affliction's darkest gloom,  
Hope that could cheer the passage to the tomb,  
Peace that not Hell's dark legions could destroy,  
And love that filled the soul with heavenly joy,)

Death, of its sting disarmed, she knew no fear,  
And tasted Heaven e'en while she lingered here.  
Oh happy saint ! may we like thee be blest,  
In life be faithful, and in death find rest.

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**BIBLE.**—When you experience, on your soul, the happy energy of the Scriptures, every attempt to stagger your belief, or withdraw your veneration from the Bible, will be like an attempt to shatter the rock in pieces with a bubble, or to pierce the adamant with a feather.

The pages of Scripture, like the productions of nature, will not only endure the test, but improve upon the trial. The application of the microscope to the one, and a repeated meditation on the other, are sure to display new beauties, and present us with higher attractives.

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**"TO BE SPIRITUALLY MINDED IS LIFE AND PEACE."\***

To be spiritually minded is to be partaker of the mind which was in Christ Jesus, to be receptive of, and to be submissive to, the teachings of that divine Spirit which now supplies the place of earthly intercourse, once kept up in open communion between the Lord and His attached disciples. This communion is of a nature far more intimate and consolatory than any which subsisted during the abode of His mere earthly presence with the church which He came down to purchase; great as was that mercy, it was but the prelude to one even more stupendous. Soul of man! exult in that which is wrought for thee; contemplate with grateful rapture the merciful exchange of blessings of which thou, in common with other kindred spirits, art become partaker. We have parted with that which dwelt *among* men for that which tabernacles *in* them. Blessed result of a finished Redemption; that whereas through the bodily senses He of old displayed Himself to His children, now He takes full possession of their hearts, sanctifying and purifying them as a temple for His own habitation, and shedding abroad within the abode which He has chosen, the train of heavenly blessings which must attend the entrance of the Lord of Life! Raise a rejoicing strain of triumph, and open wide to receive this conquering and peace-bestowing visitant. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of Glory shall come in." Thus to receive Him inwardly is indeed life and peace; it is to be joined unto the Lord as unto one Spirit; it is to abide in Him, and He in us; to receive out of His fulness; to be made, even here, partaker of His joy; to have His peace communicated to us, that "peace of God which passeth all understanding."

\* Rom. viii. 6.

O diyine and all-powerful Comforter, thou subduer of all unholy tempers, thou calmer of every earthly passion, thou stiller of all tumultuous thoughts and affections, and of each vain desire; deign thyself to inhabit the spirit of thy servant, unworthy though it be of such a guest. I do desire thy ever correcting, controlling, sanctifying presence, I would that thou shouldest abide with me, even if it be but to awaken penitence and tears. Into the contrition of the humble breast thou still infusest a mixture of thy own peace; thou bespeakest thyself to be the author of such mourning, inasmuch as in a lowly and meek submission there is still a calm which could not be if thou wert afar off. Whatsoever be the office thou wouldst perform there, I would still bid thee welcome; and if a rebellious spirit rise against thy dictates, crush it with thy power, breaking the hard heart if not yet broken, and when it is subdued grafting into it thy own most blessed fruits—those heavenly fruits which none can bring forth but such as live through Thee.

L. H.

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PRAYER.—The longer a believer hath neglected prayer, the harder he finds it to pray; partly, through shame: for the soul, having played the truant, knows not how to look God in the face: and, partly, through the difficulty of the work, which is doubly hard to what another finds, who walks in the exercise of his graces. It requires more time and pains for him to tune his instrument, when all is out of order, than for another to play the lesson.—*Gurnall.*

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CIRCUMSPECTION.—Persons who make a profession of religion, should be circumspect in their moral walk; else they hurt not only their own characters, but above all, the cause of religion itself; and resemble a man who carried fire in one hand and water in the other.

## JACOB'S DREAM.

'Tis Jacob's dream ;—behold the ladder rise,—  
 Resting on earth, but reaching to the skies ;  
 Where faith the radiant hierarchies may trace  
 Abroad in nature, providence, and grace,  
 Descending and returning by that path,  
 On embassies of mercy or of wrath ;  
 Here the stone pillar and the desert sod  
 Become the gate of heaven—the house of God :  
 Put off thy shoes ; approach with awe profound ;  
 The spot on which thou stand'st is holy ground !  
 Spirit made perfect,—Spirit of the Just !—  
 Thine hand, which traced these lines, hath fall'n to dust ;  
 Yet in the visions of eternity,  
 Things unconceived by mortals thou canst see ;  
 Angels, as angels stand before the throne,  
 By thee are, without veil or symbol known :  
 Oh ! couldst thou add one brilliant page, and tell  
 What those pure beings are that never fell,—  
 Those first-born Sons of God, ere time began,  
 Elder and greater,—not more loved than man ;  
 Thrones, principalities, dominions, powers,  
 Cherub and Seraph, 'midst empyreal bowers,  
 Who in themselves their Maker only see,  
 And dwell in the abyss of Deity.  
 But 'tis eye forbidden ; earthly nor ear,  
 Heaven's splendours could behold, heaven's secrets hear ;  
 To flesh and blood that world to come is sealed,  
 Or but in hieroglyphic shades revealed.

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## REFLECTIONS

## UPON A DAY IN AUTUMN.

How many eyes that now with joy behold  
 The mellow beauty of this Autumn day,  
 Ere winter spread his dark'ning mantle cold,  
 The grave shall cover and the shroud enfold,  
 And all that shrines the soul be swept away.

ALL seasons are instructive to the meditative mind ; not only as they exhibit the wisdom and goodness of Providence, but in the analogies which they point out between things spiritual and things temporal. The Christian indeed, more favoured than the Heathen of old, is not left to the works of creation, to "the things that are made," to shadow forth "the invisible things of God : ' he possesses not only the "sure word of prophecy as a light shining in a dark place," but he feels that the Day-Star has arisen in his heart, conducting him from creation to the Creator, teaching him to perceive God in all His works.

When he walks into the fields his eye ministers to his mind ; he beholds such a variety of objects, each fraught with an infinity of wisdom, each displaying such exquisite skill, such lavish beauty, goodness and perfection, that his thoughts are lost in their contemplation ; and he feels that enlarged spiritual capacities, reserved for a higher state of existence, can alone enable a finite being to comprehend the least work of Omnipotence.

Each season has its voice, each portion of the year exclusive charms and votaries. Spring is generally the favourite season of young persons ; whilst an Autumn day, in a peculiar manner, speaks to the feelings of those who have had much experience of life, and have known many bereavements. The deep silence of an Autumnal morning ; the shocks of corn standing in the fields

ready to be gathered; the little Robin, harbinger of winter, trilling his plaintive song amongst the orchard boughs; the sun gleaming over the face of the country, playing upon the streams and many-coloured woods, and lighting them up with that soft radiance which no other season exhibits;—all these images of beauty are affecting, in as much as they are preludes of decay, of winter and of death; and yet whilst they are affecting, and deeply impressive, they are not distressing.—The Christian beholds in them, it is true, the touching characters of mortality, and feels how aptly they represent his own frail condition, but knowing his rest is not here, he joyfully turns to his Saviour and exclaims, “They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure!” and then adds those blessed words of comfort, “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” and because He lives, I shall live also.

It is sweet to discover union of feeling amongst Christians in regard to their private meditations; and instructive to trace the similarity of their impressions under the same circumstances. The following are the sentiments of one who had been enjoying the beauties of this season in all its fullness.

“I find it difficult to explain to myself whence it proceeds, that amidst symptoms of decay, such as the earlier tints of Autumn exhibit, my spirit seems always elevated with some feeling dearer and more exalted than even in the more joyous period of Nature’s revival. It does proclaim mortality, but in a voice which makes me thankfully exult, I would not live always; and till dead winter actually arrives, I believe my mind o’erleaps the grave, and momentary decay of these perishable habitations, and fixes only on the sublimities of that existence in which the soul shall be with God.”

But there are many who cannot adopt this language; many whose hearts are separated from God, not only by the grosser allurements of sense, but by such an exclusive attachment to one object, as completely to absorb the affections. To them every prelude to death is fearful and appalling.—Indeed there is scarcely a more affecting object, and it is one by no means uncommon, than that of an interesting being, who, to superior intellect

and warm affections, unites all the refinement of cultivation, yet has no sense of a Redeemer's love.—The creature has usurped the place of the Creator, and receives the full homage of the affections: for to the beloved *idol* every thing is made to minister. Literature has expanded the mind; poetry has lent its fascination; the beauties of nature have been dwelt upon by rapture, and relished with the keenest delight, in as much as images of beauty harmonize the preceptions and exalt sensibility. But alas! all these are ineffectual to purify the heart—ineffectual to support the mind in the day of death and separation. In such seasons what stay, what comfort can cultivation and refinement afford? They have whetted the sword only to pierce the soul more deeply. Intellect is powerless before the overwhelming tide of grief—"wisdom has strength to arm the heart against calamity." A Saviour slighted in the time of prosperity is not known as a hiding place in the day of affliction. This is indeed a state of bereavement, than which nothing can be more affecting—it is the burden of anguish without support!

How different is the situation of the Christian in the time of distress! though "cast down," he is "not forsaken;" his Redeemer is no stranger to his soul; he can turn unto Him and say "Thou art my hiding place;" "Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast." Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy: for Thou hast considered my trouble; Thou hast known my soul in adversities."

A. H.

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KNOWLEDGE.—Knowledge and good parts, under the management of grace, are like the rod in Moses's hand, wonder-workers; but turn to Serpents, when they are cast upon the ground, and employed in promoting earthly designs.—*Arrowsmith.*

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## MORAL INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

FEW men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain. How powerless would conscience become without the belief of a God ! How palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it ! How suddenly would the whole social fabric quake, and with a fearful crash sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind. Once let men thoroughly believe they are the work and sport of chance ; that no Superior Intelligence concerns Himself in human affairs ; that all their moral improvements perish at death ; that the weak have no Guardian, and the poor no Avenger ; that an oath is unheard in heaven ; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator ; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no un-failing Friend ; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction. Once let him *thoroughly* abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation that would follow ? We hope, perhaps, that human laws, and natural sympathy, would hold Society together : as reasonably might we believe, that were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches could illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize, the creation ! What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of the day ? And what is he more, if Atheism be true ? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human law. Virtue, duty and principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid selfishness would supplant every other feeling ; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of Atheism declares him to be,—a companion of brutes.

## THE RUSTIC FUNERAL.

A Poetical Sketch.

BY JOHN HOLLAND.

'TWAS Christmas—and the morning of that day,  
 When holy men agree to celebrate  
 The glorious advent of their common Lord,  
 The Christ of God, the Saviour of mankind !  
 I, as my wont, sped forth, at early dawn,  
 To join in that triumphant natal hymn,  
 By Christians offer'd in the house of prayer.  
 Full of these thoughts, and musing of the theme.  
 The high, the glorious theme of man's redeµptor,  
 As I pass'd onward through the village lane,  
 My eye was greeted, and my mind was struck,  
 By the approach of a strange cavalcade,—  
 If cavalcade that might be called, which here  
 Six folks composed—the living and the dead.  
 It was a rustic funeral, off betimes  
 To some remoter village. I have seen  
 The fair or sumptuous, yea, the gorgeous rites,  
 The ceremonial, and the trappings proud,  
 With which the rich man goeth to the dust ;  
 And I have seen the pauper's coffin borne  
 With quick and hurried step, without a friend  
 To follow—one to stand on the grave's brink,  
 To weep, to sigh, to steal one last sad look,  
 Then turn away for ever from the sight.  
 But ne'er did pompous funeral of the proud,  
 Nor pauper's coffin unattended borne,  
 Impress me like this picturesque array.

Upright and tall, the coffin-bearer first  
Rode, mounted on an old gray, shaggy ass ;  
A cloak of black hung from his shoulders down,  
And to the hinder fetlocks of the beast  
Depended, not unscemly : from his thin hat  
A long crape streamer did the old man wear  
Which ever and anon play'd with the wind :  
The wind, too, frequently blew back his cloak,  
And then I saw the plain neat oaken coffin,  
Which held, perchance, a child of ten years old.  
Around the coffin, from beneath the lid,  
Appear'd the margin of a milk-white shroud,  
All cut, and crimp'd; and pounc'd with eyelet-holes,  
As well became the last, last earthly robe  
In which maternal love its object sees.  
A couple follow'd, in whose looks I read  
The recent traces of parental grief,  
Which grief and agony had written there.  
A junior train—a little boy and girl,  
Next follow'd in habiliments of black ;  
And yet with faces which methought bespoke  
Somewhat of pride in being marshall'd thus,  
No less than decorous and demure respect.  
The train pass'd by : but onward as I sped,  
I could not raze the picture from my mind ;  
Nor could I keep the unavailing wish  
That I had own'd, albeit but an hour,  
Thy gifted pencil, Stothard !—rather still,  
That mine had match'd thy more than graphic pen,  
Descriptive Wordsworth ! This at least I claim,  
Feebly, full feebly to have sketch'd a scene,  
Which, 'midst a thousand recollections stor'd  
Of village sights, impress'd my pensive mind  
With some emotions ne'er to be forgot.

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## A PSALM OF WIELAND.

Translated from the German,

BY GEORGE DOWRIES, A. M.

WIELAND, an author voluminous even in Germany, and whose name is associated equally with the history of literature, and of literary persecution in that country, is yet but little known to the English reader. Although the specimen here selected, as more particularly adapted for the present publication, is only one among a number of devout effusions, it is to be regretted that the record of WIELAND's religious opinions warrants the presumption that the author did not at all times possess the "*Sentiments of a Christian*"—the title whereby the compositions subsequently termed 'Psalms' were originally designated.

**PRAISED** be our Lord! Let every thing which hath breath laud him, for infinite in his goodness.

Let the race of Adam praise him, for whom he hath prepared this earth.

He made man a little lower than the angels, and gave him the vestibule of heaven for a habitation.

It is He that revolveth in his hand the circle of the seasons; he looseth Nature from the iron hands of frost.

Enlivened by his own breath, she riseth up like a bride, clad in soft rose-blushes and lovely smiles.

When thou bringest back to us the sun, the image of thy goodness, then streams of life rush through the veins of the renovated earth.

Then callest thou to the Spring, and crownest the pregnant grove with shining foliage.

The little bosom of the birds is distended with vernal joys. The lark flieth forth rejoicing before the chariot of the dawn; and the grasshopper among the tender twigs singeth her glad some song.

Then thou orderest innumerable flowers to blossom forth, and refreshest our languid eye with lovely verdure.

Under thy smile the balmy rose blossometh fair as the cheek of innocence, sweet-smelling as the undulating locks of young seraphim.

Like a wise soul that shineth forth from a fair body, so bloometh she: the morning-breezes hover around her, and bear their odour on undulating wings throughout the land.

Woe to the ungodly, who scorneth the joys that emanate from thy hand! who is insensible to thy love, which greeteth him from all thy works.

Woe to the fool, who scorneth the innocent joys of Nature! In giddy intoxication he embraceth shadows, and saith unto vanity, Thou art my portion.

The pleasures for which he pineth will coil like serpents around him.

But blessed is the man that rejoiceth in thy works, and praiseth thee day and night!

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## HEAVEN AND EARTH.

There are sounds so softly stealing;  
There are anthems loudly pealing;  
Seraph choirs that pour for ever,  
Music like a rolling river,  
Deep, and clear, and strong, and swelling,  
Through their bright celestial dwelling.  
Angels watching round the portal,  
Hear the tones, but never mortal,  
Oh! 'tis far too high and holy,  
For the ears of aught so lowly.

There is glory, bright and beaming,  
From the throne Eternal streaming;



Cherub crowns of Living splendour,  
Wreathed with mercy's flow'rets tender.  
Sun, nor moon, nor planet, shineth;  
Heaven is light that ne'er declineth.  
Angel-glance alone may bear it—  
Mortal eye comes never near it,  
Oh ! 'tis far too high and holy,  
For the light of aught so lowly.

But though winged with lightning pinions,  
There are joys in earth's dominions ;  
Accents sweet with passion laden,  
From the lips of mortal maiden ;  
Tones on earth, low, soft and tender,  
That the heaven shall perfect render.  
Earthly ear alone comes near them,  
Angels dare not bend to hear them,  
These are joys for mortals only,  
Else the world indeed were lonely.

There are blossoms earth doth nourish,  
That in heaven shall perfect flourish ;  
Fairy forms of mortal beauty,  
From their high celestial duty,  
Once that won the seraphs holy,  
To a world so dim and lowly.  
Mortal arm alone may clasp them—  
Angels lost their heaven to grasp them.  
These are joys for mortals only,  
Else the world indeed were lonely.

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## ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY, AS CONNECTED WITH RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM SWAINSON.

IT has ever been the custom of mankind, in estimating knowledge, to set the highest value upon that which may be practically applied to their temporal advantage,—their convenience, their wants, or their luxuries; and to estimate science in proportion as it leads to academic honours, popular applause, or lucrative reward. The day has not yet passed when every pursuit beyond this range is met by the question of "*cui bono?*" and unless the inquirer is told that some tangible good will be the result, he turns in silent pity from the man who is so unprofitably employed.

No science has suffered more from this mode of reasoning than Zoology. Its application to the wants of man is slight, and generally so remote as not immediately to be perceptible. It has not, like Chemistry, been employed to the improvement of manufactories; nor can it furnish much to assist the never-failing invention of man. It cannot, like Mineralogy, direct us to the discovery of subterraneous wealth, or assist Astronomy in giving power and increased confidence to the mariner. It cannot contend with Botany, either in adding to luxuries of the palate, or the elegancies of taste. Neither in conclusion does it lead, as all these kindred pursuits do lead, to pecuniary recompense or public professorships.

Great as these disadvantages undoubtedly are, there is another, which is infinitely greater. This arises from the erroneous idea so generally prevalent, as to the real objects of this study. Nor is this ignorance confined to the many; for even Naturalists who

enjoy no small popularity have fallen into a similar error. By these it has been constantly inculcated, that the true object of Natural History is to acquire a knowledge of *the species*, and to make that knowledge subservient to the benefits of mankind. That this definition has been most prejudicial to the cause of truth, can admit of no doubt. It has taught the student to believe, that when he had examined an animal or plant, ascertained its name and arranged it in his collection, it could teach him nothing more, and that the true end of Natural History, in this instance, had been accomplished. On the other hand this mistaken view of the subject has strengthened the popular prejudice. It was seen that collectors aimed at nothing higher than the possession of a museum labelled with hard names: and that those whose pursuits led them to expound the works of Divinity, dwindled into compilers of systems, or collectors of beetles.

Other naturalists, again, have rested the importance of these studies on their connection with the self-interests of man, and appeal to the discovery of the silkworm, the cochineal insect, and the pearl oyster. They insist, with reason, on the intimate connection between Natural History and Agriculture. This is undoubtedly true; but had this science no higher object, whatever might be its utility, its claims as an intellectual pursuit would not be very high. It would, in fact, derive all its importance from a selfish or interested consideration, and would inculcate the principle that a knowledge of the works of God was only desirable, when it could be applied to the artificial wants of man.

To adopt therefore either of the preceding views as definitions of Natural History, is to mistake the means for the end, and to leave off at that point, where, in fact, we should begin. Such expounders of Nature view her works through a medium the most contracted: they examine with microscopic eye the several parts of a complicated machine, without bestowing a thought upon the principle by which these parts are reciprocally connected, the power by which the whole is regulated, or the effect it is intended to produce.

I mean not, by these remarks, to diminish the force of those

arguments which have been employed, with great truth and eloquence, to shew the advantages of Natural History to the mind, when it is merely limited to a consideration of an individual object. The plumage of a bird, the tints of an insect, even "the poor beetle that we tread upon," are of themselves calculated to excite admiration, and to raise the thoughts to Him who made them. But what I wish to inculcate, is, that the study of nature has higher, immeasurably higher demands on our attention: that beyond all this, which speaks only to the eye, there is as it were an invisible world of order, harmony, and connection the most wonderful: and that it is only when we look beyond the individual and enter into this intellectual region, that the true object of the study takes its commencement. It is then that we begin to perceive, that the Book of Nature no less than that of Revelation, is throughout a volume of types and symbols. The one teaches us, in part, the mysteries of God in the redemption of mankind. The other is opened to us, that we may gain some insight into the wonders which every where surround us—wonders which all indeed can see and admire, but which few can comprehend—and even these most imperfectly. It is only when the mind takes a higher range, and seeks to obtain a glimpse of the vast plan of Creative Wisdom, that we can have the least conception of those mysteries which can never, in this world, be fully comprehended. Sufficient however will be revealed, both to the eye and to the understanding, to give us the most sublime ideas of the whole: and while we trace the wisdom of God in earthly things, which we ourselves can see, our faith will be strengthened in heavenly things, which are at present hid from our sight.

It may further be remarked, that Natural History, as professing to expound the works of Omnipotence, becomes from that very cause one of the most dignified studies that can employ the human mind. It seems in short, to be that peculiar study, which above all others, has been designed for giving us the greatest insight into His ways. In this respect it is even superior to Astronomy. The grandeur of the heavenly bodies may speak more immedi-

ately to our senses, and their periodical movements more readily excite our wonder. But all inquiry into their nature is futile. We know not whether those distant worlds are inhabited by mortals or by spirits, or whether they are the abodes of happiness or misery : all this is hidden from human research. But with Natural History the case is different. The myriads of organized beings that cover the surface of our globe, are continually before our eyes : we can distinguish their races, examine their structure, and even explore their habits and economy. And if our knowledge of the system of their creation, will bear no comparison with that which is known of the general laws which regulate the Planets, it is only because the minds of most men have dwelt on details, instead of grasping at general principles.

There may be some who think, that even to attempt such a discovery, as the plan which the Almighty has pursued in creation, is altogether vain, if not bordering upon impiety. Might not the same argument be used against Astronomy? And was it not actually used in the infancy of science? In regard to spiritual things, we not only know that the human mind is limited, but we also know the extent of those limits. But in natural science, although we feel the impossibility of even comprehending the nature of things in perfection, we are utterly ignorant of those limits which invisibly circumscribe our understanding. The discoveries of this age, in every branch of science, would no doubt have appeared perfectly visionary to those who lived in the last ; while that knowledge upon which we may now pride ourselves, will no doubt, in the estimation of future ages, appear as comparative ignorance. In Astronomy, indeed, we feel how hopeless it is to gain any information on the true nature of the heavenly bodies ; yet we have been permitted to understand the great principles by which they are regulated. We know to a certainty that our own planet daily and annually revolves in two descriptions of circles, and that numerous others move in all directions on the same principles. Now, however unintelligible such a complicated system may at first appear, yet the discoveries of science have made it both plain and undeniable : and that an

assemblage of stars, which, to the uninformed observer, seem promiscuously scattered in the firmament, are nevertheless regulated by a plan the most beautiful and wondrous that can possibly be conceived.

Now there is incontestible evidence to prove, that the same system which is found to govern the heavenly bodies—a system plainly circular—is typically represented on earth, and is that upon which the whole of organized matter has originally been planned. If either the animal or vegetable kingdom be attentively considered, they will each present a certain number of primary divisions, following each other in a series of affinity. They will also have this remarkable peculiarity, that the last will also intimately resemble the first, that the series returns again to the point from which the investigation commenced; and thus by the union of the first division with the last the whole can only be represented under the form of a circle. Again, if any one of these primary divisions be examined singly the same disposition will be found; each of these secondary groups will form their own circles of affinity; these again are found to contain smaller circles, till at last the inquiry becomes limited to the individual species.

But the discoveries of those few, who have pursued this line of inquiry, have not ended here. It is found, notwithstanding this complicated system of circles, that each is connected to another, and to all, either by direct affinity or relative analogy. An example may explain this part of the subject more fully, and I shall give one which the most philosophic naturalist of the age has pointed out. There is a particular group of beetles, characterised by feeding upon *living* vegetables only: these exhibit five variations of form, very distinct in the typical examples, but in those insects which constitute the intermediate links these variations are so diminished that one form insensibly blends into the next. On the other hand, there is another group of beetles, all of which derive their sustenance from *decayed* vegetables, their construction, no less than their food, is strikingly different from the former race: these likewise are composed of five subordinate

families, and like the others, are connected among themselves by a circular series of affinity. Now upon comparing the two races, they present such a wonderful resemblance in respect to analogy, that not only the five principal families in each agree in one or more striking peculiarities, but it may even be said that every insect in one race finds its representative in the other.\* In short not only in this instance, but throughout nature, there reigns a symbolical relationship, from the highest to the lowest of created beings. Their very forms and colours are not only important to their peculiar habits or economy, but are employed as types and symbols to designate something more. Thus, whether our attention be directed to the animal or vegetable kingdom, to the terrestrial or celestial world, one plan alone is discernible; and that itself is typical of ETERNITY—an attribute which proceeds alone from the Great Architect of all.†

It is only under this view that Natural History assumes her true dignity, and detaching herself from all those pursuits which point to earthly advantages, takes her station by the side of Religion; and like her, directs mankind to the contemplation of Omnipotence.

Well therefore may it excite surprise, that in a science so peculiarly connected with Christianity, a neighbouring kingdom should hitherto have taken precedence over a nation incomparably more religious. The truth is, that to this day there are few who have any definite notions on the matter, or who are in the least aware of the station which Zoology is now assuming. These causes can alone account for not a single professorship of Natural History existing at either of our Universities; when they are to be found in every petty city on the Continent: and for the remarkable fact, that the greatest Naturalists of this country are living either in retirement or obscurity. Like the Poet in *Rasselas*, “they are only known or valued but by men like themselves.”

\* Macleay, *Hornæ Entomologiæ*, 1, p. 28. *passim*.

† It is well known that the Ancients represented Eternity under the form of a circular serpent; the tail passing into the mouth.

The French Philosophers of the present age have acquired great and deserved fame by their splendid discoveries in Physiology, Geology, and comparative Anatomy; but as regards the Natural System, or that which is to develop the plan of Creation, it is not too much to say, that the book of nature to them has been hermetically sealed. Their discoveries will indeed remain; for these regard things which are immutable; but their systems and theories, formed either without any reference to religion, or in direct opposition to its greatest truths, are even now fast tumbling to decay. They may indeed be remembered, but only as lamentable instances of the infirmity of our nature, which not taking God for its guide, perverts His works to inculcate the baneful principles of materialism and infidelity.

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### DR. MANTON.

THE famous Dr. Manton was appointed, on some public occasion, to preach before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London. His sermon was learned, ingenious and eloquent. As he was returning home, a plain old gentleman pulled him by the coat, and desired to speak with him. The doctor stopped, and the stranger began,—I was one of your auditory to-day; I went to be fed by the gospel as usual, but have returned empty. Dr. Manton was not Dr. Manton this morning. There was indeed, much of the doctor, of the florid and learned man in the discourse, but little or nothing of Jesus Christ: it was, in short, no sermon to me.”—“Sir,” answered the doctor, “if I have not preached to you, you have now preached a good sermon to me; such as I trust I shall never forget, but be the better for as long as I live.”

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## SKETCHES IN A PARISH WORKHOUSE.

PRESERVATION from want is an Englishman's birth-right. In all his troubles, or sorrows, he is never without the certainty that his death-bed will not be a dunghill, or the knowledge that his dying lips will be moistened in the hour of struggles. These thoughts suggested themselves to my mind, when, a short time ago, I visited the workhouse of a parish, a little distant from the crowded portion of London; among the aged, the sick, and the desolate, to seek materials for contemplation.

It is not my intention to dwell on the internal management of the house; in which as in most others, selfishness had taken up its abode with charity. All my wish, and all my object, in passing through the wards, was to notice its hapless, or its happy, inmates. The first who attracted my attention, and who came under the latter class, was a young woman who had been bedridden from childhood. She was the victim of many diseases; yet their power had not been able to chase from her cheek the placid smile which dwelt there, and spoke of the tranquility that dwelt within, while the body suffered. Her countenance was serene and beautiful, though very pale; but there was a slight moisture on the upper lip, that betokened the pain under which she laboured. Her employment for years (for she had been long a dweller in the workhouse) had been to teach children; and she was, at the moment I entered, surrounded by her youthful pupils. I perceived a reverend gentleman, who, as I afterwards understood, was the clergyman of the parish, going through the wards, to drop, as he passed, that cordial which gives hope and consolation to the poor and destitute. I knew, by the blessings which followed him as he went by, that he was not one of those who, when

" Our church is vacant, flock  
Into her consistory, and at leisure  
There stall them, and grow fat."

Nor was he one of those clerical coxcombs who can never touch the sick, but with a glove on hand, who hasten from the death-bed to the card-table; and who never dream that their days in this world should be spent in preparing themselves and others for a better. But he was one of those who love to go on their Master's errand; whose most delightful task is to soften the pathway on earth, by pointing out the road to heaven; and who are happier in the salvation of one soul, than a monarch in the acquisition of a new kingdom.

He sate down by the invalid's bed, assisted her in the instruction of her pupils, and advised her how she should instil into their minds the principles of religion and virtue, in order that they might "remember their Creator in the days of their youth, so that, when they became old, He might not depart from them."

In another ward lay a poor Irishman, who was by special favour an inmate of the workhouse; for his is not like the Englishman's—a right. The reverend visitor drew near, and accosted him with, "And how is it with you, Tim?"

"Ah! God be wid you, and all belonging to you, it's bad enough, sure, thank God," replied Tim.

"And why so?" asked the clergyman.

"Becase, yer honour, I'm alone in the could world, and there'll be nobody to weep for me when I am under the sod,—no hope for poor Tim, now Judy's gone, and the childre, and all."

"And where's Judy and the children, Tim?"

"Dead, dead, yer honour, and the cabin with 'em. 'Twas the grate flood that swept all away. I was off to the mountain; and, when I came down, they were could corpses afore me; many was the cry over the country for the poor things, and I—I never saw luck nor grace since. And 'tis little the neighbours thought my father's son would be in a poor-house among strangers; God bless 'em, any way, they wouldn't let a poor Irishman starve among 'em."

In another room, lay a woman in the last stage of a consumption; and, apparently, in the agonies of death. The clergyman paused, took her hand, bent down, and whispered, "Is all peace?"

and she replied, "All is peace." She meant, that all was tranquil *within*—for the convulsive motion of her fingers showed that it was not so with the suffering body.

In the next ward was a man bowed down by the weight of years. When the clergyman approached him, he scarcely raised his head to receive the salutation, and his reply was a thankless murmur. There was a sort of restless agony in his manner, which appeared the result of despair rather than disease, and bespoke him one of those who had seen better days, but who had not borne adversity as the blow which chastens, but does not fell,—who had never learned that the wind is tempered even to the shorn lamb; and who, instead of being resigned in the hour of sorrow and suffering, was ungrateful both to God and man. The hollow eye, that looked forth from under a scowling brow, seemed to watch with a suspicious eagerness every one who passed him; and the bitter sneer on his lip betrayed the feeling with which he regarded even those who gave him food. I left him as one who was equally unfit to live or die, and grieved for a being whose mouth was filled with reproaches even on the brink of the grave.

In the next bed lay a father, beside whom his two children stood. The one was looking earnestly in his face, and the other appeared to be counting the veins which ran through his wasted hand. It was a strong contrast to the scene I had just witnessed,—to the man who laid near him. The one was like a tree blasted by the lightning,—the other, although falling to decay, looked with hope to the flourishing progeny which grew up around him. He smiled when the reverend visitor addressed him, and pressed the offered hand to his pale lips. "I have been talking to my poor children of their mother, sir," said he, "and have been teaching them those lessons which must bear fruit when they are indeed orphans. I know they will heed me, and walk in the ways of righteousness, and obtain peace. There's One who will be a friend to them when I am gone, who will not leave them nor forsake them, and whom death cannot sever from their youth or age. I am sure they will be good children,—will you

not, Mary?" said he, addressing the little one who was gazing on his countenance.

"I will, father," sobbed the poor girl; "but you will not die, as my mother did: there will be no one to love us then."

Her almost infant brother was looking on the group, apparently unconscious of any care. He was at that age when sorrow is seen not in prospective,—before the heart contemplates aught of suffering in the world on which it has but newly entered. And I, a stranger felt more for his fate, than he who was going into the world without a friend, save Him, of whom it hath been said, He "never saw the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

Near this group lay an old veteran sailor, who had seen almost every part of the habitable globe; and who was passing away from earth carelessly, as one who is embarking on a long voyage, and who cares little for the result.

"It matters not to me, sir," said he to the reverend visitor, "I have weathered many a gale, and can bear this; 'tis time for me to weigh my anchor and depart. I have seen good and evil days, and my shattered hulk must sink at last. Many of my old comrades are gone before, and there are but few to come after me. Some have died in the battle, and some in the flood, but they are almost all gone. I shall go down bravely, in my own country, and not, like my old shipmates, lie buried in a foreign land."

In the next ward, among many others, who were almost at the bottom of the hill of life, was a very old woman, who sat in her bed, knitting. Her grand-daughter was beside her, smoothing her pathway to the grave, by reading from that book which teaches all, that, though they live in sorrow, they made die in peace. There was in the venerable and time-worn countenance of the old woman, so much of that happy expression which, more forcibly than words, bespeaks one over whom the grave could have no victory, and for whom death could bear no sting, that I felt assured the smile which graced her cheek while living, would dwell upon it when dead.

These were the few I selected from the many who were worthy of more lengthened observation. I found what I had anticipated, that a parish workhouse is not barren of instruction; and I departed quoting the words of the wise man,—“It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.”

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### PROVIDENCE.

Lord Craven lived in London during the time that the plague raged there. His house was in that part of the town since called (from the circumstance of Craven House being situated there) Craven Buildings. On the plague growing epidemic, his lordship, to avoid the danger, resolved to go to his seat in the country. His coach and six were accordingly at the door, his baggage put up, and all things in readiness for the journey. As he was walking through the hall with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he overheard his negro (who served him as a postillion) saying to another servant, “I suppose by my lord’s quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country and not in town. The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing a plurality of gods. The speech, however, struck lord Craven very sensibly, and made him pause. “My God,” thought he, “lives every where, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country. I’ll even stay where I am. The ignorance of that negro has preached an useful sermon to me. Lord, pardon that unbelief and that distrust of thy providence which made me think of running away from thy hand.” He immediately ordered his horses to be taken off from the coach, and the luggage to be brought in. He continued at London, was remarkably useful among the sick neighbours, and never caught the infection.

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## THE MORNING RAMBLE.

WHOEVER has a touch of that romantic sensibility which so frequently imparts a charm to the sunshiny days of youth, and renders the mind susceptible of exquisite pleasure while contemplating the scenes of nature, can easily imagine the enchantment of a ramble through woodlands and groves and hills and dales, trodden for the first time, and unexpectedly, by the solitary and musing stranger.

The morning was not indeed one of which poets sing : it was not one of those clear, cloudless, glowing seasons, which fill us with thoughts of primeval paradise, where there was no thorn in the path or in the bosom of innocent man, and no shade upon the brightness of his bliss. Still it was a day of spring, and overspread with a few welcome clouds which, after a season of drought, were ever and anon dropping down fatness upon the pastures of the wilderness. The little hills, covered with budding plenty and vernal smiles, were beginning to rejoice on every side. The snow-white blossoms of the thorn powdered every hedge-row ; the gentle breeze wafted a thousand odours, and gave to languishing life the touch of renovated bloom and beauty ; the rustic swain went forth to his labour, and the wealthy idler to his amusement ; birds of varied note and wing poured forth their choicest strains ; —all was peace, melody, and freshness.

Although man is a social being by the very law and constitution of his nature, yet many of his choicest pleasures are to be found *out* of Society. There is an excitement produced by the ordinary intercourse of life, from which it is occasionally desirable to escape ; as well to avoid the strain of continual effort, as the relapse into exhaustion and indifference. We are much affected by contrasts, and are subject to great mental reactions. The most perfect solitude and destitution of real enjoyment is, perhaps,

that which is created by the uninterrupted, ceaseless, and wearisome bustle of society, where the crowd of ideas prevents all thought, and the stir of life precludes all animation; while the best and purest and most useful society is often that which the recesses of the wild or the wood furnish, where a kind of supernatural stillness bespeaks an all-present Intelligence, and prompts the spirit to hold a secret and mysterious converse as with the eternity of the past and the future.

It is curious, that when gratification is *sought*, even by the most legitimate methods and in the most promising objects, it is often missed; and though you pursue the shadow, you can never overtake it. The regular plan, and solemn determination, to enjoy a fine prospect or a cheerful day, is commonly fatal to the result; while the good unsought and unbidden, will sometimes come like an unexpected but welcome visitor. This was precisely the case on the morning already mentioned, when, slipping from the social circle, for the simple purpose of a few minutes' recreation, I was entrapped, by a succession of attractive scenes, into a four hours' walk.

Turning from a public into a private path, I was induced to follow its unknown direction. As it partly encircled the village, the hum of society for some time fell upon the ear, while the lowly dwellings and detached cottages of the middling and inferior classes rose into view. A few thoughts were naturally given to contentment, tranquillity, and uncorrupted life; which citations of this class are *supposed* (perhaps with too little of truth) to prognosticate. What the Roman poet says of Death, as intruding alike into the tents of poverty and the mansions of wealth, may be affirmed with equal certainty of Disquietude and Discord; and this must ever be the fact while the spring of happiness or misery is to be found in the mind itself, and not in the good or evil of the external condition.

Pleased with the blooming hedge-rows, and extending landscape, which a gentle ascent brought gradually before the eye, I proceeded beyond my purpose, and wandered from the beaten track into a wilderness of sweets. At length, a rural seat offered

an accommodation<sup>f</sup> of which the weary stranger readily availed himself. It was placed beneath the shadow of an embowering tree, and consisted partly of some of its felled branches. The hand of a diligent cultivator had evidently laboured to produce picturesque beauty; shrubs, plants, and vegetation of a larger growth, were trained into an arched form, to a distance beyond the means of ascertaining by the eye; while the closely-shaven path below furnished a velvet carpet beneath the canopy of leaves and flowers. It resembled a subterraneous passage; but the sunny gleams which broke into the silent recess here and there, producing a rich intermingling of light and shadow, proved its contrivance rather for the living than the dead. It was situated in the immediate vicinity of a magnificent dwelling, to the vast domain of which, this and the neighbouring wood, and many an adjoining field, belonged. Every part of this ornamented scene bespoke, not only the profuse liberality of the Universal Parent, in rendering the earth productive of whatever could gratify the senses, or supply the necessities of man; but the power of property, which furnished so many means of rich and varied enjoyment.

The squirrel, with that alertness which is characteristic of the smooth-coated animal, was leaping from tree to tree, gliding rapidly along the most attenuated ramifications, running down the slippery stem in defiance of its perpendicularity, and springing again, with instinctive skill, to its former elevation;—the busy insect was plying his task, and humming his accustomed tune; a thousand chirping, twittering, fluttering tenants were abroad in the grove; while the blackbird, and birds of deeper melody, poured forth their voluntary and cheerful strains:—the woodpecker waked the echoes from some smitten branch or stem;—the raven croaked aloft; or the kite sailed slowly and majestically above the topmost boughs, darting hither and thither his piercing eye in quest of his hapless prey;—and the woodman at intervals made the forest resound with the blows with which he levelled the stately dwelling of some sylvan divinity. Anon, and there was a universal hush: it was the quiet of the grave, and



meditation sat enthroned in her chosen and silent recesses : there seemed neither sound nor motion,—till at length the breathing gale produced a soft, stilly rush, resembling the tide of ocean when it breaks calmly upon a distant shore. To awakened fancy it appeared the great good of ages, flowing by with an unruffled surface and a tranquil rapidity. On that stream, methought, how many vessels of gallant trim are borne along ; and how many successive generations are wafted into the boundless and fathomless deep !

It is natural to attach ideas of pleasure to scenes of magnificence. What is formed and arranged for the purpose of affording delight, we conclude must gratify ; and from a sense of enjoyment produced by such a scene as this, the feeling of secret congratulation, springing into envy of the lordly possessor, is soon enkindled. What sources of rich and varied pleasure could he call his own ! Here was beauty for the eye, fragrance for the smell, melody for the ear, rest for the wearied body, and peace for the troubled mind ! Here he could escape from society, or yonder he could enter it by a gravelled terrace, through attendant menials, to a splendid mansion ! Others were intruders—he was at home : the groves were *his*, the birds were *his*, the green earth was *his* ; and there is a charm in *property, possession, distinction, and power* !

When reflection languished, I started from my humble seat, and pursued my walk. At the end of this enchanting vista, was a gate, which opened into a spacious park, the more immediate domain of the nobleman upon whose grounds I had intruded. As the eye, although looking over a surface of several miles, could discern no enclosure or fence, the mind received the impression of boundless extent, overspread here and there with coppices and tufts of forest trees, which offered a refreshing shade from the summer heat. The undulations of the land were peculiarly beautiful. At proper intervals, half-concealed arches, grottoes, or sculptured gate-ways, presented themselves, whose only purpose was to improve the idea of a grandeur already sufficiently excited without their aid. In some directions were

flocks of sheep collected on some rising ground, to which the author of the Farmer's Boy so ingeniously and elegantly compares a peculiar arrangement of fleecy clouds, with which the admirers of nature never fail to be delighted, and which would make the lovers of Scripture and its inimitable phraseology, think of "the cattle upon a thousand hills." Here and there the spotted deer were to be seen, browsing the branches, or gathering in groups under the guidance of some antlered monarch, who marched majestically in the midst of them. In front of the mansion was seen a person of commanding appearance, pacing to and fro, and seemingly saying,—as the birds were singing around him, and the animals were gamboling before him, and the gleaming light was illuminating his lofty brow, and pouring its softest radiance over the whole circumference of beauty and enchantment,—

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute.

How many looked up with kindling emotions of envy at one who was thus pacing the very summit of earthly enjoyment! The poor, wretched labourer, whose feebleness scarcely allowed him to endure the weariness of his way, bending beneath the weight of his burden, and the greater oppression of miserable decrepitude, seemed to heave a sigh of deep sadness at the melancholy contrast of his own condition; and to be ready to burst forth in the language of impassioned complaint, at the unequal distribution of good and evil. Ah! he need not have done so; for while he looked upon the titled possessor of this domain, "clothed in purple and fine linen," he beheld—full in the blaze of day, and in the centre of inconceivable magnificence—a  
LUNATIC!

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## TO-MORROW.

BY RICHARD THOMSON, ESQ.

SAY, where shalt thou be found on earth ?  
 Mysterious and sublime !  
 Imagined at Creation's birth,  
 But yet unborn in Time !  
 Albeit thy footsteps we can trace,  
 As if thou wert but few hours' space  
 Before us—yet thy clime,  
 Thy life, thy course, remain to man,  
 Unknown as when the world began.

All other things of mortal aim  
 Are seen, pursued, and caught ;  
 But thou—the shadow of a name—  
 Art ever vainly sought.  
 The eagle, and the clouds that fly  
 Before the morn's nativity,  
 Ere yet the sun is brought  
 Above the earth, alone can say,  
 “ *We* saw thee ere thou wert, *To-day*.”

Riches and rank, ambition's height,  
 The love of female hearts,  
 The Hero's wreath of living light,  
 This world full oft imparts :  
 E'en worth and happiness have shed  
 Their radiance round a mortal head ;  
 But all of human arts  
 To thine abode could never climb,  
 Nor mark the approaching wheels of Time.

Thy changing features oft have been  
 Like those deceitful sands,  
 On Mizriam's wildest deserts seen,  
 As cool and water'd lands;  
 Though vainly towards their blessed seat  
 The pilgrim drags his wearied feet,  
 For when he o'er it stands,  
 The mist is fled, the magic stream,  
 Like thee, To-morrow, proves a dream !

Vain hope, then, for a child of dust,  
 Art thou with all thy years ;  
 Albeit, unto thy care we trust  
 Our fondest hopes and fears.  
 Yet fleeting time is hastening round  
 A period when thou shalt be found  
 To die when it appears !  
 For the last setting sun shall see  
 To-morrow in eternity !

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I told my people from the pulpit, that, as I was walking to church this morning, I could not help observing how different the trees looked to-day, from what they did this day se'nnight. They were then covered with almost an infinity of leaves ; they are now half-stript, and their verdant ornaments lie consumed on the ground. Just such an alteration does death make in a country, a parish, or a family. Providence shakes the tree, and down fall the human leaves. But though the leaf drops, the tree remains ; though the body dies, the soul survives.—*Toplady.*

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## CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE LATE REV. ROBERT HALL.

A MIND habitually tender easily melts into tenderness, and exchanges the sentiments of esteem for those of specific attachment and endearment. What is friendship in benevolent minds, but the contraction of benevolent emotions, heightened by respect, and increased by exercise on one or more objects? Friendship is not a state of feeling whose elements are specifically different from those which compose every other. The emotions we feel towards a friend are the same in kind which we experience on other occasions; but they are more complex, and more exalted. It is the general sensibility to kind and social affections, more immediately directed to one or more individuals, and in consequence of its particular direction, giving birth to an order of feeling, more vivid and intense than usual, which constitutes Friendship.

The sympathies even of virtuous minds, when not warmed by the breath of Friendship, are too faint and cold to satisfy the cravings of our nature; their compassion is too much dissipated by the multitude of its objects, and the varieties of distress, to suffer it to flow long in one channel; while the sentiments of congratulation are still more slight and superficial. A transient tear of pity, or a smile of complacency equally transient, is all we can usually bestow on the scenes of happiness or misery which we meet with in the paths of life. But man naturally seeks for a closer union, a more permanent conjunction of interests, a more intense reciprocation of feeling. He finds the want of one or more with whom he can trust the secrets of his heart, and relieve him by imparting the interior joy and sorrows with which every human breast is fraught. He seeks, in short, another self, a

kindred spirit, whose interest in his welfare bears some proportion to his own; with whom he may lessen care by sympathy, and multiply his pleasures by participation.

The pleasures resulting from the mutual attachments of kindred spirits, are by no means confined to the moments of personal intercourse; they diffuse their odours, though more faintly, through the seasons of absence, refreshing and exhilarating the mind by the remembrance of the past, and the anticipation of the future. It is a treasure possessed when it is not employed;—a reserve of strength ready to be called into action when most needed;—a fountain of sweets to which we may continually repair, whose waters are inexhaustible.

Friendship formed on worldly principles is *natural*, and though composed of the best principles of nature, is not exempt from its mutability and frailty; that founded on *religion* is spiritual, and therefore unchanging and imperishable. The former possesses all the stability possible to sublunary things; the latter partakes of the eternity of God. The friendship which is founded on kindred tastes, and congenial habits, apart from piety, is permitted, by the benignity of Providence, to embellish, which, with all its magnificence and beauty, will shortly pass away; that which has religion for its basis, will be transplanted, ere long, to adorn the paradise of God.

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RICHARD I.—King Richard I. in one of his battles with the French, took Philip de Dreux, bishop of Beauvais, prisoner. The pope interceded for his liberty in a letter, wherein he styled the fighting prelate, “his dearly beloved son.” The king, by way of answer, sent the bishop’s suit of armour, stained with blood and covered with dust, to the pope, and asked him “Whether he knew his son’s coat or no?” The pope was ashamed at the sight, and left the bishop to Richard’s mercy.

## ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

BY MRS. OPIE

How bright was that evening of innocent mirth,  
 (By tender regret on my mem'ry engrav'd);  
 When the moss of the vale gave its fire-light forth,  
 And its flame o'er our heads like a canopy wav'd;  
 And childhood's scream of joy was there,—  
 That sound which parents delight to hear.

Ah! little we thought in those hours of glee,  
 That Death on his pinions was hovering nigh;  
 That amidst us ~~he then~~ could his victim see,  
 And tears were preparing for many an eye:  
 Ah! little we thought that cheerful room  
 Would soon be dark with funeral gloom!

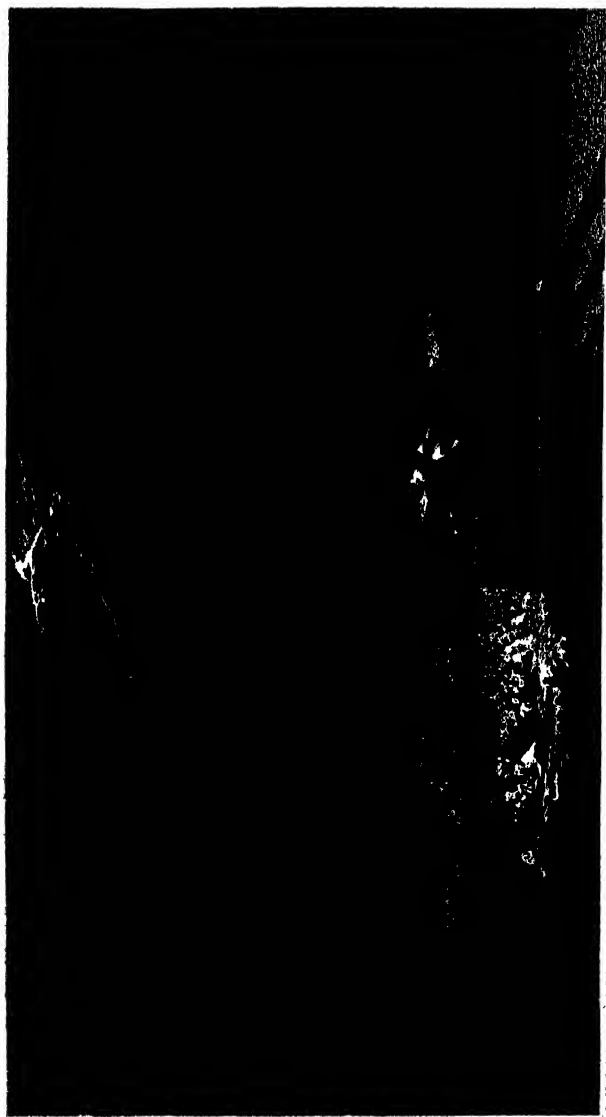
Yet, where is that dear one, with eyes as bright  
 As the radiance on which he delightfully smil'd;  
 Clos'd, fix'd in death, are those eyes of light,  
 And hush'd is thy merriment, beautiful child!  
 Fair boy! whom all that saw admir'd,  
 He shone like that swift-dying flame, and *expir'd*.

Yet wherefore lament? Though we see him no more,  
 And the spirit its delicate covering has fled;  
 'Tis gone to inhabit the heavenly shore,  
 And join the blest souls of the innocent dead;  
 Whose "angels the face of the Father behold,"  
 Where the Lamb shall his kingdom's bright wonders unfold;

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THE REPENTANCE OF NINEVAH.

## THE REPENTANCE OF NINEVEH.

" Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it ; for their wickedness is come up before me."——

" And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

*Jonah*, chap. 1 and 3.

VAST was that city—fam'd that place, where princes sprung from  
Ninus' race

Their marble halls had rear'd,  
Where Baal's lofty temples stood, and altars stain'd with human  
blood,  
To mock the Lord, appear'd.

Whose giant walls of old renown'd, with countless domes and  
towers crown'd,  
Rose in majestic force,  
O'er fruitful plains, by whose green side the Tigris pour'd its  
rapid tide  
In fertilizing course.

To those proud walls, by vice defil'd, when impious man Heav'n's  
pow'r revil'd,  
A prophet's voice was borne ;  
His accents, loud in wrath, proclaim'd God's awful name, too  
long defam'd  
By heathen pride and scorn.

" Ye men of Nineveh ! awake ! ye mad idolaters ! forsake  
Your doom'd and sinful land !  
Full is the sad, appointed time that waits, o'ercharg'd with  
loathsome crime,  
The Lord's avenging hand "

Thus spake the holy man of God as through the gorgeous streets  
he trod,

In angry haste, his way ;

The dreadful warning quickly spread from house to house, ere  
Jonah fled

In solitude to pray.

Uprose a deep yet thrilling cry of anguish—through the lurid  
sky

The forked lightning glared ;

While rolling thunder drown'd the shriek, the stoutest heart grew  
cold and weak,

The wisest mind despair'd.

With speechless terror, pale and wild, the mother clasp'd her  
startled child

To her protecting breast ;

Hush'd was each sport,—hush'd ev'ry strife, within that city's  
walls, where life

Assum'd a death-like rest.

The warning reach'd the palace gate, where sat in vain and regal  
state

The high Assyrian chief ;

He trembled in his humbled pride, he cast his purple robes aside,  
And bow'd his head in grief.

Attended by an eager crowd of nobles, priests, and warriors  
proud

Of men of rank and worth ;

In deepest mourning garb array'd, with ev'ry sign of wo display'd,  
The troubled king went forth.

It was a grand and fearful sight, when in the wild, unearthly  
light

Of the red lightning's glare,

Thousands upon the bended knee deplor'd God's stern but just  
decree

In one united prayer :—

“ Oh, Lord of Hosts ! whose Mighty Will can surely save, as  
surely kill,

Thy fatal curse remove !

Receive our penitence and tears, and turn a people's guilty fears  
Into their grateful love !”

That prayer was heard !—In mercy, Great, the Lord repress'd  
his vengeful hate

Tow'rds those who pardon crav'd.

The prophet griev'd ; but heav'nly peace bade murm'ring end  
and mourning cease,

And Nineveh was sav'd !

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Ages have pass'd !—The Tigris flows, in rushy bed and calm  
repose,

Through wide and lonely plains ;

But not one single stone, to tell where monarchs rul'd and nations  
fell,

Of Nineveh remains.

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It was said of Edward the Black Prince, that he never fought  
a battle which he did not win ; and of the great duke of Marlbo-  
rough, that he never besieged a city which he did not take.  
Shall that be said of men which we deny concerning the most  
high God ? Is he less successful than some human generals ?  
Shall these invincibly prevail, and grace be liable to defeat ?  
Impossible.

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## THE SCOTCH MINISTER'S TALE.

SIR neär me, my children, and come nigh all ye who are not of my kindred, though of my flock ; for my days and hours are numbered ; death is with me dealing, and I have a sad and a wonderful story to relate. I have preached and ye have profited ; but what I am about to say is far better than man's preaching, it is one of those terrible sermons which God preaches to mankind, of blood unrighteously shed, and most wondrously avenged. The like has not happened in these our latter days. His presence is visible in it ; and I reveal it that its burthen may be removed from my soul, so that I may die in peace ; and I disclose it, that you may lay it up in your hearts and tell it soberly to your children, that the warning memory of a dispensation so marvellous may live and not perish. Of the deed itself, some of you have heard a whispering ; and some of you know the men of whom I am about to speak ; but the mystery which covers them up as with a cloud I shall remove ; listen, therefore, my children, to a tale of truth, and may you profit by it !

On Dryfe Water, in Annandale, lived Walter Johnstone, a man open-hearted and kindly, but proud withal and warm tempered ; and on the same water lived John Macmillan, a man of a nature grasping and sordid, and as proud and hot-tempered as the other. They were strong men, and vain of their strength ; lovers of pleasant company, well to live in the world, extensive dealers in corn and cattle ; married too, and both of the same age—five and forty years. They often met, yet they were not friends ; nor yet were they companions, for bargain making and money seeking narroweth the heart and shuts up generosity of soul. They were jealous, too, of one another's success in trade, and of the fame they had each acquired for feats of personal strength and agility, and skill with the sword—a weapon which all men carried, in my youth, who were above the condition of a peasant. Their mutual

and growing dislike was inflamed by the whisperings of evil friends, and confirmed by the skilful manner in which they negotiated bargains over each other's heads. When they met, a short and surly greeting was exchanged, and those who knew their natures looked for a meeting between them, when the sword or some other dangerous weapon would settle for ever their claims for precedence in cunning and in strength.

They met at the fair of Longtown, and spoke, and no more—with them both it was a busy day, and mutual hatred subsided for a time, in the love of turning the penny and amassing gain. The market rose and fell, and fell and rose ; and it was whispered that Macmillan, through the superior skill or good fortune of his rival, had missed some bargains which were very valuable, while some positive losses touched a nature extremely sensible of the importance of wealth. One was elated and the other depressed—but not more depressed than moody and incensed, and in this temper they were seen in the evening in the back room of a public inn, seated apart and silent, calculating losses and gains, drinking deeply, and exchanging dark looks of hatred and distrust. They had been observed, during the whole day, to watch each other's movements, and now when they were met face to face, the labours of the day over, and their natures inflamed by liquor as well as by hatred, their companions looked for personal strife between them, and wondered not a little when they saw Johnstone rise, mount his horse, and ride homewards, leaving his rival in Longtown. Soon afterwards Macmillan started up from a moody fit, drank off a large draught of brandy, threw down a half-guinea, nor waited for change—a thing uncommon with him ; and men said, as his horse's feet struck fire from the pavement, that if he overtook Johnstone, there would be a living soul less in the land before sunrise.

Before sunrise next morning the horse of Walter Johnstone came with an empty saddle to his stable door. The bridle was trampled to pieces amongst its feet, and its saddle and sides were splashed over with blood as if a bleeding body had been carried across its back. The cry arose in the country, an instant search

was made, and on the side of the public road was found a place where a deadly contest seemed to have happened. It was in a small green field, bordered by a wood, in the farm of Andrew Pattison. The sod was dented deep with men's feet, and trodden down and trampled and sprinkled over with blood as thickly as it had ever been with dew. Blood drops, too, were traced to some distance, but nothing more was discovered; the body could not be found, though every field was examined and every pool dragged. His money and bills, to the amount of several thousand pounds, were gone, so was his sword—indeed, nothing of him could be found on earth save his blood, and for its spilling a strict account was yet to be sought.

Suspicion instantly and naturally fell on John Macmillan, who denied all knowledge of the deed. He had arrived at his own house in due course of time, no marks of weapon or warfare were on him, he performed family worship as was his custom, and he sang the psalm as loudly and prayed as fervently as he was in the habit of doing. He was apprehended and tried, and saved by the contradictory testimony of the witnesses against him, into whose hearts the spirit of falsehood seemed to have entered in order to perplex and confound the judgment of men—or rather that man might have no hand in the punishment, but that God should bring it about in his own good time and way.—“Revenge is mine, saith the Lord,” which meaneth not because it is too sweet a morsel for man, as the scoffer said, but because it is too dangerous. A glance over this conflicting testimony will show how little was then known of this foul offence, and how that little was rendered doubtful and dark by the imperfections of human nature.

Two men of Longtown were examined. One said that he saw Macmillan insulting and menacing Johnstone, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword with a look dark and ominous; while the other swore that he was present at the time, but that it was Johnstone who insulted and menaced Macmillan, and laid his hand on the hilt of his sword and pointed to the road homewards. A very expert and searching examination could make

no more of them; they were both respectable men with characters above suspicion. The next witnesses were of another stamp, and their testimony was circuitous and contradictory. One of them was a shepherd—a reluctant witness. His words were these: "I was frae hame on the night of the murder, in the thick of the wood, no just at the place which was bloody and trampled, but gaye and near hand it. I canna say I can just mind what I was doing; I had somebody to see I jalouse, but who it was is naeboddy's business but my ain. There was maybe ane forbye myself in the wood, and maybe twa; there was ane at ony rate, and I am no sure but it was an auld acquaintance. I see nae use there can be in questioning me. I saw nought, and therefore can say nought. I canna but say that I heard something—the trampling of horses, and a rough voice, saying, 'Draw and defend yourself.' Then followed the clashing of swords and half-smothered sort of work, and then the sound of horses' feet was heard again, and that's a' I ken about it; only I thought the voice was Walter Johnstone's, and so thought Kate Pennie, who was with me, and kens as meikle as me." The examination of Katherine Pennie, one of the Pennies of Pennieland, followed, and she declared that she had heard the evidence of Dick Purdie with surprise and anger. On that night she was not over the step of her father's door for more than five minutes, and that was to look at the sheep in the fauld; and she neither heard the clashing of swords nor the word of man or woman. And with respect to Dick Purdie, she scarcely knew him even by sight; and if all tales were true that were told of him, she would not venture into a lonely wood with him, under the cloud of night, for a gown of silk with pearls on each sleeve. The shepherd, when recalled, admitted that Kate Pennie might be right, "For after a'," said he, "it happened in the dark, when a man like me, no that gleg of the uttank, might confound persons. Somebody was with me, I am gaye and sure, frae what took place—if it was nae Kate, I kenna wha it was, and it couldna weel be Kate either, for Kate's a douce quean, and besides is married." The judge dismissed the witnesses with some indig-



nant words, and, turning to the prisoner said, "John Macmillan, the prevarications of these witnesses have saved you; mark my words—saved you from man, but not from God. On the murderer, the Most High will lay his hot right hand, visibly and before men, that we may know that blood unjustly shed will be avenged. You are at liberty to depart." He left the bar, and resumed his station and his pursuits as usual; nor did he appear sensible to the feeling of the country, which was strong against him.

A year passed over his head, other events happened, and the murder of Walter Johnstone began to be dismissed from men's minds.—Macmillan went to the fair of Longtown, and when evening came he was seated in the little back room which I mentioned before, and in company with two men of the names of Hunter and Hope. He sat late, drank deeply, but in the midst of the carousal a knock was heard at the door, and a voice called sharply, "John Macmillan!" He started up, seemed alarmed, and exclaimed, "What in Heaven's name can *he* want with me?" and opening the door hastily, went into the garden (for he seemed to dread another summons) lest his companions should know the voice. As soon as he was gone, one said to the other, "If that was not the voice of Walter Johnstone, I never heard it in my life: he is either come back in the flesh or in the spirit, and in either way John Macmillan has good cause to dread him." They listened;—they heard Macmillan speaking in great agitation; he was answered only by a low sound, yet he appeared to understand what was said, for his concluding words were, "Never! never! I shall rather submit to His judgment, who cannot err." When he returned he was pale and shaking, and he sat down and seemed buried in thought. He spread his palms on his knees, shook his head often, then, starting up, said, "The judge was a fool and no prophet—to mortal man is not given the wisdom of God—so, neighbours, let us ride." They mounted their horses, and rode homewards into Scotland at a brisk pace.

The night was pleasant, neither light nor dark; there were

few travellers out, and the way winded with the hills and with the streams, passing through a pastoral and beautiful country. Macmillan rode by the side of his companions, closer than was desirable or common; yet he did not speak, nor make any answer when spoken to; but looked keenly and earnestly before and behind him, as if he expected the coming of some one, and every tree and bush seemed to alarm and startle him. Day at last dawned, and with the growing light his alarm subsided, and he began to converse with his companions, and talk with a levity which surprised them more than his silence had done before. The sun was all but risen when they approached the farm of Andrew Pattison, and here and there the top of a high tree and the summit of a hill had caught light upon them. Hope looked to Hunter silently, when they came nigh the bloody spot where it was believed the murder had been committed. Macmillan sat looking resolutely before him, as if determined not to look upon it; but his horse stopt at once, trembled violently, and then sprung aside, hurling its rider headlong to the ground. All this passed in a moment: his companions sat astonished; the horse rushed forward, leaving him on the ground, from whence he never rose in life, for his neck was broken by the fall, and with a convulsive shiver or two he expired. Then did the prediction of the judge, the warning voice and summons of the preceding night, and the spot and time, rush upon their recollection; and they firmly believed that a murderer and robber lay dead beside them. "His horse saw something," said Hope to Hunter; "I never saw such flashing eyes in a horse's head;"—"and he saw something too," replied Hunter, "for the glance that he gave to the bloody spot, when his horse started, was one of terror. I never saw such a look, and I never wish to see such another again."

When John Macmillan perished, matters stood thus with his memory. It was not only loaded with the sin of making a faithful woman a widow and her children fatherless, but with the grievous sin also of having driven a worthy family to ruin and beggary. The sum which was lost was large, the creditors were merciless;

they fell upon the remaining substance of Johnstone, sweeping it wholly away; and his widow sought shelter in a miserable cottage among the Dryfesdale hills, where she supported her children by gathering and spinning wool. In a far different state and condition remained the family of John Macmillan. He died rich and unincumbered, leaving an evil name and an only child, a daughter, wedded to one whom many knew and esteemed, Joseph Howatson by name, a man sober and sedate; a member, too, of our broken remnant of Cameronians.

Now, my dear children, the person who addresses you was then, as he is yet, God's preacher for the scattered kirk of Scotland, and his tent was pitched among the green hills of Annandale. The death of the transgressor appeared unto me the manifest judgment of God, and when my people gathered around me I rejoiced to see so great a multitude, and, standing in the midst of them, I preached in such a way that they were deeply moved. I took for my text these words: "Hath there been evil in the land and the Lord hath not known it?" I discoursed on the wisdom of Providence in guiding the affairs of men. How he permitted our evil passions to acquire the mastery over us, and urge us to deeds of darkness; allowing us to flourish for a season, that he might strike us in the midst of our splendour in a way so visible and awful that the wildest would cry out, "Behold the finger of God." I argued the matter home to the heart: I named no names, but I saw Joseph Howatson hide his face in his hands, for he felt and saw, from the eyes which were turned towards him, that I alluded to the judgment of God upon his relative.

Joseph Howatson went home heavy and sad of heart, and somewhat touched with anger at God's servant for having so pointedly and publicly alluded to his family misfortune; for he believed his father-in-law was a wise and worthy man. His way home lay along the banks of a winding and beautiful stream, and just where it entered his own lands there was a rustic gate, over which he leaned for a little space, ruminating upon earlier days, on his wedded wife, on his children, and finally his thoughts settled on his father-in-law. He thought of his kindness to himself and to

many others, on his fulfilment of all domestic duties, on his constant performance of family worship, and on his general reputation for honesty and fair dealing. He then dwelt on the circumstances of Johnstone's disappearance, on the singular summons his father-in-law received in Longtown, and the catastrophe which followed on the spot and on the very day of the year that the murder was supposed to be committed. He was in sore perplexity, and said aloud, "Would to God that I knew the truth; but the doors of eternity, alas! are shut on the secret for ever." He looked up and John Macmillan stood before him—stood with all the calmness and serenity and meditative air which a grave man wears when he walks out on a sabbath eve.

"Joseph Howatson," said the apparition, "on no secret are the doors of eternity shut—of whom were you speaking?" "I was speaking," answered he, "of one who is cold and dead, and to whom you bear a strong resemblance." "I am he," said the shape; "I am John Macmillan." "God of heaven!" replied Joseph Howatson, "how can that be; did I not lay his head in the grave; see it closed over him; how, therefore, can it be? Heaven permits no such visitations." "I entreat you, my son," said the shape, "to believe what I say; the end of man is not when his body goes to dust; he exists in another state, and from that state am I permitted to come to you; waste not time which is brief, with vain doubts, I am John Macmillan." "Father, father," said the young man, deeply agitated, "answer me, did you kill and rob Walter Johnstone?" "I did," said the spirit, "and for that have I returned to the earth; listen to me." The young man was so much overpowered by a revelation thus fearfully made, that he fell insensible on the ground; and when he recovered, the moon was shining, the dews of night were upon him, he was alone.

Joseph Howatson imagined that he had dreamed a fearful dream; and conceiving that Divine Providence had presented the truth to his fancy, he began to consider how he could secretly make reparation to the wife and children of Johnstone for the double crime of his relative. But on more mature reflection he

was impressed with the belief that a spirit had appeared to him, the spirit of his father-in-law, and that his own alarm had hindered him from learning fully the secret of his visit to earth ; he therefore resolved to go to the same place next sabbath night, seek rather than avoid an interview, acquaint himself with the state of bliss or woe in which the spirit was placed, and learn if by acts of affection and restitution he could soften his sufferings or augment his happiness. He went accordingly to the little rustic gate by the side of the lonely stream ; he walked up and down ; hour passed after hour, but he heard nothing and saw nothing save the murmuring of the brook and the hares running among the wild clover. He had resolved to return home, when something seemed to rise from the ground, as shapeless as a cloud at first, but moving with life. It assumed a form, and the appearance of John Macmillan was once more before him. The young man was nothing daunted, but looking on the spirit, said, "I thought you just and upright and devout, and incapable of murder and robbery." The spirit seemed to dilate as it made answer :—"The death of Walter Johnstone sits lightly upon me. We had crossed each other's purposes, we had lessened each other's gains, we had vowed revenge, we met on fair terms, tied our horses to a gate, and fought fairly and long ; and when I slew him, I did but what he sought to do to me. I threw him over his horse, carried him far into the country, sought out a deep quagmire on the north side of the Snipe Knowe, in Crake's Moss, and having secured his bills and other perishable property, with the purpose of returning all to his family, I buried him in the moss, leaving his gold in his purse, and laying his cloak and his sword above him.

"Now listen, Joseph Howatson. In my private desk you will find a little key tied with red twine, take it and go to the house of Janet Mathieson in Dumfries, and underneath the hearthstone in my sleeping room you will get my strong box, open it, it contains all the bills and bonds belonging to Walter Johnstone. Restore them to his widow. I would have restored them but for my untimely death. Inform her privily and covertly where

she will find the body of her husband, so that she may bury him in the churchyard with his ancestors. Do these things, that I may have some assuagement of misery ; neglect them, and you will become a world's wonder." The spirit vanished with these words, and was seen no more.

Joseph Howatson was sorely troubled. He had communed with a spirit, he was impressed with the belief that early death awaited him ; he felt a sinking of soul and a misery of body, and he sent for me to help him with counsel, and comfort him in his unexampled sorrow. I loved him and hastened to him. I found him weak and woe-begone, and the hand of God seemed to be sore upon him. He took me out to the banks of the little stream where the shape appeared to him, and having desired me to listen without interrupting him, told me how he had seen his father-in-law's spirit, and related the revelations which it had made and the commands it had laid upon him. "And now," he said, "look upon me. I am young, and ten days ago I had a body strong and a mind buoyant, and gray hairs and the honours of old age seemed to await me. But ere three days pass I shall be as the clod of the valley, for he who converses with a spirit, a spirit shall he soon become. I have written down the strange tale I have told you and I put it into your hands, perform for me and for my wretched parent, the instructions which the grave yielded up its tenant to give ; and may your days be long in the land, and may you grow gray-headed among your people." I listened to his words with wonder and with awe, and I promised to obey him in all his wishes with my best and most anxious judgment. We went home together ; we spent the evening in prayer. Then he set his house in order, spoke to all his children cheerfully and with a mild voice, and falling on the neck of his wife, said, "Sarah Macmillan, you were the choice of my young heart, and you have been a wife to me, kind, tender and gentle." He looked at his children and he looked at his wife, for his heart was too full for more words, and retired to his chamber. He was found next morning kneeling by his bedside, his hands held out

as if repelling some approaching object, horror stamped on every feature, and cold and dead.

Then I felt full assurance of the truth of his communications ; and as soon as the amazement which his untimely death occasioned had subsided, and his wife and little ones were somewhat comforted, I proceeded to fulfil his dying request. I found the small key tied with red twine, and I went to the house of Janet Mathieson in Dumfries, and I held up the key and said, "Woman, knowest thou that?" and when she saw it she said, "Full well I know it, it belonged to a jolly man and a douce, and mony a merry hour has he whiled away wi' my servant maidens and me." And when she saw me lift the hearthstone, open the box, and spread out the treasure which it contained, she held up her hands, "Eh! what o' gowd! what o' gowd! but half's mine, be ye saint or sinner; John Macmilian, douce man, aye said he had something there which he considered as not belonging to him but to a quiet friend; weel I wot he meant me, for I have been a quiet friend to him and his." I told her I was commissioned by his daughter to remove the property, that I was the minister of that persecuted remnant of the true kirk called Cameronians, and she might therefore deliver it up without fear. "I ken weel enough wha ye are," said this worthless woman, "d'ye think I dinna ken a minister of the kirk; I have seen meikle o' their silver in my day, frae eighteen to fifty and aught have I caroused with divines, Cameronians, I trow, as well as those of a freer kirk. But touching this treasure, give me twenty gowden pieces, else I'se gar three stamps of my foot, bring in them that will see me righted, and send you awa to the mountains bleating like a sheep shorn in winter." I gave the imperious woman twenty pieces of gold, and carried away the fatal box.

Now, when I got free of the ports of Dumfries, I mounted my little horse and rode away into the heart of the country, among the pastoral hills of Dryfesdale. I carried the box on the saddle before me, and its contents awakened a train of melancholy

thoughts within me. There were the papers of Walter Johnstone, corresponding to the description which the spirit gave, and marked with his initials in red ink by the hand of the man who slew him. There were two gold watches and two purses of gold, all tied with red twine, and many bills and much money to which no marks were attached. As I rode along pondering on these things, and casting about in my own mind how and by what means I should make restitution, I was aware of a morass, broad and wide, which with all its quagmires glittered in the moonlight before me. I knew I had penetrated into the centre of Dryfesdale, but I was not well acquainted with the country; I therefore drew my bridle, and looked around to see if any house was nigh, where I could find shelter for the night. I saw a small house built of turf, and thatched with heather, from the window of which a faint light glimmered. I rode up, alighted, and there I found a woman in widow's weeds, with three sweet children, spinning yarn from the wool which the shepherds shear in spring from the udder of the ewes. She welcomed me, spread bread and placed milk before me. I asked a blessing, and ate and drank, and was refreshed.

Now it happened that, as I sat with the solitary woman and her children, there came a man to the door, and with a loud yell of dismay burst it open, and staggered forward, crying, "There's a corse candle in Crake's Moss, and I'll be a dead man before the morning." "Preserve me! piper," said the widow, "ye're in a piteous taking; here is a holy man who will speak comfort to you, and tell you how these things are but delusions of the eye or exhalations of nature." "Delusions and exhalations, Dame Johnstone," said the piper, "d'ye think I dinna ken a corse light from an elf candle, an elf candle from a will-o'-wisp, and a will-o'-wisp from all other lights of this wide world?" The name of the morass and the woman's name now flashed upon me, and I was struck with amazement and awe. I looked on the widow, and I looked on the wandering piper, and I said, "Let me look on those corse lights, for God creates nothing in vain; there is a wise purpose in all things, and a wise aim." And the piper



said, "Na, na; I have nae wish to see ony mair on't, a deadlight bodes the living nae gude; and I am sure if I gang near Crake's Moss it will lay me amang the hags and quags." And I said, "Foolish old man, you are equally safe every where; the hand of the Lord reaches round the earth, and strikes and protects according as it was fore-ordained, for nothing is hid from his eyes—come with me." And the piper looked strangely upon me, and stirred not a foot; and I said, "I shall go myself;" and the woman said, "Let me go with you, for I am sad of heart, and can look on such things without fear; for, alas! since I lost my own Walter Johnstone, pleasure is no longer pleasant: and I love to wander in lonesome places and by old churchyards." "Then," said the piper, "I darena bide my lane with the bairns; I'll go also; but O! let me strengthen my heart with ae spring on my pipes before I venture." "Play," I said, "Clavers and his Highlandmen, it is the tune to cheer ye, and keep your heart up." "Your honour's no cannie," said the old man; "that's my favourite tune." So he played it, and said, "Now I am fit to look on lights of good and evil." And he walked into the open air.

All Crake's Moss seemed on fire; not illumined with one steady and uninterrupted light, but kindled up by fits like the northern sky with its wandering streamers. On a little bank which rose in the centre of the morass, the supernatural splendour seemed chiefly to settle; and having continued to shine for several minutes, the whole faded and left but one faint gleam behind. I fell on my knees, held up my hands to heaven, and said, "This is of God; behold in that fearful light the finger of the Most High. Blood has been spilt, and can be no longer concealed; the point of the marrier's needle points less surely to the north than yon living flame points to the place where man's body has found a bloody grave. Follow me," and I walked down to the edge of the moss, and gazed earnestly on the spot. I knew now that I looked on the long hidden resting place of Walter Johnstone, and considered that the hand of God was manifest in the way that I had been thus led blindfold into his widow's house.

I reflected for a moment on these things ; I wished to right the fatherless, yet spare the feelings of the innocent ; the supernatural light partly showed me the way, and the words which I heard whispered by my companions aided in directing the rest.

"I tell ye, Dame Johnstone," said the piper, "the man's no cannie ; or what's waur, he may belong to the spiritual world himself, and do us a mischief. Saw ye ever mortal man riding with ae spur and carrying a silver-headed cane for a whip, wi' sic a fleece of hair about his haffets, and sic a wild ee in his head ; and then he kens a' things in the heavens aboon and the earth beneath. He kenned my favourite tune Clavers ; I'se uphaud he's no in the body, but ane of the souls made perfect of the auld Covenanters whom Grahame or Grierson slew ; we're daft to follow him." "Fool body," I heard the widow say, "I'll follow him ; there's something about that man, be he in the spirit or in the flesh, which is pleasant and promising. O! could he but, by prayer or other means of lawful knowledge, tell me about my dear Walter Johnstone ; thrice has he appeared to me in dream or vision with a sorrowful look, and well ken I what that means." We had now reached the edge of the morass, and a dim and uncertain light continued to twinkle about the green knoll which rose in its middle. I turned suddenly round and said, "For a wise purpose am I come ; to reveal murder ; to speak consolation to the widow and the fatherless, and to soothe the perturbed spirits of those whose fierce passions ended in untimely death. Come with me ; the hour is come, and I must not do my commission negligently." "I kenned it, I kenned it," said the piper, "he's just one of the auld persecuted worthies risen from his red grave to right the injured, and he'll do it discreetly ; follow him, Dame, follow him." "I shall follow," said the widow, "I have that strength given me this night which will bear me through all trials which mortal flesh can endure."

When we reached the little green hillock in the centre of the morass, I looked to the north and soon distinguished the place described by my friend Joseph Howatson, where the body of Walter Johnstone was deposited. The moon shone clear, the

stars aided us with their light, and some turf-cutters having left their spades standing near, I ordered the piper to take a spade and dig where I placed my staff. "Oh, dig carefully," said the widow, "do not be rude with mortal dust." We dug and came to a sword; the point was broken and the blade hacked. "It is the sword of my Walter Johnstone," said his widow, "I could swear to it among a thousand." "It is my father's sword," said a fine dark-haired boy who had followed us unperceived, "it is my father's sword, and were he living who wrought this, he should na be lang in rueing it." "He is dead, my child," I said, "and beyond your reach, and vengeance is the Lord's." "O sir," cried his widow, in a flood of tears, "ye ken all things; tell me, is this my husband or no?" "It is the body of Walter Johnstone," I answered, "slain by one who is passed to his account, and buried here by the hand that slew him, with his gold in his purse and his watch in his pocket." So saying, we uncovered the body, lifted it up, laid it on the grass; the embalming nature of the morass had preserved it from decay, and mother and child, with tears and with cries, named his name and lamented over him. His gold watch and his money, his cloak and his dress, were untouched and entire, and we bore him to the cottage of his widow, where with clasped hands she sat at his feet, and his children at his head, till the day drew nigh the dawn: I then rose and said, "Woman, thy trials have been severe and manifold: a good wife, a good mother, and a good widow, hast thou been, and thy reward will be where the blessed alone are admitted. It was revealed to me by a mysterious revelation, that thy husband's body was where we found it; and I was commissioned by a voice, assuredly not of this world, to deliver this treasure, which is thy own, that thy children may be educated, and that bread and raiment may be thine." And I delivered her husband's wealth into her hands, refused gold which she offered, and, mounting my horse, rode over the hills and saw her no more. But I soon heard of her, for there rose a strange sound in the land, that a Good Spirit had appeared to the widow of Walter Johnstone, had disclosed where her husband's murdered

body lay, had enriched her with all his lost wealth, had prayed by her side till the the blessed dawn of day, and then vanished with the morning light. I closed my lips on the secret till now ; and I reveal it to you, my children, that you may all know there is a God who ruleth this world by wise and invisible means, and punisheth the wicked, and cheereth the humble of heart and the lowly-minded.

Such was the last sermon of the good John Farley, a man whom I knew and loved. I think I see him now, with his long white hair and his look mild, eloquent, and sagacious. He was a giver of good counsel, a sayer of wise sayings, with wit at will, learning in abundance, and a gift in sarcasm which the wildest dreaded.

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A PERSON who had heard much concerning Scanderbeg's victories, was very desirous of seeing the sword with which that famous general had wrought such celebrated exploits. Scanderbeg sent it him, and on seeing it, the person spake to the following effect: "Is this the weapon which has made such a great noise in the world? I can see nothing in this short mean looking sword, answerable to the majestic idea I had entertained of it." This being told to Scanderbeg, he ordered the messenger to remind the other that "Scanderbeg's victories depended not on the grandeur of his sword, but on the strength and skill of the arm that wielded it: not the weapon, but Scanderbeg himself was the conqueror." So it is not the gospel nor gospel ministers, by whom souls are subdued to Christ, but the power of Christ's own Spirit acting by these, which brings sinners in subjection to the obedience of faith

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## THE HEBREW MOTHER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,  
 When a young mother, with her First-born, thence  
 Went up to Zion, for the boy was vow'd  
 Unto the temple-service. By the hand  
 She led him, and her silent soul, the while,  
 Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye  
 Met her sweet serious glance, rejoic'd to think  
 That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,  
 To bring before her God.

So pass'd they on,  
 O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves  
 Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,  
 Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,  
 With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue  
 Of Syria's heaven, she paus'd that he might rest;  
 Yet from her own meek eyelids chas'd the sleep  
 That weigh'd the dark fringe down, to sit and watch  
 The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,  
 As at a red flower's heart: and where a fount  
 Lay, like a twilight star, midst palmy shades,  
 Making its banks green gems along the wild,  
 There too she linger'd, from the diamond wave  
 Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,  
 And softly parting clusters of jet curls,  
 To bathe his brow.

At last the Fane was reach'd,  
 The earth's One Sanctuary: and rapture hush'd  
 Her bosom, as before her, thro' the day

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REVEREND MOTHER.

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It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd  
In light like floating gold.—But when that hour  
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy  
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye  
Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,  
Turn'd from the white-rob'd priest, and round her arm  
Clung e'en as ivy clings; the deep spring-tide  
Of nature then swell'd high; and o'er her child  
Bending, her soul broke forth, in mingled sounds  
Of weeping and sad song.—“Alas!” she cried,  
“Alas, my boy; thy gentle grasp is on me,  
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,  
And now fond thoughts arise,  
And silver cords again to earth have won me,  
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—  
How shall I hence depart?—

How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert playing  
So late along the mountains at my side?  
And I, in joyous pride,  
By every place of flowers my course delaying,  
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,  
Beholding thee so fair!

And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted!  
Will it not seem as if the sunny day  
Turn'd from its door away,  
While, thro' its chambers wandering weary-hearted,  
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,  
Went like a singing rill?

Under the palm-trees, thou no more shalt meet me,  
When from the fount at evening I return,  
With the full water-urn!  
Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,  
As midst the silence of the stars I wake,  
And watch for thy dear sake.

And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee  
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed ?  
    Wilt thou not vainly spread  
Thine arms, when darkness as a vail hath wound thee,  
To fold my neck ; and lift up, in thy fear,  
    A cry which none shall hear ?

What have I said, my child ?—will He not hear thee,  
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ?  
    Will He not guard thy rest,  
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,  
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy ?  
    Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy !

I give thee to thy God !—the God that gave thee  
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !  
    And precious as thou art,  
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !  
    And thou shalt be His child !

Therefore, farewell !—I go ; my soul may fail me,  
As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,  
    Yearning for thy sweet looks !  
But thou, my First-born ! droop not, nor bewail me,  
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,  
    The Rock of Strength—Farewell !

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## OTHER WORLDS THAN OUR OWN.

BY DR. WALSH.

"Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,  
 'Tis ours to trace Him only in our own." *Essay on Man.*

THE general diffusion of knowledge in almost every department of science and the fine arts, which distinguishes the present times, when there are almost as many writers as readers, has scarcely been extended to ASTRONOMY, the noblest of them all. True, that science has been, and is cultivated by a few learned men in every country in Europe, who have acquired the highest attainments in it; but these stand aloof from the literary world, and are a caste by themselves; remarkable, besides, for being inaccessible to every impulse of envy or rivalry. With the rest of mankind, Astronomy is a sealed volume; for the little that enters into the education of young persons, joined to Geography, can hardly be deemed an exception.

The people devoted to business confound Astronomy with Astrology, and concentrate all their studies in the Almanack. That "*Vox Stellarum*" has been a never-failing source of profit to the publishers, and no small addition to the revenue of the Stamp Office. In these prophetic tracts the most interesting of all topics are discussed—namely, the weather and politics,—and to the rise and fall of states and empires; if the stars would deign, through any of our celebrated Astrologers, to warn us of the rise and fall of Stocks, nothing more would be wanted to render perfect the Book of Fate: we need not then seek for bulls and bears in the skies.

With those of superior rank and more polished education, the case only differs in degree. They never think of a flight—

"Beyond this visible diurnal sphere."

'They are sufficiently amused with light summer reading, of which ephemera the libraries furnish an inexhaustable supply, and have no taste or inclination for any study that puts them to the labour of thinking. Yet there was a time when Astronomy was fashionable, and the only periodical *Souvenir* which flourished between the years 1760 and 1780 was the "*Ladies Diary*," in which some of the most important problems in Mathematics were solved.

What then can we hope for in recommending a subject, whose very title, with its most flattering accompaniments, is repulsive —for what is the music of the spheres, compared to a concert of Rosini's; or a dance of the Pleiades to quadrilling at the Argyle Rooms?

Yet man was made for higher attainments :—

" For God created man to be immortal, and made him the image of his own eternity," to enable him to contemplate his infinite power, wisdom, and goodness in the works of the creation ; and for this he endowed him with superior faculties—

" To look through nature up to nature's God,"

He composed for his use two volumes ; the one, the universe, always open to his inspection ; the other his revealed word, which frequently appeals with the most impressive eloquence to the glories of the firmament, particularly in the Psalms and in the Book of Job.

Nor was this high destination unknown to the wise among the heathens. Ovid, that delightful poet, who seems to have been acquainted with the writings of the Old Testament, thus energetically describes him :

With front sublime—to man alone was given  
To tread the earth and scan the starry heaven.

It does not require, however, to be much conversant with Geometry, Fluxions, Algebra, and the other branches of the Mathematics to be able to comprehend abstract and general views of Astronomy. The laws by which the universe is regulated are

already established as mathematical truths. In this respect we may safely trust to the conclusions of Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Leibnitz, Sir I. Newton, Dr. Halley, and to those of more recent astronomers,—D'Alembert, La Lande, La Place, Maskelyne, Herschel, and others still living. But it is different with regard to their various hypotheses. We may reject or agree with them, as we find them confirmed or rejected by our own judgment.

At the present day, in which opinions are combated by opinions, there are writers who would become famous by an attempt to overturn the Newtonian system, as contrary to Scripture and the evidence of the senses ; whilst others throw out doubts on the cosmogony of Moses, as inconsistent with the laws of Nature. Both are wrong.

Nature, for many ages, remained closely enveloped in her veil ; and although a few highly-gifted men among the ancients discerned the attractive contour of her figure through the envelope, yet it was reserved for a few others among the moderns, of still greater genius, to remove the covering. Bacon, with a daring hand, made the first attempt ; Copernicus, more timidly, uncovered the dazzling beauty of her face, and started at his own rashness ; finally, Newton took it off altogether, and the august goddess stood unveiled in all her loveliness.

But so far were these men from divulging the truth at the expense of the evidence of the Bible, that they were all eminent advocates for Christianity on the authority of the Scriptures. Newton, in particular, founded his chronology on the base of the Old Testament ; and he exerted his vast talents to prove the truth of prophecy, in his Commentaries on the book of Daniel and on the Revelations.

The account of the creation, in the first Chapter of Genesis, does not interfere with systems of any kind. Moses was deputed, not to teach the chosen people the Copernican system, but to enjoin them to fear the Creator of the World and to keep his commandments. When the Scriptures describe natural objects, or disclose the acts or commands of the Almighty, the vernacular idiom is used,—to accommodate the ineffable ideas of the

Creator to the limited understanding of the creature. In the figurative style of Oriental languages, it is usual to put a definite for an indefinite term, in the computation of time; as in the seventy weeks of Daniel, which are weeks of years: so the six days of creation implies—that a fixed portion of eternity was so divided, that the operations of the Deity, in succession, might be understood. “The evening and the morning,” were words taken from known ideas, to distinguish those operations; and for proof, the measures of time, the sun and moon, were not created until the fourth day. We may, then, rationally conclude, that the six days might comprise—six hundred—six thousand—or six millions of years. For what has time to do with the Eternal, with whom the past and the future are always present? The first act was the sublime invocation of light by the omnipotent fiat, which at once flashed from the dark and turbulent bosom of chaos and is thus alluded to by Hesiod, the most ancient of the Greek writers:

“From chaos sprung the sunshine and the day.”

But the solar and lunar orbs were not created before the fourth day, or the fourth indefinite portion of eternity. The final end, therefore, for which the six days were appointed, was to form a distinct people, and to keep them separate from the surrounding nations of polytheists by dedicating the seventh or sabbath, as a day of rest, consecrated to the worship of one God—Jehovah.

It is worthy of remark, that in the original Hebrew the Creator is designated *Elohim*, in the plural, and further used in the sentence, “Let us make man.” Some pious Christians have supposed that *Elohim* indicated the mystic union of the Trinity. Ovid, who closely follows the cosmogony of the Bible, makes the Demiurgus, or Framer of the Universe, “*Quisque fuit ille Deorum*,” the Unknown God. He was too well acquainted with the characters he was about to describe, of the family of Olympus, to give that high office to any one of them.

There is no ambiguity in the construction of the world, as we read it Genesis. The line of demarcation is perfect, “between

the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the (that is, lower than) the earth. The two great lights are appointed to rule the day and night, and "the stars also, to be for signs and for seasons, for days and for years." The sun daily issues from his chambers in the east, and runs his course to the west; after which, the moon and stars pass over the celestial vault in the same direction, whilst the vast earth and ocean are stretched out to an illimitable extent, and remain fixed for ever on sure foundations.

Now this arrangement speaks at once to the senses and the understanding; it is the only system that the Hebrews of that period could comprehend, because it appealed directly to natural appearances. Moreover, it is the only system that nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, out of every million of mankind give credit to; and even philosophers and astronomers themselves, when treating of their own science, find it convenient to retain the popular terms of the rising and setting of the sun, moon, and stars.

A few other particulars of ancient physics, as deduced from the Bible, may be necessary to mention. The ancients that believed the sky, above the lower atmosphere, to be made of chrystal or some such solid transparent substance, and thence called the firmament; and within it was contained all the artillery of the skies—thunder and lightning, hail, snow, and rain. The windows of heaven are said to be open to pour them out; and in Job there is a remarkable reference to this transparent, solid, celestial vault:—

"Hast thou, with Him, spread out the sky, which is strong, as a molten looking-glass?"

As to other astronomical facts stated in the oldest records of science, the sacred volume is silent. The signs of the zodiac do not appear to have been known to the early Jews, and but a few of the constellations are alluded to. It is the same with other very ancient writers. Hesiod and Homer mention only Arcturus, Orion, and the Pleiades. These, it appears, were favourite stars, for they are referred to oftener than once in the book of



Job, and also in Amos. The interrogation of Jehovah to the humbled patriarch, is in a fine burst of poetry :

“Canst thou bind the sweetest influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?”

The great legislator of the Hebrews having been brought up at the court of Pharaoh was initiated in all the learning of the Egyptians, and, consequently, of the recondite mysteries of the Magi. The natural philosophy of the Pentateuch has been already stated; but to its historic annals we are indebted for all we know of the ancient history of the human race. The oldest historians of foreign nations, extant, are Herodotus and Manetho; but they wrote many centuries after Moses, and yet they deduce the origin of some nations thousands of years before the creation of man. The Hindoo and Chinese chronicles are to be considered only as extravagant fables. In fact, comparatively speaking, the world is as yet in its infancy. The arts and sciences, and the monuments still remaining, shew recent origins, and a very great portion of the inhabitants of the globe are still in a savage and barbarous state. The descendants of Noah, who inhabited Mesopotamia, the plains of Shinar, and the valley of the Euphrates, soon became so populous, that, together with the primitive language being split into dialects, made it imperative for the various tribes or clans to emigrate and colonize other countries. The longevity of the antediluvians was not hitherto considerably shortened, which accounts for the speedy peopling of the countries on the coasts of the Mediterranean.

Misraim, the grandson of Noah, led his colony to Egypt 250 years after the flood, and gave his name to the country: and if Egypt was not the first settled and civilized, it very soon surpassed all the rest. A country fertilized by a river of never-failing water, and its cultivateable soil narrowed and restricted by parallel chains of mountains, was annually inundated by the overflowing Nile. The inhabitants, therefore, by the force of circumstances, became mathematicians and astronomers. They had sufficient leisure, during the inundation, to contemplate their

serene and cloudless skies, and by acquiring a practical knowledge of geometry, they became excellent engineers; and on the subsiding of the waters, they apportioned out and divided their lands into allotments, and constructed dykes, canals, and huge embarkments, on which their towns and houses were erected. By the rising and the setting of certain stars, they were able to calculate the first rising, and subsequent subsiding of the waters of the Nile, on which their very existence depended. That rising was announced by the heliacal rising of Sirius—which the Egyptians deified under the name of Anubis, or the Dog—on account of his vigilant warning.

The Egyptians are said to have first observed the oblique path of the sun, through certain groups of stars, which to them bore a fancied resemblance to animals, and thence called the zodiac; but other authors deny the invention to the Egyptians, and assert, with some probability, that the signs were invented by a more northern people; for the early year beginning in March,—the northern symbols were taken from beasts of pasture and of agriculture. But, in fact, every ancient nation had a zodiac adapted to its soil and climate, in which its symbols were made from its animals and productions. The Spanish monks in the army of Cortez found that the Mexicans not only had a zodiac, but that they calculated the annual solar revolution, with more accuracy than either Egyptians or Greeks. Their year of 365 days was regulated by thirteen intercalary days, at the completion of fifty-two years, which answered to our leap years. Even the Canadian Indians make attempts to form figures from the stars; they call the arctic constellations "bears," from an imaginary likeness to those animals; and if they sketched an outline of them, it would resemble that on our celestial globes; the great she-bear with her fore-foot uplifted, plodding through the woods, with her cub close behind. The Hindoos and Chinese had both zodiacs peculiar to their habits. In fine, those starry symbols have been general among the ancients, and retained by the moderns, not so much to assist in astronomical calculations, as to form plans of astrology—a book of fate to foretell the destinies of poor silly mortal!

There are strong reasons for believing that Greece was originally colonised by Egyptians. A friendly intercourse subsisted between the two nations before the age of Alexander, after which, a Greek dynasty was established at Alexandria, which once more identified, and, so to say, amalgamated the two people. But the Egyptians had nothing to teach the Greeks; all that they knew was wrapped up in their incomprehensible hieroglyphics. In the early epoch of their history all their boasted knowledge in science and physics, was known to the world only through the refining medium of Grecian strainers. No book or treatise in the land of paper, has ever been seen, of Egyptian authorship, before the reign of the Ptolemies! and the first three most excellent monarchs, had the rare merit of transferring the learning of Athens to Alexandria. Before the foundation of the Alexandrian school, there is no direct proof that the Greeks had any real, or even partial, knowledge of the true system of the world. It is true that with a few mathematical, but no astronomical instruments, they made surprising guesses; but guesses they were and nothing more. The diurnal motion and spherical figure of the earth, and the theory of eclipses appear to have been scarcely known, even to Plato and Aristotle, in whose writings are to be found every thing that was known in their times.

Is it impossible to believe that Nicias, the most accomplished Athenian next to Pericles, would have lost his army and his life, at the siege of Syracuse, from a superstitious dread of an omen, caused by a total eclipse of the moon, had the cause of the obscuration of that satellite been known? Well would it have been, had that brave and virtuous general been acquainted with the Chinese method of proceeding in such cases; he would have anticipated Kien Long and his mandarins, and would have drawn up his army during the darkness, and ordered them with shouts and clashing of arms, to drive away the five-clawed dragon of superstition from devouring the luminary.

The Athenian people are an anomaly in the character of human nature: in the short space of 150 years, they carried to a perfection which has never since been equalled, the arts of poetry,

painting, music, sculpture, architecture, oratory, history, jurisprudence, and moral philosophy; yet all these did not save them from ruin in consequence of their gross and cruel superstition. About 400 years afterwards, St. Paul found them the same restless, inquisitive, captious race; their glory faded, and science decayed—nothing remained of their former state, but superstition.

Philosophy, among the ancients, was divided into sects, as religion is among the moderns. Each sect had its founder or master, and his *ipse dixit* became the sole code of his followers. These sects were strongly opposed to each other; and though the professors were “stiff in opinion,” they employed no sharper weapon than raillery against their opponents. They did not consign to utter perdition those who took a different view of the subject; on the contrary, their disputes were conducted with mildness and urbanity. It is delightful to see this conduct exemplified in Cicero’s admirable treatise “*De Natura Deorum*.” Three philosophers, warm supporters of their respective tents, meet at Cicero’s villa, a Stoic, an Epicurian, and an Academic, and agree to make Cicero umpire of the dispute. In conclusion, he decides in favour of the Stoic, on account of the severity of the morality; but he gives to the Epicurian the greatest share of eloquence and wit, and the umpire himself inclines to the scepticism of the new Academy.

The adoption of unproved hypotheses was the cause of the small advances that were made in natural philosophy and metaphysics. All the theories of the ancients were founded on the FOUR ELEMENTS, one or other of which was thought to give origin to the world. Thales of Miletus taught, that all nature was formed out of water; Anaximenes, that air was the principle of all things; Heraclitus of Ephesus supposed that the world was created from the element of fire; whilst Democritus of Abdera, the master of Epicurus, affected to laugh at them all: but under this gaiety he entertained the most profound views of nature: he was the author of the Atomic system. He lived to be 109 years old. Anaxagoras, the master of Pericles and of Socrates, was

the Berkley of the ancients. he taught that Spirit or Intellect formed the universe. He was persecuted and condemned to death by the Athenians for advocating the unity of the Diety. But, by the great exertions and influence of Pericles, his sentence was changed into exile. He left Athens saying, "There is a straight road to heaven in every country." He flourished nearly 500 years before the Christain æra.

For the reasons mentioned, and for the neglect of experiment, the Greeks were most deficient in natural philosophy. Their superstition was a bar to their making any advance in the science of medicine, and in the art of surgery. Of CHEMISTRY they knew nothing at all: the very name is Arabic. They gave names, indeed, from trivial observation, to electricity and magnetism; but they were ignorant of the astonishing effects of these phenomena. It was reserved for the moderns to discover that the four elements can be analysed and divided into substances totally differing from each other. They are, therefore, compounds, which may, possibly, be further subdivided. We cannot now decide what an element is.

Such was the state of learning in Greece, when Ptolomy Philadelphus founded the school of Alexandria, about 290 years before the Christian æra. This school may be well deemed an University, since its founder invited men of science from all countries to form its establishment. It soon became very famous, especially for its successful cultivation of astronomy. Here the true length of the solar year was first ascertained. The stars, in the inflated dialects of the East, were called innumerable. But a new star appearing in the heavens at this time, Hipparchus, for the benefit of posterity, made a catalogue of all that were visible, with their latitudes and longitudes. They were found to amount to no more than 1022.

This seat of learning continued to flourish, until the third century after the birth of Christ, during which all that was known before of astronomy and physic, was collected and digested in a work called the "*Anagest*," which has come down to us. From this work the famous PTOLOMEAN SYSTEM was formed. It was

so named, not from any of the monarchs of the Greek dynasty in Egypt, but from its author, Claudius Ptolemy, a native of Pelusium, who flourished in the reign of Adrian, A. D. 130. In this system, which was acknowledged by all mankind as the true one, for more than six hundred years, the earth occupied immoveably the centre of the universe. Its general reception proves that in the reveries of the old Greeks, and particularly of Pythagoras, there was really nothing that refers to the motion of the earth, and the fixed station of the sun in the centre. Ovid, in a few elegant hexameters, gives a sketch of the Ptolomæan System; nay, by anticipation, he actually alludes to the theory of gravitation—

The central earth suffused in fluid air,  
Is by its proper weight self-balanced there.

The Saracens succeeded the Greeks, and they transferred into the Arabic, a language as copious and nearly as perfect as Greek, all that Greece knew, and added important discoveries which the Greeks never dreamed of. They rendered mathematics comparatively easy, by the invention of the ten cyphers, of Algebra, and of trigonometry, as now practised. They were the first that measured time by the invention of clocks; but, above all, they invented CHEMISTRY, a science that gave an entire new feature to natural philosophy.

The ignorant, stupid, and ferocious crusaders to the Holy Land—

“ . . . . . Eremites and friars,  
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.  
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven.”

Parad. Lost, book iii.

and they found in the Saracens a people as brave, and incomparably more learned and civilized than themselves. But finally, they imbibed a tincture of humanity from their enemies, and returned home with great acquisitions,

At length Europe awoke from its lethargic slumbers, and the greatest events in science took place, nobody knows how caused or by whom. They started into existence, all complete, like Minerva from the head of Jove; and the discovery of the mariner's compass, of gunpowder, and of printing, fairly upset the world.

We are undoubtedly indebted to the cloister for the preservation of several of the works of the ancients, and for the invention of some useful arts, particularly paper: but, on the other hand, what has not the cloister destroyed? The pages of Cicero and of Tacitus were erased to make room for the lives and miracles of St. Anthony of Padua, and St. Francis D'Assise!

But the last of the inventions, and the most important to astronomy, was the TELESCOPE. It appears that the circumstance which led to its construction, was caused by the children of a spectacle maker of Middleburg having, in their play, fixed a lens at either end of a hollow cane, and then pointing it to the weather-cock of the steeple, were delighted to find that it brought the object apparently within their reach. From this beginning Galileo completed his Telescope.

All the discoveries of the ancients in astronomy were arranged and concentrated in the Ptolomæan system, which was put together with so much skill, and was so comfortable to the aspect of nature, that it was universally received by all nations. But its chrystalline spheres, with their cycles and epicycles, and primum mobile, were demolished at once. A touch of Prospero's wand, wielded by Copernicus, dissolved "the unsubstantial pageant into thin blue air." It is difficult to conceive how such a complicated apparatus could be composed, containing the sun, planets, and fixed stars, with their crystal frame work, and made to move round the little globe of earth in four and twenty hours. One may as well suppose that a speculating mechanic might get a patent for an enormous grate, filled with coals, and made to move round about by wheels within wheels, to roast a woodcock! instead of simply turning the bird on a string before the fire.

It has already been stated, that neither Pythagoras, who

himself has left no writings, nor yet the Pythagorean Philolaus, whose hypothesis is casually mentioned by Plutarch, nor any others among the ancients, promulgated the true system of the world. From the fortunate surmise of this last, it is supposed that Copernicus deduced his system. What must have been the profound sagacity of this modest and simple man, who, with imperfect instruments, and prior to the invention of telescopes, should have at once unsealed the volume of nature. Yet the doubts and prejudices against the system might have continued to this day, had not the discoveries in optics confirmed them. Nicholas Copernicus was born at Thorn, on the Vistula, in Polish Prussia, A. D. 1473. He was bred to medicine, in which he obtained a doctor's degree; but the bent of his mind irresistibly inclined him to the study of the mathematics and astronomy. His discoveries were strongly objected to at first; but he vindicated them: "for that the noblest works of nature might not appear devoid of that harmony and proportion which discover themselves in her meanest productions;" and he answers objections, which he admits to be valid, with almost superhuman sagacity. "If," say the objectors, "the earth move round the sun, the moon must also bear company in the annual revolutions of both; moreover, if the planets Venus and Mercury also revolve round the sun, in orbits comprised within that of the earth, they must sometimes appear horned, and have the same phases as the moon, in their apsides or approach towards the earth." "All these will be proved in the course of time," answered Copernicus: "Venus will be horned, at present our sight is not perfect enough to see those changes." All which predictions were soon after fulfilled. Copernicus had all that indifference to fame and wealth which appertains only to genius of the first order. He took no measures whatever to publish his discoveries and to make proselytes. Though this work was completed in 1530, he withheld it thirteen years, lest he might be charged with heterodoxy, and his system be the cause of religious persecutions. At length, at the urgent importunities of his intimate friends, he consented to its publication, with an apologizing dedication to



Pope Paul III. In its progress through the press, the author was seized with a paralytic stroke, and only received a printed copy on his death-bed. He died May 23rd, 1543, in his seventieth year.

The philosophical mantle of Copernicus fell on a worthy disciple. Galilei Galileo, the son of a Florentine nobleman, was born 1564. All the celestial phenomena hitherto concealed, were at once submitted to the searching gaze of the "Tuscan artist." The phases of Venus—the satellites of Jupiter, which he named Medicean stars, in compliment to the illustrious house of Medici, and which was imitated by Herschel, in calling his planet "Geordium Sidus," in honour of his late majesty,—the mystic ring of Saturn—the inequalities of the moon's surface—the spots on the sun's disk—the innumerable stars of the milky way, were the conquests of his telescope. His bold opinions and discoveries were condemned by the inquisition, and he was thrown into the dungeons of that tribunal, from which, after a year's confinement, he was released, on his making a public recantation. Soon after, however, he published his work on the annual and diurnal motion of the earth, and maintained the doctrine of the Antipodes; for this he was once more thrown into the prison of the holy office, and his book condemned to be burnt by the common executioner. Galileo would undoubtedly have shared the same fate, had he not again abjured his heresy, after two year's imprisonment. What! to maintain a doctrine at once so impious and irrational, as that there were countries where men, woman, and horses walked and trotted, with their heads down and feet up, like flies on a ceiling! How the republican spirit of Milton must have been chafed—for he was in Italy at the time—is apparent from the interest he took in the new discoveries. He seems to have halted between the old and new systems, but evidently inclines to the latter. The friendly Raphael answers to the inquiries of our first parents in the following exquisite lines :—

" Whether the sun, predominant in heaven,  
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,

He from the East his flaming road begins,  
 Or she from west her silent course advances,  
 With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps  
 On her soft axle, while she paces even,  
 And bears thee soft, with the smooth air along;  
 Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
 Leave them to God above."

Parad. Lost, book viii.

Before the death of Galileo, which took place in 1642, Tycho Brahe, a noble Dane, invented a system which united that of Copernicus with the Ptolomæan. But though Tycho was a man of vast abilities and erudition, and had the most splendid and convenient observatory that ever was constructed, his system could not support itself, even during his life-time. Kepler was a disciple of Tycho, but surpassed him in genius. He discovered the famous problem: That the squares of the periodical times of the planets, are as the cubes of their distances from the sun, and the satellites from their primaries. Des Cartes was the precursor of Sir I. Newton. He endeavoured to account for the power by which the planets moved in their orbits and on their axes. He borrowed the theory of atoms from Epicurus, and supposed they were endued with a moving power, which caused them to fly round and round, like the tourbillons of sand of the Lybian deserts. This he called a vortex.

The Cartesian theory of vortices was superseded by the Newtonian system of ATTRACTION, which is alone competent to explain all the operations of universal nature. Attraction is a power inherent in matter, by which the largest masses, as well as the smallest particles, attract, and are mutually attracted. The sun, the centre of the system, attracts all the planets, and they, in turn, attract him. But as the sun is more than three hundred thousand times larger than all the planets and comets put together, it must follow that they would sooner or later fall on his body, had they not received a first impulse; by which, on the other hand, they would wander for ever in the regions of space. Now this impulse and attraction generates a third motion, that causes the planets and comets to revolve round the sun, and also the satellites round their primaries, in orbits more or less

eccentric and elliptical, each describing equal areas in equal times. These adverse powers are named *centrifugal* and *centripetal* forces; that is to say, flying from, and inclining to the centre. The first impelling motion must have had a beginning; and what is it that causes it? Surely nothing else but the GREAT FIRST CAUSE, THE OMNIPOTENT GOD.

Of the origin or first formation of the sun and the planets of our system, there have been various hypotheses. That which comes nearest to natural appearances supposes, that the sun was formed out of chaotic elements, in a state of intense fusion; that having received a rotary motion from the GREAT FIRST MOVER, it shot forth masses of burning matter far into the regions of space; each of these masses formed by the law of gravitation an orb or planet, the molten matter of which, ejected portions of itself, that formed its satellites. The farthest from the centre being composed of the lightest materials, as a volcano explodes its smoke and ashes an immense height; while the more weighty are sent a shorter distance from the crater. This theory is strongly corroborated by the density of the planets, each of which is dense or ponderous, not in proportion to its magnitude, but to its nearness to the centre. Thus compared the weight of water as unit, Mercury is nine times and a quarter heavier, and Saturn lighter than water.

Darwin seizes this hypothesis with avidity, to illustrate his philosophical poem. With what energy and grandeur he thus describes the birth of the moon:

"Gnomes—how you shriek'd! when, through the troubled air  
Roar'd the fierce din of elemental war,—  
When rose the continents, and sunk the main,  
And earth's huge sphere exploding--burst in twain!  
    . . . . When from her wounded side,  
Where now the South Sea heaves its waste of tide,  
Rose on swift wings the moon's refulgent car.  
Glewing the solar orb, a sister star;  
Dimpled with vales, with shining hills emboss'd,  
And roll'd round earth her airless realms of frost."

It has been proved to demonstration that the earth must have

existed, thousands of years, a sterile rock of granite, before its surface produced vegetables and animals by the creative power of God; and that these successively perished, and others of different genera succeeded, and thus proceeded for many centuries before the creation of man. Every day some new discoveries are made in the different strata of the earth, establishing the truth of the facts. Among the relics of innumerable animals which no longer exist, no human skeleton has ever been found.

Our solar system consists of the sun, in the centre, (880,000 miles in diameter) seven primary planets, and eighteen secondary or satellites, all moving round him. There have been also discovered between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, four others, but so small as to be seen only through the telescope. Besides these, there are, belonging to the system, more than four hundred comets, which have been noted in the annals of Astronomy. They move round the sun with incredible swiftness, in orbits very eccentric, having the sun in one of the foci. Their bodies or nucleus' appear to be not so solid as those of the planets; in some it seems quite vapoury, and they have tails of many millions of miles in length, not dissimilar to the Aurora Borealis, and through which the stars may be discerned. The periods and returns of those bodies have been attempted to be calculated, but it seems without success. Some are supposed to have fallen on the sun, others to have lost their way in the regions of illimitable space, and perhaps to be attracted by some larger body. Their uses have been variously assigned: the hypothesis that supposes them to form and diffuse the electric fluid through the planetary spaces, has the greatest share of probability.

It now remains to be examined, how far all, or any of these orbs are fitted for the support of animal or vegetable existence.

It is natural to suppose that the wonderful appearance of the celestial orbs, as seen through optic instruments, would give rise to new theories and opinions. The first speculation was that the moon, enjoying all the advantages of our earth, was as fitted for the habitation of animals and the growth of vegetables, as its primary. Galileo, strongly persuaded of the great probability of

it, made the first map of the moon. It was adopted by most of the astronomers of his time, and they actually began to dispute about the right of giving names to districts and seas, which they fancied they could discover on the disk of that satellite. Milton, with whom Galileo appears to have been a favourite philosopher, alludes to his plausible supposition, though he did not believe it was founded in fact. 'The most probable, says an excellent French proverb, is not always the most true.

There has been great diversity of opinions on the subject. Many eminent astronomers and philosophers maintain, that not only the moon, but the sun and planets are inhabited. Sir Isaac Newton, indeed, is wholly silent on the subject, but Dr. Herschel affirms with confidence that the body of that luminary is cool enough for inhabitants to dwell there; that its luminous atmosphere is about 2,500 miles from the surface of his orb, which is occasionally seen through the breaches called spots, which fluctuate irregularly on his atmosphere. Huygens, an astronomer and mathematician of the first distinction, has published a work called "*Cosmotheoris*," in which he peoples the moon and planets with inhabitants precisely similar in body and mind to those of the earth. But a little treatise published in France more than a century ago, Fontenelle's "*Pluralité des Mondes*," which has been translated into all the European languages, and even into Greek, was once so fashionable as to be found in all the boudoirs of Paris: being founded, however, on the Cartesian theory, and otherwise erroneous, it has now become obsolete. Others, as Whiston and King, attempting to combine philosophy with religion, teach us, that the sun is the abode of the blessed, gathered from all the planets of the system—in short the New Jerusalem, sparkling with gems and gold; at the same time they suppose that comets are so many places of punishment for the wicked,

" ————— Who feel, by turns, the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
From beds of raging fire to tarve in ice."

Parad. Lost, book ii.

With our satellite the moon we ought to be better acquainted, as she revolves round the earth and her own axis at the same time and also round the sun in the same period as the earth, which she always accompanies; indeed she makes great efforts to be united, and is sometimes one-fifth nearer her primary, than at others, her mean distance being about 240,000 miles from its centre.

The view of the earth from the moon must be awfully beautiful, being more than thirteen times larger. Our planet exhibits in succession, as she "spins on her soft axle," the continents, oceans, seas, islands, mountains, and rivers of the eastern and western hemispheres, whilst the polar regions, with their icebergs and snows, and the snowy summits of the Alps and Andes, sparkle like emeralds and pearls in reflecting the solar rays.

The lunarians, if such there be, of one lunar hemisphere, enjoy a day and night, each a fortnight long, but never see the earth, whilst the natives of the other half bask in the earth-shine with similar, but opposite phases to those of the moon, but they never see the sun.

The refraction of the rays of light from a rarer to a denser medium, is aptly illustrated by placing a silver coin in the bottom of a basin. It will not be seen at a little distance, but by pouring on water it becomes enlarged, and visible over the edge. Thus it is in our atmosphere. The sun and moon descending from the zenith, into thicker air, gradually assume a larger disk as they approach the horizon, when the lower segments appear swelled out in breadth, and when their orbs have actually set, their images will be represented for some minutes in the horizon. Our atmosphere is also the conductor of heat as well as light, yet although it extends about 50 miles in height, at only six miles above the surface it would not sustain life even in the torrid zone. The same effect takes place in ascending in a balloon, whilst the ocean of moving clouds and vapour hides from the aëronaut the surface of the globe. Now to apply these facts to the moon and planets. When seen from the earth in clear weather, they always appear serene and cloudless. Nothing is so deceptive as optical illusions: we

believe we see what we wish to see, and there are mirages among the stars, as well as on the earth. The solar rays are reflected from the cold face of the moon, but produce no warmth. On the obscuration of a planet or star by her broad disk, it causes no change in the stars, nor leaves a spectrum for a moment behind; the star immerses in an instant behind the moon: such also is the case with the satellites of Jupiter, which are objects of constant observation. Further, if there were seas in the moon, the attraction of the earth, being twelve times greater than hers, would inevitably deluge that portion of her globe nearest the earth, especially when in conjunction with the sun, it would cause spring tides. Now the moon being similar in substance to the earth, and moving in the same orbit, it is proved she is without air or water, and cannot, therefore, support animals or vegetables; still less could the other planets of the system which, labouring under the same privations, occupy such sites that no animal could exist in them, even if they could breathe.

Mercury, the smallest and weightiest planet of the system, must be vitrified or calcined from its vicinity to the solar fire, if his matter were less compact. To suppose inhabitants could exist there, one must imagine them to be so many basaltic Memnons animated. Venus is farther removed, and is besides as large, or even larger than the earth. Great expectations were raised, that a satellite and atmosphere would be demonstrated on her famous transit over the sun's disk in 1769 but neither appeared.

Those astronomers who support the hypothesis of planetary inhabitants, refer to Venus and Mars, as the nearest to and most resembling the earth. They pretend to see snow on the polar regions of Mars, and say, therefore, that the intertropical parts are warm enough for the support of life, and that the polar regions of Venus are cool enough. This weak reasoning confutes itself.

Of the nature of the three immense superior planets, Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel, with the magnificent accompaniments of satellites, belts and rings, we know almost nothing: their distance from the sun is so great that he must appear but as a bright star

to them, his light is however strong enough to be reflected, but his heat would be scarcely perceptible even in Jupiter. They are formed of light matter; for the orb of Jupiter is but a little heavier, and those of the others are lighter than water.

They are, possibly, hollow oblate spheroids. The enormous orb of Jupiter, more than 80,000 miles in diameter, whirls round his axis in less than ten hours. What rapid mutations must his sky exhibit in his day and night of five hours each! The sun, stars, and planets, flying across the celestial arch,—rise and set in quick succession,—whilst his four moons appear,—sometimes single, sometimes altogether,—eclipsing the sun and each other. His year is equal to twelve of ours, and his season is invariable. Supposing the rotation of Saturn (for it has not been ascertained), be equally rapid, it may account for the formation of his ring,—in consequence of the prevalence of the centrifugal form of his equatorial parts,—which detached the matter of which it is composed, from the body of the planet. It must be evident, that no animal could live in them.

And what then is this grand display—the work of an all-wise and omnipotent God intended for? That must remain among his secret purposes, until in his wisdom and goodness, he may please to reveal them. The world is still young, and eternity a long day. These glorious orbs may be now in preparation for inhabitants; the earth revolved round the sun many ages without any.

In taking a final survey of the solar system, it is strikingly evident, that no situation could so happily be chosen, as that which is occupied by the orbit of the earth; midway between the orbits of Mars and Venus. Had it been somewhat nearer the first, the frost and snow of the poles would spread over the temperate zones and compel the inhabitants to occupy solely the torrid zone. On the other hand if moved a little towards Venus, the heat would be so great that the tropical regions must become an arid and burning desert, as they were supposed to be by the ancients.

Our little globe, therefore, appears to be highly favoured:—and when we contemplate the glorious sun in all his splendour, and the serene majestic moon, “walking in brightness, and the



mingled radiance of the stars, and the varied charms of our own lovely planet, what heart so insensible as not to feel the profoundest gratitude to the Great Giver of these gifts? What soul could refrain from exclaiming in the words of our sublime Poet?—

“ These are thy glorious works Parent of good,  
 Almighty, thine this universal frame ;  
 Thus wondrous fair ! Thyself how wondrous then !  
 Unspeakable—who sit’st above these heavens,  
 To us invisible or dimly seen.  
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.’  
 Parad. Lost, book 7.

## PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY.

BY MRS. HERMANS.

THROUGH evening’s bright repose  
 A voice of prayer arose,  
 When the sea-fight was done ;  
 The sons of England knelt,  
 With hearts that now could melt,  
 For, on the wave her battle had been won.

Round their tall ship, the main  
 Heaved with a dark red stain  
 Caught not from sunset’s cloud ;  
 While with the tide swept past  
 Pennon and shivered mast,  
 Which to the Ocean-Queen that day had bowed.

Dut free and fair on high,  
 A native of the sky,  
*Her* streamer met the breeze ;  
 It flowed o’er fearless men,  
 Though hushed and child-like then.  
 Before their God they gathered on the seas.

Oh ! did not that thought of home  
O'er each bold spirit come,  
    As from the land sweet gales ?  
In every word of prayer,  
Had not some earth a share,  
Some bower, inviolate 'midst England's vales ?

Yes ! bright green spots that lay  
In beauty far away,  
    Hearing no billow's roar ;  
Safer from touch of spoil,  
For that day's fiery toil,  
Rose on high hearts, that now with love gush'd o'er.

A solemn scene, and dread !  
The victors and the dead—  
    The breathless, burning sky !  
And, passing with the race  
Of waves that keep no trace,  
The wild, brief signs of human victory !

A stern, yet holy scene !  
Billows, where strife hath been,  
    Sinking to awful sleep ;  
And words that breathe the sense  
Of God's omnipotence,  
Making a minister of that silent deep !

Borne through such hours afar,  
Thy flag hath been a star  
    Where eagle's wing ne'er flew :  
England ! the unprofaned,  
Thou of the homes unstained !  
Oh ! to the banner and the shrine be true !

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## HEBREW MELODY.

IN Judah's halls the harp is hush'd,  
 Her voice is but the voice of pain;  
 The heathen heel her helm has crush'd,  
 Her spirit wears the heathen chain.  
 From the dark prison-house she cried,  
 "How long, O Lord! thy sword has slept  
 Oh quell the oppressor in his pride!"—  
 Still Pharaoh ruled, and Israel wept.

The morning breezes freshly blow,  
 The waves in golden sunlight quiver;  
 The Hebrew's daughter wanders slow  
 Beside the mighty Idol River.  
 A babe within her bosom lay,—  
 And must she plunge him in the deep?  
 She raised her eyes to Heaven to pray;  
 She turn'd them down to earth to weep.

She knelt beside the rushing tide,  
 'Mid rushes dank, and flow'rets wild;  
 Beneath the plane-tree's shadow wide,  
 The weeping mother placed her child.  
 "Peace be around thee—though thy bed  
 "A mother's breast no more may be;  
 "Yet he that shields a lily's head,  
 "Deserted babe, will watch o'er thee!"

She's gone! that mourning mother! gone—  
 List to the sound of dancing feet,  
 And lightly bounding, one by one,  
 A lovely train the timbrel beat.

'Tis she of Egypt—Pharaoh's daughter,  
 That, with her maidens, comes to lave  
 Her form of beauty in the water,  
 And light with beauty's glance the wave.

Oh ! woman's heart is like the rose,  
 That glows beneath the tropic's flame,  
 That blooms as sweet 'mid northern snows,  
 For ever lovely—and the same.  
 Whate'er her rank—whate'er her lot,  
 Where'er her gentle influence ranges,  
 The art to bless is ne'er forgot,  
 The will to comfort never changes.

The monarch's daughter saw and wept—  
 (How lovely falls compassion's tear !)  
 The babe that there in quiet slept,  
 Blest in unconsciousness of fear.  
 'Twas hers to pity and to aid  
 The infant Chief, the infant Sage ;  
 Undying fame the deed repaid,  
 Recorded upon heaven's own page.

Years pass away—the land is free !  
 Daughter of Zion ! mourn no more !  
 The Oppressor's hand is weak on thee,  
 Captivity's dark reign is o'er.  
 Thy chains are burst—thy bonds are riven—  
 On ! like a river strong and wide :  
 A Captain is to Judah given—  
 The babe that slept by Nile's broad tide.

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## THE CHILD OF EARTH.

BY MRS. N——.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,  
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;  
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,  
 "I am content to die—but, oh! not now!—  
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring  
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe—  
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing—  
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreath.  
 Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow—  
 I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

The spring hath ripened into summer-time;  
 The season's viewless boundary is past;  
 The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime:  
 Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?  
 ' Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,  
 With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;  
 Not while the murmur of the mountain-bee  
 Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!  
 Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—  
 I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

Summer is gone: and autumn's soberer hues  
 Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;—  
 The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,  
 Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.

"Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze  
On the broad meadows, and the quiet stream,  
To watch in silence while the evening rays  
Stant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam !  
Cooler the breezes play around my brow—  
I am content to die—but, oh ! not now !"

The bleak wind whistles : snow-showers far and near  
Drift without echo to the whiteening ground ;  
Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear  
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound :  
Yet still that prayer ascends. "Oh ! laughingly  
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,  
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,  
And the roof rings with voices light and loud :  
Spare me awhile ! raise up my drooping brow !  
I am content to die—but, oh ! not now !"

The spring is come again—the joyful spring !  
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread ;  
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing :—  
The child of earth is numbered with the dead !  
"Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,  
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane ;  
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,  
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again !  
Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow—  
Why didst thou linger ?—thou art happier now !"

## ON THE IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION TO THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

VARIOUS are the reasons why the greater part of mankind cannot apply themselves to arts or letters. Particular studies are only suited to the capacities of particular persons. Some are incapable of applying to them from the delicacy of their sex, some from the unsteadiness of youth, and others from the imbecility of age. Many are precluded by the narrowness of their education, and many by the straitness of their fortune. The wisdom of God is wonderfully manifested in this happy and well ordered diversity in the powers and properties of his creatures; since, by thus admirably suiting the agent to the action, the whole scheme of human affairs is carried on with the most agreeing and consistent economy; and no chasm is left for want of an object to fill it, exactly suited to its nature.

But in the great and universal concern of *religion*, both sexes and all ranks are equally interested. The truly catholic spirit of Christianity accommodates itself, with an astonishing condescension, to the circumstances of the whole human race. It rejects none on account of their pecuniary wants, their personal infirmities, or their intellectual deficiencies. No superiority of parts is the least recommendation, nor is any depression of fortune the smallest objection. None are too wise to be excused from performing the duties of religion, nor are any too poor to be excluded from the consolations of its promises.

If we admire the wisdom of God, in having furnished different degrees of intelligence, so exactly adapted to their different destinations, and in having fitted every part of his stupendous work, not only to serve its own immediate purpose, but also to contribute to the beauty and perfection of the whole; how much

more ought we to adore that goodness, which has perfected the divine plan, by appointing one wide, comprehensive, and universal means of salvation : a salvation which all are invited to partake ; by a means which all are capable of using ; which nothing but voluntary blindness can prevent our comprehending, and nothing but wilful error can hinder us from embracing.

The Muses are coy, and will only be wooed and won by some highly favoured suitors. The sciences are lofty, and will not stoop to the reach of ordinary capacities. But " Wisdom (by which the royal preacher means piety) is a loving spirit : she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of all such as seek her." Nay, she is so accessible and condescending, " that she preventeth them that desire her, making herself first known to them."

We are told by the same animated writer, " that Wisdom is the breath of the power of God." How infinitely superior, in grandeur and sublimity, is this description to the origin of the *wisdom* of the heathens, as described by their poets and mythologists ! In the exalted strains of the Hebrew poetry we read, that " Wisdom is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness."

The philosophical author of *The Defence of Learning* observes, that knowledge has something of venom and malignity in it, when taken without its proper corrective ; and what that is, the inspired Saint Paul teaches us, by placing it as the immediate antidote : *Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth*. Perhaps it is the vanity of human wisdom, unchastised by this correcting principle, which has made so many infidels. It may proceed from the arrogance of self-sufficient pride, that some philosophers disdain to acknowledge their belief in a Being, who has judged proper to conceal from them the infinite wisdom of his counsels ; who (to borrow the lofty language of the Man of Uz) refused to consult them when he laid the foundations of the earth, when he shut up the sea with doors, and made the clouds the garment thereof.

A man must be an infidel either from pride, prejudice, or bad



education; he cannot be one unawares or by surprise; for infidelity is not occasioned by sudden impulse or violent temptation. He may be hurried by some vehement desire into an immoral action, at which he will blush in his cooler moments, and which he will lament as a sad effect of a spirit unsubdued by religion; but infidelity is a calm, considerate act, which cannot plead the weakness of the heart, or the seduction of the senses. Even good men frequently fail in their duties through the infirmities of nature, and the allurements of the world; but the infidel errs on a plan, on a settled and deliberate principle.

But though the minds of men are sometimes fatally infected with this disease, either through unhappy pre-possession, or some of the other causes above mentioned; yet I am unwilling to believe, that there is in nature so monstrously incongruous a being as a *female infidel*. The least reflection on the temper, the character, and the education of women, makes the mind revolt with horror from an idea so improbable and so unnatural.

May I be allowed to observe, that, in general, the minds of girls seem more aptly prepared in their early youth for the reception of serious impressions than those of the other sex, and that their less exposed situations in more advanced life qualify them better for the preservation of them? The daughters (of good parents I mean) are often more carefully instructed in their religious duties, than the sons; and this from a variety of causes. They are not so soon sent from under the paternal eye into the bustle of the world, nor so early exposed to the contagion of bad example: their hearts are naturally more flexible and soft, and consequently more liable to any kind of impression the forming hand may stamp on them: and, lastly, as they do not receive the same classical education with boys, their feeble minds are not obliged at once to receive and separate the precepts of Christianity, and the documents of pagan philosophy. The necessity of doing this perhaps somewhat weakens the serious impressions of young men, at least till the understanding is formed, and confuses their ideas of piety, by mixing them with so much heterogeneous matter. They only casually read, or hear read, the

Scriptures of truth, while they are obliged to learn by heart, construe, and repeat, the poetical fables of the less than human gods of the ancients. And, as the excellent author of *The Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion* observes, "Nothing has so much contributed to corrupt the true spirit of the Christian institution, as that partiality which we contract, in our earliest education, for the manners of pagan antiquity."

Girls, therefore, who do *not* contract this early partiality, ought to have a clearer notion of their religious duties: they are not obliged, at an age when the judgment is so weak, to distinguish between the doctrines of Zeno, of Epicurus, and of Chirst; and to embarrass their minds with the various morals which were taught in the *Porch*, in the *Academy*, and on the *Mount*.

It is presumed that these remarks cannot possibly be so misunderstood as to be construed into the least disrespect to literature, or a want of the highest reverence for a learned education, the basis of all elegant knowledge: they are only intended, with all proper deference, to point out to young women, that, however inferior their advantages of acquiring a knowledge of the *belles-lettres* are to those of the other sex, yet it depends on themselves, not to be surpassed in this most important of all studies, for which their abilities are equal, and their opportunities, perhaps, greater.

But the mere exemption from infidelity is so small a part of the religious character, that I hope no one will attempt to claim any merit from this negative sort of goodness, or value herself merely for not being the very worst thing she possibly can be. Let no mistaken girl fancy she gives a proof of her wit by her want of piety, or imagine that a contempt of things serious and sacred will exalt her understanding, or raise her character even in the opinion of the most avowed male infidels. For one may venture to affirm, that, with all their profligate ideas, both of women and of religion, neither Bolingbroke, Wharton, Buckingham, nor even *Lord Chesterfield himself*, would have esteemed a woman the more for her being irreligious.

For with whatever ridicule a polite freethinker may affect to

treat religion himself, he will think it necessary that his wife should entertain different notions of it. He may pretend to despise it as a matter of opinion, depending on creeds and systems; but, if he is a man of sense, he will know the value of it, as a governing principle, which is to influence her conduct and direct her actions. If he sees her unaffectedly sincere in the practice of her religious duties, it will be a secret pledge to him, that she will be equally exact in fulfilling the conjugal; for he can have no reasonable dependence on her attachment to *him*, if he has no opinion of her fidelity to God. She who neglects first duties gives but an indifferent proof of her disposition to fill up inferior ones; and how can a man of any understanding (whatever his own religious profession may be) trust that woman with the care of his family, and the education of his children, who wants herself the best incentive to a virtuous life, the belief that she is an accountable creature, and the reflection that she has an immortal soul?

Cicero spoke it as the highest commendation of Cato's character, that he embraced philosophy, not for the sake of *disputing* like a philosopher, but *living* like one. The chief purpose of Christian knowledge is to promote the great end of Christian life. Every rational woman should, no doubt, be able to give a reason of the hope that is in her; but this knowledge is best acquired, and the duties consequent on it best performed, by reading books of plain piety and practical devotion, and not by entering into the endless feuds, and engaging in the unprofitable contentions, of partial controversialists. Nothing is more unamiable than the narrow spirit of party zeal; nor is any thing more disgusting than to hear a woman deal out judgments, and denounce anathemas, against any one who happens to differ from her in some opinion, perhaps of no real importance, and which, it is probable, she may be just as wrong in rejecting, as the object of her censure is in embracing. A furious and unmerciful female bigot wanders as far beyond the limits prescribed to her sex, as a Thalestris or a Joan d'Arc. Violence of temper has made as few converts as

the sword ; and the appearance of the former is almost as disgusting in a woman, as the use of the latter would be unnatural.

But, though no one will be frightened out of their opinions, yet they may be persuaded out of them ; they may be touched by the affecting earnestness of serious conversation, and allured by the attractive beauty of a consistently serious life. And while a young woman ought to dread the name of a wrangling polemic, it is her duty to aspire after the honourable character of a sincere Christian. But this dignified character she can by no means deserve, if she is ever afraid to avow her principles, or ashamed to defend them. A profligate who makes it a point to ridicule every thing which comes under the appearance of formal instruction, will be disconcerted at the spirited yet modest rebuke of a pious young woman. But there is as much efficacy in the manner of reproving profaneness, as in the words. If she corrects it with moroseness, she defeats the effect of her remedy, by her unskilful manner of administering it. If, on the other hand, she affects to defend the insulted cause of God, in a faint tone of voice, and studied ambiguity of phrase, or with a levity of manner, and a certain expression of pleasure in her eyes, which proves she is secretly delighted with what she pretends to censure, she injures religion much more than he did who publicly profaned it ; for she plainly indicates, either that she does not believe, or respect, what she professes. The other attacked it as an open foe : she betrays it as a false friend. No one pays any regard to the opinion of an avowed enemy ; but the desertion or treachery of a professed friend is dangerous indeed !

It is a strange notion which prevails in the world, that religion only belongs to the old and the melancholy, and that it is not worth while to pay the least attention to it, while we are capable of attending to any thing else. They allow it to be proper enough for the clergy, whose business it is, and for the aged, who have not spirits for any business at all. But till they can prove, that none except the clergy and the aged *die*, it must be confessed that this is a most wretched reasoning.

Great injury is also done to the interests of religion, by placing

it in a gloomy and unamiable light. It is sometimes spoken of as if it would actually make a handsome woman ugly, or a young one wrinkled. But can anything be more absurd than to represent the beauty of holiness as the source of deformity ?

There are few, perhaps, so entirely plunged in business, or absorbed in pleasure, as not to intend at some future time to set about a religious life in good earnest. But then they consider it as a kind of *dernier resort*, and think it prudent to defer flying to this disagreeable refuge, till they have no relish left for any thing else. Do they forget, that to perform this great business well requires all the strength of their youth, and all the vigour of their unimpaired capacities ? To confirm this assertion, they may observe how much the slightest indisposition, even in the most active season of life, disorders every faculty, and disqualifies them for attending to the most ordinary affairs ; and then let them reflect how little able they will be to transact the most important of all business, in the moment of excruciating pain, or in the day of universal debility.

When the senses are palled with excessive gratification ; when the eye is tired with seeing, and the ear with hearing ; when the spirits are so sunk, that the *grasshopper is become a burthen* ; how shall the blunted apprehension be capable of understanding a new science, or the worn-out heart be able to relish a new pleasure ?

To put off religion till we have lost all taste for amusement, to refuse listening to the “ voice of the charmer,” till our enfeebled organs can no longer listen to the voice of “ singing men and singing women,” and not to devote our days to Heaven till we have “ no pleasure in them” ourselves, is but an ungracious offering. And it is a wretched sacrifice to the God of Heaven, to present him with the remnants of decayed appetites, and the leavings of extinguished passions.

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Photo by A. J. Smith

Photo by A. J. Smith

THEY ARE NOT.





## THE PASTOR.

### A SKETCH FOUNDED ON FACT.

THERE could scarcely be imagined a spot more isolated from the world, its fashions, its allurements, and its cares, than the little valley of the Lac de Joux. Embosomed amongst the deepest recesses of the Jura, at the farthest western extremity of the Pays de Vaud, it lies encircled by a rude barrier of rocks and forests, as though Nature had never intended it to be known but to the wild tenants of the woods and streams. Yet here have human industry and contentment found a dwelling-place; and the silvery lake, shining like a mirror from its dark frame-work, reflects on its calm bosom, hamlets, churches, and cottages, smiling in neat array along its shores; the wild rocks echo to the tinkling bells of herds and flocks; and the Sabbath chimes ring out, with each return of the holy day, to summon the shepherd from the mountain, and the woodman from the forest.

But it is not alone to rustic occupations that the inhabitants of this interesting valley are devoted. They are remarkable for their ingenuity in numerous mechanic arts; and watch-making, in particular, is carried on amongst them with great success. The fruits of their labours are sent to Geneva, to be inclosed in costly exteriors, and from thence forwarded to various parts of Europe; and many an elegant time-piece, with its loves and graces, and dancing hours, or musical box, encased in gold and jewels, admitted to adorn the gay saloon of London and Paris, has owed its original construction to the rough hands of the peasant of the Jura.

On approaching the valley from the interior of the Canton, many miles of dreary solitude must be traversed. Dark woods of pine, huge masses of rock, or wide tracts of mountain pasture, afford no other traces of man than the occasional glimpse of some

lowly Chalet,\* its weather-stained sides and rugged roof, scarcely distinguishable from the dusky objects which surround it. After a constant ascent of considerable length, the road begins to wind down a steep defile; and a sudden turn presents to the view the valley at its full extent, lying stretched at the feet of the traveller; the lake, like a sheet of silver, filling up almost the whole of the long narrow hollow; the village of Le Pont sweeping round the curve of one end, and that of L'Abbaye, (so called from an old monastic establishment which formerly occupied its site,) discovered more in the distance.

The Lac de Joux is but little resorted to by the English tourist, yet there is in its vicinity much to interest the lovers of nature. The Dent de Vaulion, one of the highest summits of the Jura, forms the most striking feature of the landscape. It rises on the lake side almost perpendicularly, a shelf of bare and inaccessible rock; but in another direction, extends into woods and pastures, and may be ascended with facility, in the little vehicles of the country. Nothing can exceed the brightness of its mountain verdure, the slyvan gloom of its distant forests, and the beautiful grouping of the tufts of larch and birch trees which feather its sides: clear springs come gushing through its glades; goats and cattle browse its fresh pasture, shaking their bells at every step, and so familiarized with man, that they will even come up to be caressed by the stranger. Several Chalets are passed in the ascent, where the herdsmen readily afford repose and refreshment; and the traveller may, if he desires, be initiated into the mysteries of the pastoral science, the making of curds and cheese, to which these good people devote themselves during the summer. The view from the summit is of surprising extent and magnificence, commanding the whole of the Pays de Vaud, great part of the plains of Burgandy, distant chains of Alps, and lakes without number.

At a short distance from the village of Le Pont, are a series of singular cavities (called by the inhabitants *les Entonnoirs*), partly the work of nature, and partly of art; where the waters of the

\* Chalet, the summer cottage of the Swiss herdsman.

valley find a subterraneous vent, and after disappearing for the space of half a league, return to light in the source of the Orbe, gushing from between a lofty wall of rocks, and then gliding away at once, a full-grown river, over a bed of green mosses and variegated pebbles, to which the liquid crystal gives a thousand beauties. This spot has been compared to the consecrated fountain of Vaucluse; and there are not wanting those who assert, that even Petrarch himself could scarcely have denied to the

“chiare, fresche e dolci acque”

of Valorbe, still more eminent claims to immortality than those of Avignon.

Not very far from this beautiful source, is situated the Grotte aux Fées, a romantic cavern in the side of the steep rocks overhanging the river. Its entrance forms a spacious archway, embowered amongst the shadowing branches of ancient beech and pines. Many a wild tale is told of this grotto, and the adventures to which it owes its name; but it is chiefly interesting as the scene of an annual festival, when the inhabitants of the neighbouring village assemble to dance within its ample portico, after a trial of skill at shooting with the cross-bow. The prize bestowed at these meetings is a spinning-wheel, which is presented by the victor to the most virtuous maiden of the community.

But we are wandering away from our own little valley, to which let us return, as to a scene less rich indeed in loveliness, but not less fraught with interest; for though its rocks be barren, and its climate cold, and its soil unfavourable to the vine and the fruit-tree, it has charms of its own, in that placid lake, those quiet green shores, and happy homesteads; and more than all, in the primitive virtues which flourish within its bosom.

“Annette, Annette, make haste! and Jeanneton, don't keep us waiting all day!” cried some little voices from behind a garden hedge, close by the side of the lake. A wicket gate stood

invitingly open,—I was tempted to peep in; and instead of being punished for my curiosity, was rewarded by the sight of one of the prettiest pictures I ever looked upon. At the farthest end of the garden was a grass-plat, terminated by an arbour of rustic trellis, which five or six little blooming girls were busily decorating with garlands of flowers, ribbons, and red berries. Down one of the walks, two of their lesser companions were slowly making their way, tugging along huge branches of larch and mountain ash, and with their little aprons filled with stocks and marigolds: for it appeared that the garden had already been rifled of all its growing treasures for the adornment of the Bosquet, whose original clothing had been but a scanty drapery of honeysuckle and sweet-brier. On the grass-plat was spread a table, the upper end of which reached into the arbour, with benches round the other sides; and beside it, sat upon the ground, a little rosy girl of five or six years old, guarding with dignified importance a small wicker cage, from whence, through thick festoons of embowering chickweed, issued, ever and anon, the fairy notes of a piping bullfinch.

By going to the assistance of the distressed damsels in the walk, and bearing their ponderous boughs in triumph to the arbour, I speedily ingratiated myself into the favour of the whole company, and they soon became very communicative in their answers to my inquiries as to the object of all this joyous preparation. “It is the name’s-day of our good pastor,” said the eldest of the group, “and we are going to give him a fête, and he is to sit upon this bench, under the arch which we have just finished;” and she pointed to the front of the arbour, round which, on a ground-work of dark-coloured moss, they had ingeniously contrived to form, in letters of yellow everlasting, the inscription, —*A notre bon Pasteur.*

“And I am going to give him my bullfinch, which can pipe more than half of Les Armaillos,”\* said the little Caton:— “And François and Pierre are gone to the Dent de Vaulion, to gather strawberries, and to bring fresh curds and cream,” cried

\* The Ranz des Vaches of the Pays de Vaud.

nother:—" And father is bringing cherries, and cakes, and good things of all sorts, from Val Orbe ; and we are to have music and dancing:"—" And, better than all," vociferated a third, " they are going to give him a gold watch, such a beautiful"—

" Hush, hush !" cried Marie, the tallest and gravest, " not a word of the watch ; you know that is to be a secret. Oh ! I hope the gentleman won't say any thing beforehand about the watch."

I promised inviolable secrecy, and proceeded to make inquiries about this beloved pastor, whom all seemed so delighted to honour. More eloquently than ever did my new friends now launch forth in his praises.—" Oh ! he is so good, so very good," cried little Caton. " Last winter when I was ill with a fever, and mother thought I should have died, he would come twice a day up the mountain through the snow, and bring me things to make me better, and tell mother not to cry, and talk to me about heaven, till I thought I should not be sorry to die, to go to such a happy place."

" And he teaches us our catechism, and our prayers, and all the good things we know," said Marie ; " and preaches us such fine sermons, and explains the Bible so that even little Caton may understand it. And when people are sick or too weak and old to go to church, he will go and read and pray by their bed sides for hours together. And mother says, this is not like the same place since he came amongst us ; for that we used all to be such wild, naughty children, we could never be taught to say our prayers, or to learn the ten commandments, and now we are never so happy as when we go to the Presbytère on Wednesday and Saturday evening, and between churches on Sunday."

" Has your good minister been here for many years ?" asked I. " No, sir, not a great many," answered Marie ; " but oh ! I hope he will stay with us for a very, very long time :—but see here comes father,"—and away ran the whole party towards the cottage door, which opened at the other end of the garden, from which issued a sturdy looking peasant, with a loaded pannier at his back, followed by his comely helpmate. They at first looked at me with some surprise ; but soon discovering the sociable

terms on which I seemed to have established myself with the young ones, they bade me heartily welcome, and invited me to stay and partake of the evening's festivities, which they said would commence at six o'clock. I thought, however, the presence of a stranger might be some interruption to the business of preparation; and remembering, moreover, the portentous warnings of mine hostess at Le Pont, of the ills that would betide me if I were not punctual in returning to my dinner at three, I preferred taking my leave for the present, thankfully accepting the privilege offered for the evening. Vain, alas! were my intentions of punctuality—the village clock struck four as I made my sortie from the garden, and I had more than a league to walk, ere I could hope to take “mine ease in mine inn;” on finally reaching which, the presiding Amazon met me (to reverse the usual reading) with a countenance more in *anger* than in *sorrow*, and sternly ushered me into what she dignified with the title of the Salle-à-manger.

My ideas were too much occupied with the scene I had left, and was going to revisit, to allow me to pay great attention to her or her wrath. In conscious delinquency I silently swallowed the organic remains of a dish of trout, of whose premature decomposition I knew my truancy had been the cause; nor did I even venture to suggest, that the delay of one little hour could not have added much to the admirable antiquity of the doughty chanticleer which constituted the Rôti; or of the venerable parallelograms of aniseed-cake, with the accompanying modicum of cheese, full of holes and odours, that followed under the name of desert;—that “eternal pair,” which, with all the pertinacity of “Di tanti palpiti,” and the “Hunter’s Chorus,” pursue the way-worn traveller from one end of Switzerland to the other. Dinner will in due time be demolished, be it tough or tender; and a little before the hour appointed by my friends of the morning, I was retracing my steps towards L’Abbaye.

“It was a lovely July evening: the lake shone like a mirror, —bright rays of sun light streamed through the dark pines, and steeped in rich gold the mountain verdure.

As I wound along the water-side, my ears were greeted by sweet strains of music ; and on drawing nearer to the village, I saw that the shore was crowded with gay groups of peasants, all in their holiday attire. A band of native musicians were playing the *Ranz des Vaches*, and a joyous chorus of young voices swelled the strain of this

“ Old song, the precious music of the heart.”

I soon found myself once more in the precincts of the garden, which was now so crowded, that I had some difficulty in making my way toward the arbour. The good pastor was seated beneath his arch of triumph, surrounded by twelve of his oldest parishioners ; and the table before them was amply spread with all the luxuries my little friends had so much vaunted. “ I was quickly recognized, and duly presented to the hero of the feast who received me with infinite courtesy, and insisted on my sharing the honours of his rural Dais. I pleaded my unworthiness in vain, and was finally constrained to accept of this unmerited distinction. Nothing could be more pleasing than the manners and appearance of the pastor. I had expected to find him old and venerable ; but, for the sake of his little flock, I was rejoiced to see him a man still in the prime of life, whose healthy and happy countenance gave hopes that his useful labours might be pursued for a long course of years. With smiles of benevolence he received the warm greetings of his rustic friends, as from time to time they approached him ;—the old hobbling up to invoke blessings on his head,—the young presenting their little offerings of fruits and flowers,—sturdy fathers shaking him heartily, yet respectfully by the hand, and happy mothers bringing their infants to look at their good minister who had already consecrated them ; in their innocence, and would in time instruct them in their responsibility :—all seemed, in short, to look upon him as the centre of every thing most sacred and dear to them—as the dispenser of their best comforts for the present, and their holiest hopes for the future.

The little Caton played a very busy part in this pleasing drama. Her offering, it appeared, had long ago been made and



accepted ; for Bully and his flowery cage hung up in triumph and within the honoured precincts of the very arbour itself ; and he occasionally contrived to make himself heard, through the pauses of the music on the shore, which now played lively tunes to groups of happy dancers, footing it blithely, if not lightly, on the smooth greensward that reached down to the water. When the *gouter* was finished, and just as Monsieur J. was proposing to me a stroll amongst those merry groups, the most aged man of the company came forward, and after a short address, homely indeed in expression, but replete with the true eloquence of the heart, presented to the pastor, in the name of his little community, a beautiful gold watch, in the construction of which, he assured him, that the father of every family in his parish had had some share. They had no better way, he added, of showing their gratitude to him, whose every hour was employed in their service.

The good Mons. J., surprised and delighted, seemed almost at a loss how to acknowledge the precious gift. He was still more overcome, when the old man suddenly touched a spring, and the watch struck up the well-known air," "*Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille ?*"

Tears stood in the eyes of the amiable pastor, at this new proof of the devotion of his flock. "Dear friends and dear children," cried he, "you have here enshrined the sentiment which has possessed my heart ever since I have dwelt amongst you, and which, from this day, will be cherished with redoubled fervour. Never will I forsake you—never can I forget your affection. I pray God to continue his blessing on my humble labours, that, through his grace, I may walk amongst you whilst living, repose beside you when dead, and recognize the same dear family in heaven."

. . . . .

Years have passed since this happy evening : long and far have been my wanderings, and no tidings have ever more reached me from the little valley of the Jura : yet my heart often turns to the interesting scene, and would fain hope that happiness and peace are still presiding over that innocent flock, and the good pastor of the Lac de Joux.

## NOAH'S ARK.

NEAR fifteen hundred circuits round the sun  
 The earth had measured since our Father fell,  
 Since Sin her desolating course begun,  
 And linked—fast linked—this erring world to hell,  
 When men from pigmies had to giants grown  
 In brutal vice and bold impiety,  
 Like Lucifer, proclaimed themselves their own—  
 Exempt from rule and all authority.  
 Earth groaned beneath th' oppressive load,  
 And skies and seas conspired t' avenge their God.

In vain did Mercy her attractions shew,  
 Her mighty promise, altars, victims slain,  
 And seek t' avert the ruining woe  
 By leading sinners to their God again ;  
 In vain did Sorrow often wring their heart,  
 And Terrors crowd upon their darkening view,  
 And Death shake o'er them his appalling dart,  
 And hideous corpses on their pathway strew ;  
 Still groaned the earth beneath its load,  
 And skies and seas conspired t' avenge their God.

Yet Vengeance sleeps, and sleeps a hundred years,  
 While patient Heaven in righteous Noah pleads,  
 And still the proof of coming ruin rears  
 Among them all, but none among them heeds. —  
 No—like the scoffers of this learned age,  
 His faith they mock, his ardent zeal despise,  
 Themselves affirm the noble and the sage,  
 And Folly's idlest toil his enterprize.  
 Still groaned the earth beneath its load,  
 And skies and seas conspired t' avenge their God.

The Ark completed, lo ! a sight most strange.—  
Of winged, of brute, of creeping things, a pair,  
In pristine order come and peaceful range  
Before its walls, and seek admittance there.  
Th' admiring builder hails th' affirming sign  
Of God's sure Word, and guides them to their place ;  
God strikes the scaffold, shuts the obedient in,  
And ends the long but measured day of grace.  
Earth groans her last beneath her load,  
And skies and seas prepare t' avenge their God.

Now Vengeance—summoned by th' Archangel—wakes,  
Receives commission from th' eternal throne,  
From out the Tempest's stores her weapons' takes,  
But coat of mail or burning shield takes none,  
Nor needs when Angels tremble at her frown.  
Then mounts the whirlwind, and to earth comes down,  
At her approach long lingering Hope retires,  
The affrighted sun wheels back his golden car,  
The moon in sackcloth shrouds, and every star  
Draws in its light, or at her frown expires.

A darkness horrible o'er spreads the sky,  
And wings that long and doleful night,  
Beneath whose shade a guilty world must die,  
And whence a world renewed shall spring to light.  
First plants the Goddess her artillery, where  
The sun had risen blithe and fair,  
Thence onward wheels her giant clouds,  
And earth in fearful grandeur shrouds,  
And bids his sons her funeral rites prepare.

The lowing herd, for shelter fly,  
The night bird screaming seeks her nest,  
The forests moan, the caverns sigh,  
The swelling seas salute the sky,

Earth's pillars shake,  
The mighty quake,  
And consternation fills their guilty breast ;—  
Around, above, they dart th' inquiring stare,  
Till spirit fails them, and their eyeballs glare  
Like far off meteors in the pitchy night:  
No power befriends, no ray is seen,  
But Her's who, o'er the doomed terrene,  
Marshals the lurid clouds surcharged with deathful might.  
Her batteries planted and their trains downlaid,  
Her course the Goddess stays,  
Throws down the intervening shade,  
And all Herself displays.  
Creation shudders at the sight,  
And watching Hell replunges into night,  
O'erwhelmed with dire amaze,  
She lifts her glittering spear.—  
The heavens upblaze from pole to pole,  
And round the trembling sphere  
Ten thousand crashing thunders roll,—  
And 'mid the roar  
Huge cataracts pour,  
Compounding with the seas each near and distant shore.  
The fierce winds rush from out their resting place,  
As vultures to the battle field,  
Or hungry lions in the unequal chace,  
Where flight avails not and no arm can shield.  
They toss the ocean into air,  
Uproot the forests and the rocks upplough,  
Huge ramparts from the towering cities tear,  
And teach the everlasting hills to bow.  
Th' infuriate ocean drives her swelling tides  
High leaping over every bound,  
And spouts new rivers through earth's fractured sides,  
From all her treasured depths profound.

And soon the caves and vallies fill,  
And all their tenants drown or fly,  
To some o'er-towering tree or hill,  
Shown by the flashings of the hostile sky.  
But she who rules the deadly strife,  
Their efforts scorn to 'escape her ire,  
With steady pace pursues their life,  
And soon fulfills her large desire ;  
Ten thousand cities, and their many homes  
At once she whirls below the flood,  
And leaves but pines, and hills, and domes  
The wasting waters to bestud.

Their height awhile—a little while—  
The mighty of the earth upbear ;  
There lives the Scoffer—not his smile :  
No jest his moments now beguile,  
Tho' lives its towering theme, and seen in every glare.  
He lives—with brutes of fearful name.  
And vultures now grown wildly tame,—  
Augmenting in despair's fierce walling,  
The din of kindred wrestling, failing,  
Groaning, shrieking, sinking, dying,  
And 'neath the victor billows lying.  
He lives, with others, lives to think  
How blind their knowledge and how dull their wit ;  
How just their doom ; and more—how terrible the brink  
Of that below abyss, where throned shall sit  
Stern Vengeance ever, and around her flit  
Tormenting spectres ready to fulfil  
Her bidding, and with second death to kill.—  
Where at her feet roll floods of burning foam,  
Lashed into fury by her awful frown,—  
Where ruined sinners and lost spirits come,  
And sink ten thousand thousand fathoms down,  
To toss anon upon the boiling wave,  
And ever seek but never find a grave :

They think--thus think, and gaze upon the wo  
 Wide yawning at their feet, and hope—all hope forego.  
 Some rend the o'er-rent air with bitter cries ;  
 Some dart the glance reproachful at the skies ;  
 And some at God hurl horrid blasphemies!—  
 'Tis done! the last dread flash descends,—  
 • The thunders roll their final peal,—  
 The indignant flood the contest ends,  
 And all are gulphed, for ever gulphed, and still!

But on the bosom of the swelling tides,  
 And o'er the nations of a ruined world,  
 In wild abysses tossed or whirled,  
 The Ark in proudest triumph rides.  
 Yet many a long and sunless day,  
 And many a cheerless night,  
 Must see it battle with the spray,  
 'Till Hope shall all but faint away,  
 And Faith forget to fight.

Her work fulfilled, stern Vengeance turns her ear  
 Heavenward, and heaven's dread throne attends,—  
 Relates the issue of the righteous war,  
 And 'mong the Gods adoring bends.  
 With Her fell Ruin's power is gone :  
 His frightful boast is o'er!—  
 No more he fills his wreck built throne,  
 And strides the flood no more.  
 But on her Iris car—  
 Fair sign of lasting stay, and sweet,  
 Comes MERCY, heralded afar  
 By sun, and moon, and every star,  
 Outpouring on her path their radiant tribute meet.

The seas on seas fast downward drive,  
 And delve new channels to their new formed bed ;

And where their monsters did for mastery strive  
Young cedars sprout and laurels thrive,

And lambs shall feed anon beneath the palm's sweet shade.  
Again the heavens distill their balmy dew ;

Returning zephyrs fan the ambient air ;  
The skies array in richer blue ;

The Earth her robe of many a hue—

Herspring-tide robe—assumes, bedeck'd with flow'rets rare-

From out his cage the lark first spies

The ray which gilds the opening paradise,

And wakes his cheerful lay ;

That lay whose memory months of gloom

Had buried deep in Nature's tomb,

Where finny monsters play.

The Patriarch leaps to hear the call,

And opes his window to the smiling east ;

The halcyon morn sheds bliss upon them all,

While thanks—sweet thanks burst forth from man, and  
bird, and beast.

Their Sire regardful smiles, accepts their praise,

And, while its echoes in the vallies sing,

Calls forth the immortal, and each lower race

To live and die 'neath Mercy's sheltering wing.

And now the Ark its rest hath found,

And, firm in monumental pride,

Long stays to preach that dreadful tide

Which all the nations drowned,

And long shall men its warnings hear

In many a distant clime,

And many an unborn tribe shall fear,

And many a soaring mind revere,

While gazing on th' miracle sublime

And longer shall its memory glow

On Inspiration's hallowed page,

NOAH'S ARK.

To tell the sainted and the sage  
A better Saviour from a mightier wo,—  
An Ark in whom our race obtain,  
With all Creation's tribes and stores,  
Protection long from death and pain,  
And some a crown and empire gain  
On heaven's thrice happy shores.

No vengeful power these blessed ones shall smite;  
No guilty dread their towering hopes destroy;  
No demon phalanx shall their soul affright;  
Nor Grief's most rampant flood o'erwhelm their joy.  
'Mong graves they voyage, and 'mong deaths repose.  
Till every storm-cloud quit their sky,  
And God's paternal love their rest disclose—  
A heritage divine, ne'er formed to fade and fade.

IGNORANCE OF FUTURITY,—If it is our fate to be ignorant of future events, we must not merely trace the cause to the narrow and limited faculties of the soul in its present state of existence, but we must go further; till we arrive at the Creator himself, whose will and pleasure it is that the knowledge of futurity should be denied us. He knew the strength of man, and the extent of knowledge his imperfect nature was capable of bearing. The knowledge of futurity, like the splendour of the noon-day sun, could not be steadily contemplated; it would be fatal to the happiness of man, and dangerous to his virtue. Supposing that the future events of our life marked a bright and prosperous tract; whilst we viewed this at a distance, and anticipated that happiness which we knew certainly awaited us, our present enjoyment would cease, and we should become the subject of impatient anxiety for the blessings expected. But, on the contrary, was the prospect of future contingencies gloomy and marked by affliction and sufferings, the moment we read our fate, our happiness would be no more; the days which hitherto had been passed in peace would now rise in sorrow and depart in gloom.



## GOOD ANGELS.

Angels take the child I bring ;  
 Oh ! Death where is now thy sting.

Good angels still conduct, from age to age,  
 Salvation's heirs on Nature's pilgrimage ;  
 Cherubic swords, no longer signs of strife,  
 Now point the way, and keep the tree of life ;  
 Seraphic hands, with coals of living fire,  
 The lips of God's true messengers inspire ;  
 Angels, who see their heavenly Father's face,  
 Watch o'er his " little ones" with special grace ;  
 Still o'er repenting sinners they rejoice,  
 Millions of voices blending as one voice.

Angels, with healing virtue on their wings  
 Trouble rank pools, unsluice salubrious springs,  
 Till, fresh as life new-born, the waters roll ;  
 Lepers and lame step in, and are made whole.—  
 Angels, the saints from noon-day perils keep,  
 Encamp around their couches while they sleep,  
 Uphold them where they seem to walk alone,  
 Nor let them dash their foot against a stone :  
 They teach the dumb to speak, the blind to see,  
 Comfort the dying in their agony,  
 And to the Paradise of rest convey,  
 Spirits enfranchised from the fettering clay.

Strong angels, armed by righteous Providence,  
 Judgments on guilty nations still dispense ;  
 Pour out their vials of disease, despair,  
 And death, o'er sun and ocean earth and air ;

Or sound their trumpets, while, at every blast,  
Plague follows plague, woe treads on woe gone past.

Blest angels through mid-heaven shall hold their flig.  
Till all that sit in darkness see the light ;  
And the good tidings of great joy proclaim,  
Till every tongue confess Messiah's name.

The archangel's voice—the trump of God—the cry  
Of startled Nature, rending earth and sky  
Shall change the living, raise the dead, and bring  
All nations to the presence of their King ;  
Whose flaming ministers, on either hand,  
As witnesses, around the throne shall stand,  
Till Time's full roll hath by the Judge been sealed,  
And unbegun eternity revealed ;—  
That era in the reign of Deity,  
Whence sin, the curse and death, no more can be.  
Angels who fell not, men who fell restored,  
Shall then rejoice for ever with the Lord ;  
Hearts, harps, and voices, in one choir shall raise  
The new, the old, the eternal song of praise.—

May he who wrote, and ye who read this strain,  
Join in that song, and worship in that train.

**DESIRE OF THE SOUL.**—Experience convinces us that our desire for knowledge can never be satisfied ; as soon as we have made one discovery, we thirst after more information, and, in proportion as our ignorance diminishes, we wish for more knowledge. Our desires are insatiate, and when we at length enjoy what we most ardently longed for, new wishes spring up, and the desire of receiving additional blessings accompanies us from infancy to the grave.

## GIFT FROM AN ABBESS TO HER NUNS.

CHRISTAIN perfection, and the perfection of a religious life, are essentially one and the same thing.

Yet although there be but one Gospel proposed to every Christian, a certain degree of preference may yet be given to the call of a *religious*, who truly lives according to the grace of her vocation, above that of a *secular*, who lives in a Christian manner in the world.

The member of a religious society is not only delivered from a variety of external hinderances, but she is favoured likewise with many peculiar helps and opportunities, favorable to a growth in grace; whereas a *secular*, though equally devoted to God as to the final object, and centre of her affections, is yet sent forth not only to labour for his cause in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, but to take a part in a variety of secular concerns, whose foundation may not always stand in the spirit of divine truth; and the very occupation in which has a natural tendency to alienate the heart, and dissipate the mind.

A Christian secular should love God paramourly; a Christian religious, has the favor to be dedicated to God only.

In a Christian secular, divine love is the supreme; but in a Christian religious, it is the sole affection.

My sister, if God has indeed called thee in an especial manner to the service of his sanctuary; if he has vouchsafed to call thee, like Mary, to be no more busied with many worldly things, but to wait in silence for his teaching, at the great Master's feet, how, important is it to thee not to neglect the peculiar means of grace afforded thee; not to undervalue the better part he has assigned thee; not to fall short of the superior degree of holiness and happiness, to which his mercy invites thee.

To this end it is necessary, not only to receive the foundation of faith, but having received, to abide and to be built up there-

on ; to follow the apostle's advice, continually examining and proving ourselves, whether we be really in the faith.

The manner of this proof, the Scriptures tell us is twofold, "Christ is in you," says the apostle, "except ye be reprobate;" and our Lord himself declares, "By their fruits shall ye know them." "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

It therefore appears, my dear sisters, that if we would preserve the grace vouchsafed to us at our religious vocation ; if we would, "when the bridegroom cometh," be found amongst those wise virgins, who not merely once lighted the lamps of profession, but were careful by a constant supply of the oil of grace, to maintain the flame ; we should studiously examine our internal heart as to the ground of its hope, the bent of its desires, and the constancy of its communion, with the only source of all grace ; and we should equally see that we "receive not the grace of God in vain," by diligent examination of our external walk and conversation.

At the last awful and irrevocable day, the great Father of Spirits will equally condemn those, who taught in His name, and who did many wonderful works, but whose heart did not abide in Him by a fervent and living faith ; and those who professing that fervent faith, yet neglected to manifest its reality, by corresponding good works.

This little treatise was written, to assist you, my dear sisters, in making this examination.

At first, it was intended only to exhibit as a pattern, the outward walk of a PERFECT RELIGIOUS ; but on consideration, it seemed advisable under each head, to oppose to it the character of an IMPERFECT one ; that the difference between them might more plainly appear.

By the term RELIGIOUS, as applied to both these characters, it is meant to denote two characters who have each made a religious profession. Two persons who have each, in their measure, been made partakers of divine grace ; and who have each desired to renounce the world and its vanities, and to journey to that city, which alone hath foundations. Both are supposed

to have been made sensible of the corruption of their own heart ; both, by a living faith, to have not only felt their need of a divine Saviour, but to have received that Saviour as the only atoning sacrifice ; and both are supposed, having received his peace into their hearts, to have acknowledged his Spirit as the guide of their future course. In addition to which it is also supposed, that each, under these impressions of grace, has voluntarily and with real sincerity of intention, withdrawn from the world ; with an unfeigned desire of dedicating herself more unreservedly to Christ, and walking in the narrow path of a strict religious rule, to which she has devoted her life.

Both these characters being partakers of Christian grace within ; and both having by an open profession renounced the world without ; they are both in this little manual designated by the term **RELIGIOUS**. But the first set of examples represent a person who having a single eye, "walks wisely in the perfect way ;" whereas the second exhibits one, whose eye is not equally single, and who therefore, though in the main desiring to look the same way, is yet practically, if not halting between two opinions, yet, in a great measure, trying to serve two masters.

Both are supposed to be sincere ; but the one is supposed to be altogether, and the other only partially devoted to God.

Perhaps however it may be necessary here to explain, that by the term **PERFECT religious**, is not to be understood an absolute perfection, which would be vainly sought on earth ; but according to the Hebrew sense of the word, a *religious* of a perfect or undivided will ; whose desire it is to follow God altogether, and without reserve, without lowering the Christian standard. By the **IMPERFECT RELIGIOUS** is understood a person of a sincere, but of a divided will ; a person who truly wishes in a low measure to follow Christ ; one who would feel horror at the bare idea of turning her back upon Zion ; but one who is yet occupied, not solely by her journey's end, but whose eye is diverted by many of the curiosities occurring in the intervening road ; hence she sometimes stands still, always allows herself to loiter, and mostly distracts her mind by amusing herself with all the passing objects

she meets: being quite content, provided she be not manifestly out of the road, to follow at a very unequal pace, and at a very great distance.

Both are fields, whose preparation has been of God; and who have therefore not only received the good seed of the kingdom, but retained it. But the one, by dint of daily weeding, and dressing, and watering with the dews of heaven, brings forth fruit an hundred fold. In the other, whilst men slept, an enemy hath sown the field with tares; and though both have grown together, yet if it exhibits some wheat fit for the garner, it also teems with many a rough bramble and flaunting wild flower, fit only for the burning.

This little manual is not then addressed to those persons, who are so unhappy as to have cast off all fear of God; who have deliberately, and of set purpose, trampled upon the blood of the covenant; and determinately quenched the Holy Spirit. These pages only address those who have true, but weak faith; and who, not stirring up the gift that is in them, are in danger of losing it. They address those who have indeed been truly grafted in the vine, but who not being careful assiduously to produce all the good fruits they might, are in danger of being cut off from it, as withered branches. It is intended not as an alarm to the ungodly, but as a warning to the negligent. To admonish against that state of relaxation into which Christians insensibly slide; who, without perceiving it, decline from vital to formal religion; who lose spirituality of mind and heart, whilst the understanding still retains the same opinions; and whilst the external profession nominally, and perhaps ostensibly remains the same.

The character, indeed, here denominated the *perfect* religious, may, through the latent deceitfulness and corruption of the human heart, and the frailty and instability of nature, often fall into errors; but then she does not deliberately allow of them; and being surprized into them, she quickly turns from them to her Lord and Saviour, for pardon, and cleansing, in deep humiliation, and self-abhorrence; well knowing that he alone is a Saviour

and that there is none other ; and that of her own self she can do nothing.

The *imperfect* religious on the contrary often both *gladly hears* the word of truth, and even *does* many things. Nay where no temptations arise to allure her affections and distract her heart, she is even susceptible at times of warm devotional feelings, and of exerting herself in many cases in the service of God with zeal and fervor. But her heart not being solely devoted to God, and having many subordinate objects beside Him for her principal end, she continually allows herself in a divided heart. She permits the Canaanites of the land to establish their habitations in her borders ; and though she would curb their absolute dominion, she yet compromises, by paying them a heavy tribute : she of set purpose allows herself in a multitude of pursuits, which carry within them the principle of a departure from God. She does not resolutely close her gates ; and hence the first temptation which presents itself, finds liberty to enter : and opportunity is no sooner afforded, she falls by inordinate affections to lawful things.

Nor can she ever be delivered from the dominion of sin, till she feels as well as says that "one thing alone is needful ;" till she in *truth* renounces as *ends*, lawful things, as completely as unlawful things ; and until she in reality abandons all as an object of independent attachment, to become in truth the disciple of Christ ; and unreservedly to consecrate her body, soul, and spirit to him, as a continual and living sacrifice.

It is the object of these pages, not to dwell so much on the external measure of each particular duty, which the perfect religious is called upon to practise ; as upon the internal dispositions of heart and soul, by which that measure should be determined. The perfect religious is not merely called to this, or to that particular duty, but to that disposition of heart, by which she may be ever ready for *all* to which it may please her heavenly Father to call her.

The perfect religious does not confine her view to the one great act of visible renunciation of the world, its interests, its

dissipations, and its cares ; but the solemn vow which she has pronounced with her lips as to the world *without*, she considers as a sacred pledge of the sincerity with which her heart binds itself to a continual renunciation of the far more dangerous world *within*.

As on her first conversion, her lips said, " Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ? " " Speak Lord, thine handmaid heareth." So this impression is not a transient emotion, but an abiding sentiment. A seed deeply rooted and grounded in her heart, whose fibres strike deeper every day ; intertwining themselves with every thought and feeling, and penetrating her inmost soul ; till shooting and growing up also, its ramifications extend themselves through her whole life ; like a tree planted by the still waters, whose leaf is ever green, and which continually produces a rich variety of fruits each in due season. The perfect religious counts the cost, before she begins to build. She well knows, that the true and entire dedication of heart, which flows from an entire and undoubting faith, can be alone the root and foundation whence good works can spring up ; according to the declaration of our Lord, that the tree is known by its fruit ; and that the tree must be made good before the fruit can possibly become so.

It must not be imagined that it is too severe a requisition, to demand this unwavering integrity of faith and of intention.

As Christianity can give no more ; so will it accept no less.

St. Paul describes the very foundation of all real religion, to consist in an undoubting faith, first, " that God is," and secondly, " that he is," in truth, " a rewarder of them that diligently seek him " Now as is the strength or weakness, the natural or spiritual conviction of this truth ; so will be the vigor or feebleness, the superficiality or the depth of intention and purpose, by which the soul desires his favor ; seeks the light of his countenance ; hearkens to his voice ; and dedicates herself to the service of " that King eternal, immortal, and invisible," in whose hand is the breath of every creature ; who is the father of all spirits ; with whom is the preparation of every heart ; and who is the unspeakable, unsearchable, unfailing, and eternal reward of



all who walk before him in Abraham's faith, and Abraham's love.

NO. II. ESTEEM FOR GOD.

PERFECT RELIGIOUS.

The devise of the perfect religious, is that of St. Paul, "and I am Christ's." His by creation, His by redemption, His by adoption; and His too by a deliberate choice, and voluntary self-dedication of mind, of heart, of soul, and of spirit.

To Him therefore she is sensible she owes a full and unqualified obedience. To His will she looks as her law; to His voice she listens as to her guide; and to His favor and salvation she alone trusts as her shield; and desires, as her exceeding great reward. Him she regards with a profound reverence due to the sovereign Creator; Him she adores as the object of her supreme love, who first loved her, and gave himself for her; to His stripes she looks for healing; on His all-sufficient sacrifice she depends for mercy and a perpetual atonement as her great Redeemer; and on the teachings of His spirit does she wait continually in the secret of her heart, as the eyes of an handmaid on her mistress for guidance. She knows the voice of the good shepherd as a convincer of sin, a reprover, and a comforter. He first taught her heart to call Jesus Lord; to his small voice of truth and holiness she attentively listens as her progressive into all truth. Thus she may be said to carry about with her, an experimental sense of the verity of the Triune Jehovah. God is continually before the eyes of her heart. The Christian God, He who reveals himself not only as the Almighty Creator and universal Father, but as the man of sorrow, and the Prince of Peace; and as the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world;" that great light, which whoever followeth, shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life; and which whosoever looks at with a single eye, his whole body shall be full of light.

She who has thus set God before her eyes, will of a truth,

prefer him before all things. All creatures will become to her, as though they were not, as to any final and independent place in her affections. So that she may truly address the Lord in the language of the inspired Psalmist, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."

When God first vouchsafed to speak to her heart by his grace, it answered through the same grace, "Here I am Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Speak Lord, thine handmaid heareth." Assuredly believing that she had henceforth no other business on earth, but to listen to his word and execute his will. That holy will which he reveals to his children, not necessarily by miraculous interpositions, but by the testimony of his written word; the internal voice of his living word; and the ordering of his providence, in the circumstances in which he has placed her.

And because these are the triple voice by which it has pleased the universal Father to make known his will to his frail creature man, she assiduously applies herself to study and understand the first, to listen with fidelity to the second, and faithfully and cheerfully to conform herself to them all.

Having, in obedience to the will of God, chosen the religious society and family in the good Shepherd's vast fold, in which she apprehends she is called to abide, she thenceforth considers its rules as the manifestation of God's will concerning her, in the little details of life. Having embraced her order, and the peculiar post and office she there fills, through obedience to divine requirements; so having done this, she looks upon all the regulations and duties attached to them, though ever so apparently minute, with respect, as appointed for her by God himself, and she therefore endeavours cordially to submit herself to them all, fulfilling the most minute with fidelity to Him; and aiming rather at assiduously scrupulous fidelity in the common path she finds established, than at hastily chalking out an extraordinary one, from the fervour of nature and imagination.

True religion and true humility are known rather by very uncommon faithfulness in executing common duties, than by choosing an eccentric way, and ill maintaining it.

Poverty of spirit is much more evinced by a cordial conviction that we are only equal to the common path, in which it has pleased infinite wisdom and love to place us, than in that inflated and false notion of our own strength, which deludes us to adopt a course far beyond our real calling.

The perfect religious having chosen her part in a reverent fear of God, and after waiting upon him to teach her where he would have her to be, does not willingly cavil at petty human imperfections, either in the religious service of the society which she has entered, or in the duties of her post, the requisitions of her superiors, the conduct of her associates, or the regulations of her order. Having consulted the divine counsellor in the choice of her habitation, she considers the advantages and disadvantages, the good and evils, the temptations and the helps arising out of them, as the particular appointment of Providence respecting her. Hence she faithfully submits herself to the yoke, and cheerfully takes up the cross, even in the least things; applying herself to use them with fidelity, and to wait upon God to renew her strength, and to supply her with that grace, which enables her to profit, not only by the helps, but by the temptations, hinderances, and difficulties, by which in his appointment he has seen it meet her faith should be tried. On this account it is, that although she prefers waiting immediately upon God, to any other thing in the world; and although there is no pleasure she would not immediately sacrifice to spend the time in his holy sanctuary; yet she does not repine, when illness, or other duties allow but of a short period to spend in prayer, or permit her, for a time, less frequently to attend the divine service. She is thoroughly convinced, that the Lord to whom she has fully committed herself, is indeed a faithful Creator; and hence she feels fully satisfied, that his wisdom best knows when to appoint her times, whether to speak to him or to work for him; whether to go forth from his presence amongst men, or to return to his immediate presence, and wait in the silence of all flesh for his holy teaching.

## SECT. II. IMPERFECT RELIGIOUS.

The grand source of all the errors of the imperfect religious, is a divided heart.

She does not indeed willingly indulge in sinful desires; but she allows herself lawful desires as objects of attachment. Hence whilst she faintly wishes for God, she ardently follows after other goods beside him: and whilst she would deprecate incurring his heavy displeasure, she has very many other dreads, beside displeasing him. She in word, and in superficial feeling, acknowledges God, as the sole author of every good and perfect gift: but she suffers her natural affections to become so absorbed in the gifts, as often to draw them wholly aside from the giver.

Thus her affection for divine things is like a delicate plant, close to which many weeds and wild flowers have taken root; they do not perhaps appear by any means of a poisonous nature; yet they gradually, but effectually draw away the moisture; rendering it weakly and languishing, and as they gain strength they often overtop and smother it.

The imperfect religious would not indeed willingly run immediately counter to the letter of the divine commandments; and rush into known sin, as the horse to the battle. But then she cannot say in the sincerity of her heart, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth." On the contrary, she dreads entering too closely into an examination of her own heart, or waiting to listen too attentively to the still small voice of the divine witness; lest her conscience should become disturbed; and lest hearing it too distinctly, she should feel compelled to give up some portion of her creaturely attachment to objects which she wishes to flatter herself are lawful; and be obliged to increase in zeal and diligence where she is remiss, or take up some cross to which she is indisposed.

Thus the variety of objects of complacency in which she indulges herself as ends, become the fruitful means of really distracting and dissipating her heart from God, her final good. Oftentimes indeed, she attends with real fervor and pleasure the preaching of the word, reading the Scriptures, or the holy

sacraments ; but then, it is not from the fulness of one permanently abiding sentiment, and established affection of the heart. The love of God only takes its turn amongst her other loves. The omnipotent, and holy, and ever blessed Creator, is placed on the same rank, with the frail creatures, the works of his hand, which alternately occupy her. Thus, whilst she wishes, with a vague and general intention, on the whole to serve God, she is in fact so often dissipated, by what are truly in themselves lawful objects, that she really lives half her time a practical atheist, without God in the world. She may be compared to a person whose habitual existence is passed in a deep lethargy ; with a few occasional gaspings, to inhale the breath of heaven ; a few momentary awakenings, to light and life.

The imperfect religious accustoms herself to consider some things as lawful, and others as unlawful : but she forgets, that all becomes unlawful which is not done to God ; and that, as whether we eat, or whether we drink, all is to be done to the glory of God, so the most necessary actions, and the most urgent duties, if we forget him, only become a means of dissipating the heart, without affording the risk of awaking the conscience.

Hence though she may be said frequently to visit God, she can never be said abidingly to dwell with him.

She indeed follows the routine and established rules of the religious society to which she belongs. With them she attends divine worship, and sacred ordinances ; with them she adopts unworldly language, and in common with them too, she assumes a religious dress. But she forgets, that the common rules of a religious society are established for persons called to walk not in a common or low spiritual path. To enter that society, she made profession of a highly spiritual vocation, and when her negligence has snuffed that holy spirit of faith, by which she made profession, to be in measure quenched ; whilst she vainly imagines she does well, in conforming to the letter of her rule she is in reality lying to the Holy Spirit. The plainness of speech of her order is a sacred pledge given by every individual adopting it, of that truth in the inward parts which should dwell within ; and of the Christian simplicity of intention, Godly

sincerity and guilelessness, which should characterize their intercourse with men. Her religious dress, though a silent, is yet a daily outward act of profession; that she aspires after a complete internal as well as external renunciation of the world, and the things of the world. Her attendance seven times a day on the service of the Lord, is a declaration, that it is truly and unfeignedly the desire of her heart, to wait upon him in spirit, and in truth, in the secret of her soul. Her part in assemblies for the business of her order, are in the eyes of God and man a public profession, that it is her wish to conduct all her own external concerns, as in the presence of the Lord, under his immediate guidance, and by the pure and holy light of his spirit. Her constant attendance upon the holy sacrament is a solemn declaration, that her heart is deeply penetrated by his dying love; that she is, through the convictions of his spirit, thoroughly penitent for her sins; and that with unfeigned compunction and contrition of heart, she purposes, by a closer communion with Christ, and more attentive listening to his divine teaching, to lead a new life, more purified within, and more abundant in good fruits without; nor is that holy communion less a profession that she is in true charity with all men, that she entertains a sisterly union with all for whom that sacred blood was shed, and that holy water of cleansing and regeneration poured forth; and that she earnestly desires that Christian charity, which unfeignedly bears both the souls and the temporal concerns of our neighbour in truth, and by the lively affection within the heart.

Thus, whilst the imperfect religious vainly flatters herself she is in safety, because she does not openly abandon her rule, she is inwardly an abomination to God, for drawing near to him with her lips, and by an outward profession, whilst it gives her no concern that her heart is really far removed from him.

She indeed observes and copies the usages established amongst the excellent in her society; and she vainly flatters herself, because her dress, her address, her attendance on worship, and on chapters of business, exhibits a *form* in common with theirs, that she is like them. Forgetting that God looks upon the heart;

and that whilst she is anxious to preserve the religious forms of her order, she ought to bestow a doubly strict scrutiny on the yet far more important inquiry, whether she lives in the enjoyment and exercise of that grace, which in her own individual case renders those acts of outward profession a true and genuine type of her interior.

### NO. III.--SUBMISSION TO GOD.

#### PERFECT RELIGIOUS.

The perfect religious truly loves God. Her adherence of heart is really to him.

This being the case, her pleasure, even in religious exercises, is a fruit of her love to him, and is therefore really kept in subordination to his will.

She desires that the love of God may really be the spring of all her actions. She therefore loves her religious exercises for God. Hence her love for them is not a superstitious love. She knows that where two or three are met together, Christ will not be in the midst of them, if they are met in their own name, instead of in his. Ordinances can never be blessed, unless God blesses them. In his favor is life, in the light of his countenance alone we can see light, and at his right hand only are rivers of joy and pleasures for evermore: nor will our heavenly Father ever bless religious ordinances to us, when we go in our own wills to the neglect of other duties, to which his holy will has manifestly called us.

The perfect religious is therefore disposed by a real principle of humility and submission to suffer the deprivations of religious ordinances, when God, by illness, or any other manifest duty, or accident interdicts her from enjoying them, knowing that obedience is better than sacrifice, and that his wisdom will provide her path better than her short-sightedness. She knows that his holy and loving presence fills heaven and earth, and that the abundant riches of his goodness replenish the wants of

every living soul, and that therefore she never can be sent empty away whilst she abides in him, and him alone, who is her fulness. Nor can she ever be separated from him whilst her soul truly waits upon him, and whilst she in truth listens to his voice and obeys his requiremgs as implicitly and submissively in that which she refrains from doing, as in that which she does.

A heart-felt submission to a privation so severe is often a more unequivocal mark that the soul seeks after God in spirit and in truth, than the most ardently zealous practice of every external exercise of piety. Nay, she will even profit by the state of interior desolation, darkness, and heaviness, in which it pleases infinite wisdom sometimes to leave her. The prophet Isaiah has said, "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." St. Peter too describes those who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, as being frequently, for a season, in heaviness through manifold temptations for the trial of their faith. Hence, the perfect religious, instead of being utterly dismayed at such times, looks upon them as seasons vouchsafed by the Lord for self-examination. That she may try her own heart to its very ground, and see whether or not she follows him from spiritual selfishness; whether it be God, or the consolations of God, she follows. Whether she loves Him, or only loves the spiritual blessings he has bestowed upon her; whether the main object of her pursuit has been the benedictions of God, or the great God himself of all benedictions.

It is neither temporal pleasure, nor even spiritual pleasure, which ought to be the final object of our attachment, but God himself. For so long as it is merely enjoyment which we seek, whether temporal or spiritual, though the latter be of a far more elevated nature than the former, it is still ourselves, and not God, that we seek. It is the creature, and not the Creator, since whilst we seem to desire Him, we only seek Him as a means whereby to enjoy ourselves, thus placing ourselves above him.

The proof that our final attachment is to God, and not to th:



sweetness we find in spiritual exercises, appears by our practising them with the same fidelity, and the same adhesion of will, when deprived of all sensible comfort, as when they are accompanied by the most lively spiritual enjoyment. The perfect religious is really rooted and grounded, not in frames and feelings, but in the faith once delivered to the saints. When therefore she walks in darkness and has no light, she truly trusts in the name of the Lord, and his word, like a lamp in that darkness, shows her step by step whither her feet should tread. And this conviction of faith is so solidly grounded upon the Rock of Ages, that she can truly say with the afflicted prophet Job, "though he should slay me yet will I trust in him."

It is not indeed that she does not most ardently desire the light of the Lord's countenance. Her soul waiteth for the Lord more than they which watch for the morning, but then her soul doth patiently wait, on his word does she hope, and his name and his sure word of promise so establish her heart, that she is enabled to trust without wavering upon his effectual assistance, even though deprived of the consolations of his sensible presence.

Hence, if the Lord should not see it meet immediately to answer her ardent desires, the solidity of faith and reality of grace preserve her heart fixed and grounded in peace, though stripped of sensible consolation, and though her affliction may be very grievous to her. Nay, as all things shall work together for the good of those who truly love God, so this state of darkness and deprivation will, under the divine blessing, dispose her with renewed humility to receive the cordial of divine consolation, having experienced of a truth that they are gifts wholly gratuitous on the part of God, that without him she can do nothing, and that unless the Sun of Righteousness arise upon her with healing in his beams, she is only like a desert land which can of itself produce nothing without being daily watered by the dew from heaven, and renovated by the sun, the source of life and light.

The perfect religious desires to wait continually upon God, deeply sensible that in her dwelleth no good thing, and that every good and perfect gift must come down from above, but then she

waits upon him, not so much that he may replenish her with that theoretic knowledge of divine truths which may enable her to discuss them, as that he may impart to her the detailed knowledge step by step of the particular path in which he would have her to walk. She knows that those who are in the spirit should be careful to maintain a daily walk in the spirit. She therefore waits, and even on sacred subjects she carefully endeavours to restrain all merely natural curiosity: she truly feels herself mortally diseased, she desires above all to be healed; she knows herself to be sinful, she desires to be cleansed; she is then careful that her desire for instruction be always with a view to real obedience. She knows that as the name of God may be taken in vain by word of mouth, so may that holy name be taken in vain by unsuitable thoughts and imaginations in the heart; and His commandment may thus be transgressed in the secret of the soul, even whilst the lips are sealed. And she is deeply convinced that all thoughts and imaginations of God come under that denomination, which are fostered as an entertainment to a speculative or busy and irreverent curiosity, instead of prostrating the soul before him in humble adoration, or yielding the homage of implicit obedience. If the perfect religious seeks the knowledge of God above all things, she may be said, in one sense, to fear it above all things; knowing that for every degree of the knowledge of God she receives in the day of grace, he will demand a corresponding fruit in the day of judgment. She therefore continually examines with a holy jealousy what is the disposition of heart she brings to spiritual reading. She takes heed not only that she hears, and what she hears, but she especially likewise takes heed *how* she hears.

She waits upon him at every step that he may not only enlighten her darkness, but renew her fervor and sustain her strength. She sits in silence at his feet, not only to learn the knowledge of his truth, but that he may vouchsafe to inspire her heart with the unfeigned love of it.

She is assiduous in her attachment to spiritual reading, especially to that of the holy Scriptures, as the book published

by God himself, and whose contents, like that of the Author, consists of truth without any mixture of error. She also diligently assists at every means of instruction in divine things, and she desires to attend them with all the attention of which she is capable, and in a spirit of prayer. Nevertheless she attends without superstitiously attaching herself to them. She well knows that unless the great Author himself explain his book to the heart, even the written word of truth will not avail; unless the Lamb himself break the seal, the book cannot be opened unto her; unless the root and offspring of David, he who has the key of David, unlock her heart, the most holy truth will find no entrance. Hence those outward practices of devotion, in which she is most assiduous, she does not rely upon, but rather passes through them to rest in the secret of her soul on Him alone who is the true Prophet, Priest and King of her church, knowing that those alone are blessed who hearing His sayings abidingly keep them.

She fears lest she should delude herself by mistaking the occupation of the mind about religion, for the submission of the heart to religion. She knows that if a curse attends the avaricious heaping up of temporal riches without using them, a still heavier curse attends laying up in a napkin the talent of spiritual wealth. She therefore seeks spiritually as well as temporally not so much to build barns and storehouses, to heap up the abundance of her goods, as to look up to her heavenly Father for that daily bread which may, day by day, renew her own soul in life, and supply the necessities of those whom His Providence from day to day sends to her.

All that she desires is to have an experimental knowledge of Jesus Christ, and of him crucified; known not by theory, but by experience; for it is only by the teaching of the Spirit men call him Lord, and it is only with the heart man can believe unto righteousness. Hence she rather fears than desires that knowledge of divine truths which tends rather to furnish the understanding, than to regulate the heart. Knowledge, says the apostle, *puffeth up*, but charity *buildeth up*.

Moreover whether the Lord gladdens the heart by lifting upon her the light of his countenance, or whether she is in sadness and heaviness from his withdrawing it, in either case the foundation of her faith is the same, and she submits alike to the divine dispensation with true resignation of heart.

IMPERFECT RELIGIOUS.

Although the imperfect religious is far from possessing a permanent sense of the value either of spiritual instruction or of religious opportunities, and hence not unfrequently attends them with disgust, and oftener still with negligent indifference, yet it also frequently happens that she assists at them with fervor because she has experienced spiritual sweetness and comfort in attending them.

At such seasons she suffers her heart to attach itself to them as an end. She becomes discontented when other duties deprive her of continual attendance upon them, and she places her sole desire upon this sensible comfort, instead of upon submission to the will of God, who bestows satisfaction and joy, or withdraws them, in whatever manner, and at whatever seasons, he sees best.

If in addition to any hinderance in attending divine ordinances, God also withdraws his sensible comforts from his soul, she then becomes altogether perplexed, and no longer knows where to betake herself, or whither to look to.

The very ground of her hope seems to fail her, and God becomes, as it were, inaccessible to her, because she was accustomed to seek him through the medium of frames and feelings, which continually fluctuate; instead of the firm ground of faith, which is immutable. Hence she falls into great weakness and discouragement, if not into despair, as though she had lost every thing, although in reality God remains to her as entirely as before, nay he may be said to remain to her in a more perfect and holy manner, since it is without any foreign mixture of her

own self-complacency, if she were but sufficiently spiritually minded to discern and to appreciate it.

When in this state of desolation, no longer finding any pleasure in spiritual things, she only drags herself unwillingly to all her religious observances, as though to pay an unwilling debt, and as though they became useless as soon as they no longer contributed to her pleasure. Yet in fact they are perhaps then most useful, because most humbling. And it is perhaps in especial mercy that he has withdrawn the sunshine of his countenance, for the very purpose of discovering to her conscience the subtle self-love and self-complacency which were mingled with her dedication to him. The very lesson which his love sets before her, is to teach her to prove the inmost ground and intention of her heart, by discovering to her that she had hitherto been, step by step, following God for her own pleasure, not from unmingled adoration of his holiness, or unfeigned obedience to his will, abstracted from spiritually selfish ends; God, therefore, in very faithfulness, is willing to deliver her from this delusion, by discovering to her the ground of her heart, and teaching her to follow him from dedication to him only.

The imperfect religious earnestly desires that the Lord may soon restore to her the light of his countenance, but she does not, in the mean time, examine her own heart and pray to him and wait before him, until he be pleased to discover unto her wherefore he has withdrawn it. She does not take to heart his chastisement and earnestly desire that the dew of his spirit should so fructify it, as to cause it to bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. She only views it as so much lost time, and thus, unconsciously to herself, despises the chastening of the Lord. Hence, not regarding it as his message to her soul, far from seeking to listen to it with reverence, and humble herself to his mighty hand, she only struggles impatiently to free herself from this disagreeable state, and to induce another less humiliating. This she vainly imagines she can effect by her own industry, not recollecting that the Spirit of God alone can be the true

comforter. Nor will he ever become the comforter of that soul which is unwilling fully to submit to his holy and purifying visitings, as the conqueror of sin.

She is not aware that it is impossible to find peace, but in that in which God has placed it. It is neither inherent in ordinances, in reading, in prayer, nor in meditation; but in unfeigned and unreserved submission of heart and soul to the conduct of God over us, so that we may, from the very ground of the mind, adopt the language that, "whether we live or whether we die we are the Lord's."

Christ, the all-sufficient Saviour, is no less faithful as to what he does in, than what he does for his people. No sooner has his disciple received his free justification, than his Spirit in equal faithfulness carries on the work of sanctification. He therefore in mercy bestows those successive discoveries and corrections of sin which can never be removed but by either quenching the light of his Spirit by an awful apostacy, or by opening the eyes of our heart to the blessed influx of his heavenly light, and purifying our heart by an operative faith on Him who is equally styled our wisdom, our redemption, and our sanctification.

The imperfect religious has not considered this, she is therefore truly distressed at her desolate state, much because she has made shipwreck of the faith, more perhaps at the loss of that self-complacency with which she previously flattered herself, and received the flattery of others on her spiritual attainments. She therefore makes all sorts of efforts to remedy the barrenness and dryness of her soul. But her endeavours are made in her own will. Her expectation is from her own efforts. As though the will of man could effect the work of the Spirit of God.

Hence she ransacks all the good books she can by any means obtain to fill her mind with store of good thoughts, but their abundance does not profit her, because, whilst she busies herself with industry to hoard them, she forgets to seek the benediction of God—the dew from above which can alone cause them to fructify. Hence she reads spiritual works abundantly, but she scarcely ever waits on the Lord to listen to his voice in the

secret of her soul. She forgets that it is not those who labour in the form of external observances, but those who in spirit and in truth wait on the Lord, who renew their strength: they it is who shall mount with wings like the eagle, who shall run and not be weary, and who shall walk and not faint. She forgets that the end of all religious truth is its application by the good physician to the soul.

She therefore seeks out and reads with avidity all books of devotion, and collects the greatest variety and number. She also diligently seeks after all who are eminent, or at least celebrated for piety, and takes every means of living in their company and enjoying their conversation. She vainly imagines that when she shall have stored her mind with a clear understanding, and have filled her memory with a capacious treasure of the truths of Scripture, that she shall be truly religious. But, alas! she only experiences, according to the declaration of Scripture, that the increase of knowledge is often only the increase of sorrow. Being ignorant of this, she rather attaches herself to the knowledge, than to the obedience of the truth. Thus the very instruction which proves a blessing to others, becomes a real source of hinderance and of self-delusion to her. She has the misfortune rather to seek to know the truths of God because they are sublime, than to apply them because they are beneficial.

Hence she introduces into her soul the vice of curiosity, instead of inuring it to the virtue of obedience. She resembles a man who though starving should rather inquire curiously into the various recipe by which the viands placed before him were composed, instead of sitting down to renew his strength by actually partaking of them. Thus surrounded by plenty, her soul starves.

Whereas the perfect religious only wishes to know Jesus Christ, and him crucified; this unhappy nun wishes rather to be acquainted with all things else. Thus having never dug deep, and become fully established on the right foundation she is always learning many truths, yet is never able to come to the experimental knowledge of the one fundamental truth.

After a time the state of the imperfect religious becomes yet worse. Finding her own efforts vain, she is tempted to give up all in despair. Not being brought to wait in humble silence before God that she may renew her strength, and not being able to bear her desolate state, she seeks comfort from creatures, to divert the sense of her sorrows; and thus her heart by degrees becomes dissipated and alienated from God.

When the imperfect religious sinks into this negligent state, she gives herself no trouble as to religious instruction, but vegetates on from day to day without ever thinking of stirring up the gift that may be in her. Thus she settles down in a formal heedless round of attendance at daily worship, reading, and the dress and language prescribed by the custom of her order, whilst all is desolate and barren within.

It may be truly said of this poor nun in the language of the prophet, "the land is desolate for want of knowledge," since in truth there is nothing so poor or so barren as the human soul, when destitute of the experimental knowledge of God.

#### NO. IV.—ZEAL FOR THE HONOR OF GOD.

##### PERFECT RELIGIOUS.

The true happiness of the perfect religious consists in the honor of God. Her most pungent sorrow arises from the experience how little his divine plenitude of perfections and holiness affect his sinful and insensible creature man.

As she loves God above all, so his interests are in her estimation, above all other interests. The humiliations, injuries, or contumely, therefore, which she herself receives, inflict upon her no permanent sorrow. All the good she is favored to dispense, she rejoices should be attributed, not to her own natural disposition, or talents, but as the work and gift of his grace only, and that her fellow creatures should recognize it simply as a fresh proof of the great power and mercy of God. She bears



continually in her heart the words of John the Baptist, "He must increase but I must decrease."

As mankind mostly live in awful forgetfulness of God, and all his mercies are commonly repaid with insensibility and ingratitude; so the sins of the children of men pierce her heart with deep and genuine sorrow. She may truly say with David, "My zeal hath consumed me because mine enemies have forgotten thy words." She afflicts her soul then and refuses to be comforted, she mourns not only over the sins of the church, but over her own sins, and over the instability and frequent infidelities of her own heart, which should attach itself by a permanent adhesion to God its centre.

She knows she is called by his grace to fulfil the words of the prophet, "Seek the Lord and his strength, seek his face evermore." Comparing herself with this holy standard, she is deeply humbled at her own falling short, weighed in the pure and holy balance of the sanctuary she feels herself to be utterly wanting, and she therefore prostrates herself in deep and unfeigned self-abasement and self-aborrence in the dust of humiliation at his feet. But because the same God who imparts to her the sense of her own nothingness and vileness, also vouchsafes to manifest his redeeming love to her soul, and the sufferings by which he hath blotted out her sins and pardoned her iniquities, so, though she remains deeply contrite, she is yet not utterly confounded. Nay she esteems this very humiliation a blessing, since God only imparts the grace of living faith to those who have applied with fidelity, that of genuine repentance.

#### IMPERFECT RELIGIOUS.

The imperfect religious has very little zeal or even concern for the honor of God.

She imagines herself however to be zealous, because she often pursues religious occupations with great seeming fervor, and if she be a person of talent, both her imagination and understand-

ing are often well stored with noble and affecting sentiments, and with just, and frequently with brilliant thoughts on religious subjects.

In reality however this religious seeks her own honor, and not that of God. In proof of which, when others fall short or remain in a state of lukewarmness, she rather feels a secret pleasure in comparing her own state with theirs, as though their deadness constituted a title, or at least corroborated her own title to acceptance, instead of feeling really grieved to the very soul at seeing the holy and ever blessed God thus ignominiously dishonored by his wretched creatures.

She would indeed feel the greatest self-abhorrence did she even suspect herself to be in a state of insensibility towards God. Hence she assumes an appearance of zeal and fervor, which not only deceives others but deludes herself. For she is continually busied about good things, yet all her occupations, however useful

be to others, profit her own soul nothing, because they are not grounded upon the heart-abasing sense that she can of her ownself do nothing, and that in truth it belongs to God only, either to pardon sin through his precious blood, or to purify the heart through the operation of his Holy Spirit.

All her multitude of devotional practices weaken instead of strengthening her, because they are furnished from the scanty pittance of her own fund, instead of being supported by a continual drawing from the inexhaustible treasure of God.

Little does it avail to read, to think, or to talk much of religious things whilst destitute of that grace by which they are alone applied. In vain does she strive, by heaping up an accumulated multitude of ideas, reflections, and imaginations, to erect, like the children of Babel, a tower by which she may ascend to heaven, whilst she forgets with Elijah to wait until the fire from heaven itself shall descend to kindle the sacrifice.

The imperfect nun would be much surprized were she told that she only renders to God a mere exterior worship. Yet nothing is more true. For it is with the heart man believes unto righteousness. Now the heart and the understanding are essen-

tially different. That which enlightens the one, by no means necessarily vivifies the other. Reason is the lamp of the one, grace the manna of the other. The unfortunate religious, who substitutes the former for the latter, commits the same mistake as a patient who, prostrate on her sick bed and opening her curtains to the noon day sun, should expect that the light to see her way should also impart the strength to walk in it.

The imperfect religious proceeding upon the radical error of looking to herself and not to God, substitutes theological information for religious grace, doctrinal conversation to childlike obedience, and harsh censures of the erring to that deep spiritual experience of her own heart, which, with the sin of others, discovers the force of the temptation, and an ungodly self-complacence in her own superiority to that deep grief at these faults, which should lead her continually to bear them on her heart before God, and to pour out her soul in prayer for their immortal souls.

Indeed the harshness of her censures bear an exact proportion to the slenderness of her faith. She does not enjoy a deep and realizing sense of the holiness and love of God, her heart is not therefore truly affected by the state of alienation and forgetfulness of man. She is not penetrated by an awful sense either of the value of the soul or of eternity, therefore she does not from her very heart pity and yearn over those who are hastening to destruction. Nor does she experimentally know the deep disease of the human soul, she makes therefore no allowance for its weakness.

She falls into the same error respecting herself, and she measures the decency of her own walk against the licence of that of worldly persons, forgetting that the utmost wanderings of the unawakened she ought to view as small in comparison to the least deviation of a disciple, or the most secret sin against light and love in one who has a sense of the mercy of God in Christ, and who is under the teaching of his Holy Spirit. The carelessness of a supine and reckless world, is as nothing compared to the deep ingratitude of allowed deviation in the children of God.

If however by any chance she is unavoidably forced into a re-

luctant comparison of her own course with that of the perfect religious, she prudently stops at the comparison of their external walk, and shutting her eyes to the wide difference of the internal principle, she remains wholly insensible of her state; considering her deficiency under each article as trivial, and but so little falling short as to be scarcely worth observation. She sees that her defalcation outwardly is not notorious; she flatters herself that though not as strict as some, her deficiencies neither outwardly exclude her from the society of the religious, nor do they inwardly lead her into immediate profanity, nor do they arise from any manifestly, malignant, profligate, or blasphemous passion. Hence she considers herself safe, never recollecting that the slight defect in her outward actions is yet a certain symptom of the deep declension of the heart within; and that it is by the state and intention of the heart, that God will judge the sons and daughters of men. In spiritual as in temporal sicknesses, the torpor of the palsy is no less dangerous than the raving of the fever which distorts the whole frame: the almost imperceptible spot of the plague token is no less fatal than the wide and gaping wound. And the Lord our God has solemnly declared that he will as assuredly spue out of his mouth the tepid Laodicean who is neither hot nor cold, as he will cast into the fiery lake the liar, the unbelieving, and the idolater.

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**THE HEART.**—The heart comprises within itself a world of wonders; and whilst we admire its admirable structure and properties, we are naturally led to consider the wisdom and power of Him who formed it, and who first gave it its pulsations. May we never, whilst the vital stream flows through our veins, forget His goodness, or repay His love with ingratitude.—*Sturm.*

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## CONSOLATION TO PARENTS UNDER THE LOSS OF INFANTS.

BY MRS. WASHBOURN.

SAFE in the heavenly Shepherd's arms,  
And gather'd to his faithful breast,  
Beyond all dangers and alarms  
The infant spirit is at rest.

Glad to forsake the feeble clay,  
And breathe a pure, immortal air,  
He wing'd his joyful flight away,  
The glory of the blest to share.

With powers enlarged to comprehend  
The wonders of redeeming grace,  
Millions of blessed infants bend,  
And see their Saviour face to face.

O ! could we listen to their praise,  
And their divine enjoyments see,  
We should not weep when Jesus says,  
"Suffer this babe to come to me."

Now, though we see not, we believe ;  
We have a record firm and sure ;  
Let us its heavenly voice receive,  
And trusting patiently endure.

Soon may we meet the happy throng,  
Welcom'd by those who went before ;  
And join their everlasting song,  
To feel the parting stroke no more.

## THE FIRST RESURRECTION.

"Blessed and holy is he who hath part in the first Resurrection."

O tell, thou noting Cherub! tell  
 The number of the happy dead,  
 And where their slumbering ashes dwell,  
 Fast bound in adamantine spell,  
 Till Heaven her marriage supper spread:  
 For soon will end her orderings vast,  
 And soon be heard the thrilling blast  
 Of angel trumpets loud and sweet—  
 Prelusive of that sweeter voice  
 That lifts the people of Jehovah's choice  
 To bliss and honours meet.

Hark! hark! methinks I hear its strains,  
 Transporting, sweep the dusky plains.  
 "Awake and sing! ye sainted, wake!  
 Your harps, your crowns, your kingdoms take,  
 Nor longer dwell in dust!  
 Put on your beautiful array!  
 Outshine and reign in endless day,  
 For ever with THE JUST!"

The sounds a lustrous scene disclose,  
 Beyond what day or midnight shows,  
 When—starting from the deepening gloom—  
 Her myriad stars the dreary heavens illumine,  
 And each with dazzling beauty glows.  
 I see from out the graves' deep shade,  
 The quickening bodies of the sainted spring,  
 In peerless light and grace arrayed,  
 And Resurrection's matin sing.

Each shines ten thousand stars among.  
And decks his own appointed sphere.  
For ever shedding, as he moves along,  
Benignant radiance on the far and near ;  
But on his bright Exemplar and his Lord,  
His new found loveliness enraptured pours,  
And spreads the grace of His redeeming word  
Far as celestial music can be heard,  
And, as he sings, adores.

No more the rose shall fade upon their face,  
No more the lily lose its snowy white :  
Immortal vigour and immortal grace  
Bloom on them all, and ravish every sight.  
Their sky the robe of joyousness assumes,  
And casts its sackcloth and its storms away ;  
Their earth, from sin emancipate, reblooms  
In all the glory of primeval day.

The guardant Cherub of the Immortal Tree,  
Sheathes his dread sword, and greets the risen throng,  
In kindred strains of richest melody,  
And leads th' admiring seraphim among.  
Now, with fraternal gratulations, meet  
"The morning stars," and stars of evening bright,  
Commingle Charities divinely sweet,  
And o'er Salvation's Chalice reunite.

Now--grouped on banks of never fading flowers,  
While glides before them Life's unruffled stream ;  
And odours breathe from amaranthine bowers,  
Each chaunts to others his undying theme.  
Thus Earth to Heaven her griefs and triumphs tells,  
And tells o'erjoying and without a tear ;  
Thus Heaven to Earth her victories reveals,  
Nor would a more attent or fonder ear.

And there—among them—dwells their common Lord,  
 Throned on each heart, and soaring in their praise,  
 Enriching all with Love's divine reward,  
 Enrapturing all with his approving grace.

Hail, blessed period ! when no foe shall keep  
 From themes celestial our oft saddened minds;  
 No sorrows rise ; no willows o'er us weep,  
 Or bear our harps among the moaning winds ;—  
 When joy—triumphant endless joy, shall fill  
 Our breasts expanding like the opening day,  
 As Christ descends to deck the holy hill,  
 And chase Earth's every gloom and foe away ;  
 When from ten thousand thousand harps shall spring  
 Her sweetest pœan gladdening all the air,  
 And shouts of "HAIL ! THOU EVERLASTING KING !"   
 To her imperial throne His way prepare.

Who would begrudge a world, or shun a stake,  
 To obtain a glance of this transporting scene ?  
 His smile to share who would not life forsake,  
 'Turo' Hell's opposing ranks all ardent break,  
 Tho' Hell with tenfold malice intervene ?  
 Ah ! Reader, can thy heart aspire so high ?  
 Thy meditation grasp this mighty bliss ?  
 Then, fare thee well ! and know for thee to die,  
 Will but mature—perpetuate—thy joy,  
 And prove to thee how sweet a day is this.

R.





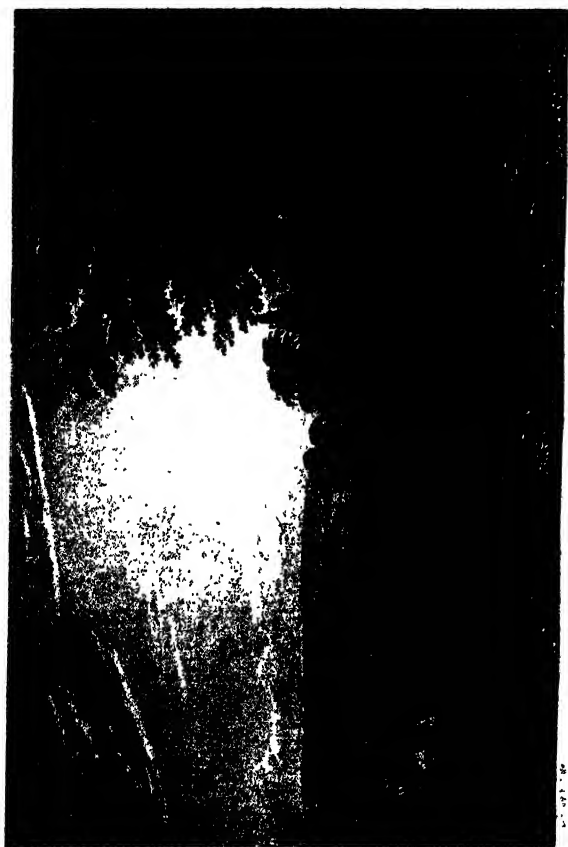
## THE MOURNER OF THE BURIAL-PLACE OF PERE LA CHAISE.

The moment I entered this tranquil and beautiful and sacred spot, the busy hum of the gay city was behind me, the world was as it were "shut out," and a pensive but happy feeling came over me as I wandered through its paths, or strayed every now and then into its recesses,—to read the epitaphs by which the living sought to perpetuate the memory of the dead,—to inhale the odours of the fresh flowers, and to admire the care and taste with which the little mounds were cultivated.

But what particularly engaged my attention, and most delighted me, was the simple, yet elegant manner in which the silent inhabitants of the garden were recorded by their surviving relatives and friends.—I paused beside one tomb of pure white marble: it contained the brief inscription—"O mon Eugenee!"—Nothing more was written there; nor was any thing more necessary to speak the deep sorrow of some bereaved mother for a dear daughter, or some lone husband for a beloved wife. On another was engraven this sentence—"Adèle, si jeune." It was impossible to pass it without reflection.—"So young." Good she might have been, beautiful perhaps—but young she was—and in her youth she was taken. I stood over a comparatively humble slab; it told in few words the story of one who lay beneath, and spoke impressively of—"La beauté qui causa ses fautes et ses regrets." While I reflected on the fate of this hapless creature, and pictured to my mind one whose sorrows and whose sufferings were at an end, a young female passed rather hastily by me. Her garb was almost English, sufficiently so to show me, at a rapid glance, that she was not a native, but a sojourner in the land. She carried on her arm a small basket of flowers, and as she looked towards me, and dropped a courtesy, I guessed by









her melancholy countenance, that she was a mourner going to decorate some recently-made grave.

I was at a distant part of the garden, gazing on the tomb of Labedoyere—when I heard from a cluster of trees to the right a voice singing, lowly and indistinctly, the following lines:—

No tablet marks my father's grave,  
To awake remembrance of the dead ;  
Nor yew, nor cypress, sadly wave  
Their branches o'er his humble bed :  
But there is one whose constant tread  
All round the spot hath left a trace,  
Watching the flowers spring up to shed  
Their fragrance round his dwelling place.

Perchance the spirit lingers near  
The grave in which the body lies ;  
In life he lov'd his daughter dear,  
And now may listen to her sighs.  
Oh ! hear her fervent prayer arise,  
Oh ! guide her through each path of ill,  
Till, leading home beyond the skies,  
Though art her guardian angel still.

I approached the young woman, whose voice I heard so sweetly rising above those of the other, but less pensive, warbler of the garden, and found it was the individual who had passed me a few minutes before, and whose appearance so much pleased and interested me.

We had no difficulty in becoming acquainted with each other for she at once perceived that I was an Englishman ; and my country was in some degree her's, for, as she almost immediately informed me, her father, who lay beneath the mound which still retained the impress of her knees, was a native of that " noble and beloved island."

Under the shadow of some neighbouring trees, we were soon seated; and while her father's grave was in her view, she was led to tell me some circumstances connected with his history. There are times, when the most simple and common-place incidents acquire an importance and create an interest, scarcely credible to those who are unable to enter into the feelings to which they owe their influence, and perhaps their being. The story of this young woman, (although it varied little from those of every day occurrence), made an impression on my mind, which will not be easily erased.

"Her father," she said, "was a native of the West of England, but having been rather early in life involved in difficulties and dangers, with which she herself was to a great degree unacquainted, he had fled to France, and under the assumed name of Pierre Brochard, he had married and settled in the country. She would not trouble me," she observed, "by detailing the various changes of good and evil fortune to which her father had been destined; she would merely inform me, that her mother died soon after her birth, and that he had remained a widower for his daughter's sake. They had lived without separation for a day; they had met the troubles, and shared the enjoyments of life with each other; and they had existed as if they both had but one heart and one wish, until the father was summoned, and the daughter was left.

"It is for him I mourn, sir," said she, "but I trust my sorrow is that of grateful remembrance, and not of vain repining. I hope and believe, that I am resigned to the will of Him who is my father's Father, as well as mine.

"Although it would be idle in me to occupy your attention," she continued, by any account of the *life* of him who lies beneath yonder mound of clay, it may be well to tell you somewhat of his death, for his last moments may teach a lesson to more than one."

I expressed my earnest wish to hear some particulars of that, which I felt assured could have been no common event, and after

she had pointed to a seat somewhat nearer to her father's grave, she stated them to me.

"Sir," said she, "the last time we walked out together, we entered into this peaceful dwelling of the dead, and together we sat down on the very mound that is now his grave. I never shall forget the calm resignation that was in his look, when he said to me—

" 'Rosalie, my child, my only child, how happy are those who know there is a home beyond this house of clay; a home to which death is but the passport.'

"I listened, but neither strove to lessen nor increase the feeling which told him, too truly, he was not long for this world. My heart would not let me do the one, nor my reason the other. I saw that his thoughts were bent on heaven, and I could not permit a hope of earth to come between them and it.

"He went home, and laid on the bed, from which he did not again arise. I shall never forget the morning of his death. The casement of his little chamber was open, and the sun was shining beautifully upon his pillow—an emblem of that Providence, which is 'no respecter of persons,' but which shineth upon the desolate and the solitary, as well as on the happy and the great.

"He called me to his bedside, for I was looking through the little window, and marking the bright clouds, as they were gradually giving way, and becoming less and less.

" 'My daughter,' said he, 'in my earlier days I was thoughtless. I looked to my own strength, and for all my blessings I never gave the Almighty all the return he asks,—a grateful heart. As years advanced, I became scarcely less careful of the things that endure when others are departed—less worthy even than the man who hid his lord's talents. I had many which I employed worthlessly, and never to his glory. Time is passing, and eternity is near. I will not spend the little breath remaining, to tell you how worthlessly I lived—until I became an alien alike from my God and my country. Reflection did not come soon; long, long I rebelled;—blessed be God, it did come



at length ;—and now I have nothing left to do on earth, but to prepare to render my soul into the hands of God, to beseech his blessing on a dear and dutiful daughter, and to show that daughter how a Christian can die.’

“ He pressed my hand gently—there was a smile on his features, and his lips murmured, as if he was endeavouring to breathe another blessing to me, and to express again his confidence in the Almighty. He murmured forth the name of the Redeemer, and without a sigh, or groan, expired.”

When the young female had concluded this account, she rose from her seat,—“ and now, sir,” said she, “ you will please to leave me that I may return to the daily duty from which the sight of an Englishman led me away.” She waved her hand, as she spoke, curtesied, and left me to cherish and increase the feeling to which her words had given birth. I felt that I was an intruder on her solitude, and passed onward towards another part of the garden, meaning to return when I conceived her duty might have been performed, to ask her other questions of her parent and herself.

It is a circumstance which I shall regret as long as I live, that the mazes of the cemetery led me astray, and it was not until nearly two hours afterwards that I again found the exile’s grave. The mould was neatly smoothened all around it; the flowers were blooming sweetly, and some scattered aromatic leaves sent their fragrance towards heaven: but the exile’s daughter was gone. and as I had no clue by which I could trace her out, from among the tens of thousands of the crowded city, my first meeting with her was the last.

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## THE PRIMITIVE AGES.

BY MARMION SAVAGE, A. B.

THE persecutions against the first professors of Christianity form not only the most melancholy, but the most extraordinary, events in the pages of history. It appears, on undoubted testimony, that they were men of the purest morals, and the most blameless lives; that they "submitted themselves quietly to all the ordinances of man, for the Lord's sake," and yielded none of the ordinary pretexts of which tyrants avail themselves to harass and oppress their subjects. The first persecution, indeed, under Nero, had some shadow of excuse assigned for it; but the history of that transaction is well known:—a capricious and sanguinary despot threw upon the simple professors of the gospel the odium of an atrocity he himself had perpetrated. At no subsequent period, however, was any specific charge brought against them; nor any reason assigned for the cruelty with which they were treated, than a general undefinable prejudice which it certainly appears was very generally entertained by their fellow-subjects.

To account for this dislike we must suppose some real or apparent cause, which cannot be found in the conduct of the genuine followers of the cross: their deportment was void of offence, both towards God and man, and could afford no reason for hatred or ill-will; but if we suppose that any body of men assumed their name and character who were not so unexceptionable in their conduct—if we imagine that vast numbers of apparent Christians were persons who cherished the most visionary fancies, and adopted the most impure practices, under the pretence and in the garb of Christianity, we can then be at no loss to conceive that the follies and faults of some might be attributed generally to all, and the church held accountable, in the

estimation of the heathen world, for the crimes and aberrations of its pretended members. ●

That such a body of men did exist is undeniable; but the influence of their opinions and behaviour has not been, perhaps, duly appreciated. The sect called the Gnostics include a large number of professing Christians; and their doctrines were maintained by a succession of false apostles, who spread them so zealously abroad, in different parts of the Gentile world, that, in many places, they are considered as the only professors of the religion of the cross, and their conduct the only rule by which its morality could be estimated.

The Gnostics have left no account of themselves: they are known to have written some books, but the stream of time has brought down none to the present day; their opinions, therefore, would have perished with themselves, many centuries ago, were they not preserved and embodied in the works of contemporary Christian writers. Irenæus has detailed their doctrines; and Epiphanius, who himself had been a Gnostic, relates their rites and practices. Besides these, several other fathers of the church give an account of the lives and doctrines of the sectaries of this class with whom they were personally acquainted: what we know of them, therefore, reposes on the undoubted evidence of venerable men, who were not likely to have been mistaken themselves, and had no conceivable motive to misinform others.

Some modern sceptics, it is true, who bear these holy men no good will, seek every occasion to throw discredit upon their testimony; accordingly, they represent the Gnostics, not as they are depicted by those who saw and knew them, but as men of high intellectual attainments, sublime in their views, rational in their opinions, and pure in their conversation; and they accuse those who entertain a different opinion of prejudice and incredulity. It seems, however, that there is no comparison, in point of value, between the plain and simple narratives of the ancient fathers, who had the means of being well acquainted with what they wrote, and the visions of modern philosophers, who

pretend to discover reason in extravagance, and attempt to extract from absurd and incomprehensible mysticism, the purest and loftiest religious system.

The Gnostics were so called from a Greek word (*gnosis*) signifying *knowledge* or science; and they assumed that appellation in the self-sufficient and enthusiastic belief that they enjoyed a more intimate acquaintance with the divine nature, and a profounder insight into religious mysteries, than was vouchsafed to the rest of the Christian world. They were, almost without exception, of the Gentile race; and their principal founders seem to have been natives of Syria and Egypt, where the insinuating softness of a delicious climate disposes the mind to lazy contemplations, and the body, not unfrequently, to sensual enjoyments. The paths of error being various and infinite, the Gnostics were imperceptibly divided into more than fifty particular sects, of whom the most celebrated appear to have been the Basilidians, the Valentinians, and the Marcianites. Each of these sects could boast of its bishops, its congregations, and its doctors; some had even their martyrs. Their success was rapid and extensive; they covered Egypt and the lesser Asia, established themselves in Rome, and occasionally penetrated into the western provinces of the empire. They first became conspicuous in the second century after the death of the apostles, and under the reign of the emperor Hadrian; they flourished during the third, and were extinguished, for the most part, in the fourth or fifth.

Overlooking, for the present, the shades of difference by which the numerous Gnostic sects were distinguished from each other, we shall endeavour (previous to entering into a detailed account of their heresies) to trace their origin, and give a general view of those opinions and principles in which all denominations seemed to agree. The oriental philosophy was the principal fountain from which they drew their errors. The rational soul, according to that philosophy, was imprisoned in corrupt matter, contrary to the will of the Supreme Being; and the world was subject to the dominion of a number of evil genii, or malignant spirits. To

liberate the soul from her thralldom, and emancipate the human race from the tyranny of these demons, the Eastern sages expected the coming of an extraordinary messenger from the Most High. When, therefore, some of these philosophers saw the wonders which Christ and his disciples wrought, and observed their beneficial effects upon mankind, they had no great difficulty in believing that he was the great champion whom they had been taught to look for. This supposition once admitted, they proceeded to wrest both the facts and the doctrines of the gospel into conformity with their oriental tenets, and in this manner they laid the foundation of the Gnostic system. Their notions concerning Jesus Christ were as follows :—They considered him as the Son of God ; but they denied both his deity and his humanity—the former, because they identified him with the visionary deliverer of their Eastern superstition—the latter because they held every thing corporeal to be intrinsically and essentially evil. It was inconsistent with their ideas of the human body to believe that so impure a tabernacle was prepared for a good being who came to destroy the empire of wicked spirits, and restore the souls of men into a state of union with the great source from which they emanated. It was a further result of their tenets with regard to matter that they rejected the doctrine of the resurrection, or the re-union of soul and body after death ; and the same extravagant opinion led them to regard marriage as a vicious and unholy institution. As matter was evil in its nature, so, according to the Gnostics, it was evil in its source ; the material world, in their system, was the creation of those bad genii who governed it ; and the direct consequence of this notion was that they denied the divine authority of the Old Testament, whose account of the beginning of things was so totally repugnant to their idle fictions. They even went so far as to view Moses, and the religion he taught, with abhorrence ; in the God of the Jews they could discover none of the features of the wise and omnipotent Father of the universe ; and, accordingly, they degraded him to a lower order of existences, sometimes even so low as the evil principle itself.

The moral doctrines of the Gnostics were of two kinds; and those diametrically opposite to each other. The lives of one class were austere and abstinent; they mortified and extenuated the body in order to purify and elevate the mind: the other class maintained that there was no moral difference between human actions; they therefore gave free course to their passions, and made religion itself minister to their sensual gratifications. These doctrines, apparently so opposite, had their origin in the same principle, operating on different characters and temperaments. The body being universally accounted the source and seat of evil, men of morose and stern dispositions sought to reduce and combat it, as the natural enemy of the soul; while, on the other hand, persons of dissolute propensities were easily brought to believe that the deeds of the outward man had no relation whatever to the state of the inward, and that, consequently, the idea of moral restraint upon the former was absurd.

It may, perhaps, be questioned whether the Gnostics of the rigid or of the sensual school did most to prejudice the cause of Christianity in the eyes of the heathen world. It is the peculiar characteristic of the religion of the gospel, that, while it wages irreconcilable warfare with the irregular appetites and vicious propensities of our nature, it adapts itself with facility to social intercourse, prescribes no severe habits, countenances no ascetic humours, but prefers the cheerful mood to the gloomy, and separates its followers not from the joys of sense, but from their inordinate indulgence, not from the pleasures of the passing world, but from the entire surrender of the heart to their pursuit and their enjoyment. The religion of the gospel is as far from being a code of austere discipline and rigid observances as it is from sanctioning the vices and passions of our corrupt nature.

We have said that the Gnostics first acquired celebrity in the second century: their first appearance, however, in ecclesiastical history belongs to an earlier date, and has been traced satisfactorily even so far back as the apostolic times. At the period when the gospel was first promulgated, the practice of magic was general in every part of the civilized world. The popular creed

peopled all nature, "earth, air, flood and fire," with certain influences and powers, which could be managed and swayed, for good or evil, by the proficient in the use of spells and charms, mystical sounds and emblems. The Egyptians were proverbial for cherishing these wild fancies, and we find, in the Acts of the Apostles, that the study of "*curious arts*" was common amongst the inhabitants of the most polished city in the East. It is not surprising, therefore, that many of the first converts to the cross should have corrupted the purity of the new creed with a profane mixture of their ancient habits and ideas. Accordingly, we read that the apostles themselves found it necessary to guard their disciples against the communion of such persons, cautioning them to avoid "*vain babblings*," and to beware of "*oppositions of science falsely so called*." In the same epistle St. Paul speaks of "*doctrines of devils*," and warns Timothy not to give heed to "*old wives' fables*;" so that already, it would appear, had the sacred truths of the gospel been adulterated with the fantastic dreams of a visionary philosophy, and the example been given of those monstrous departures from sound doctrine which distracted and disgraced the succeeding ages of the church.

Simon Magus is by many writers considered as the father of all the Gnostic heresies. He had been a wizard by profession; and so persuaded were the people that he was some extraordinary person, that they affirmed him to be "the great power of God." (Acts viii. 9, 10.) Converted by Philip's preaching, he believed and was baptised; but, relapsing soon after into his old ways, we see him proffering money to Peter and John, to be endued, like them, with the power of working miracles. The terrible rebuke this impious proposal met with brought him, for a season, to a penitent frame of mind: here, however, the apostolic narrative leaves him; and, to complete his history, we must refer to other sources of information. We learn from Origen that he was at Rome during the persecutions under Nero; that he taught his followers that they might conform to the rites of Paganism without sin; and that, by this latitudinarian doctrine, he saved

them from the cruelties perpetrated upon their more conscientious brethren.

All that we know further of this personage favours the opinion of Mosheim, that he is rather to be placed amongst the open enemies of Christianity than in the number of those who corrupted and impaired it. In fact, he not only deserted the true religion, but openly opposed it; nay, he went so far as to announce himself to be the Saviour of the world. Nor was this enough; he united in his own nature all the persons of the Trinity; in Samaria, his native country, he was the Father; in Judæa, the Son; amongst the Gentiles, the Holy Spirit. All the enormities of this odious magician need not be related here; one, however, is too singular to be omitted:—he carried about with him a lady named Helena, and announced her as the identical person whose fatal beauty had occasioned the Trojan war. She had passed by a hundred transmigrations into her present form; she was the first conception, he said, of his own eternal mind; by her he had begotten angels and archangels, and by these had the world been created. A story, more romantic than probable, is related of the manner of Simon's death: to please the Emperor Nero, who delighted in magical exhibitions, he mounted into the air in a flaming chariot before the eyes of thousands of spectators assembled in the Roman amphitheatre; but, in consequence of the prayer of Peter and Paul, he was abandoned by the genii who supported him; and, being precipitated to the ground, had his limbs broken by the fall: in shame and desperation at being thus baffled by the apostles he put himself to death. The disciples of this impostor represented him under the form of Jupiter, and his female associate under that of Minerva; and these representations were, probably, the first of those Gnostic amulets which afterwards became so numerous.

Menander, who appeared in the reign of Vespasian, followed the steps of Simon, and had many disciples at Antioch. It appears, from the testimonies of Irenæus, Tertullian, and Justin Martyr, that he pretended to be one of the *æons*, or benevolent principles, sent from the *pleroma*, or heavenly habitation, to



succour the souls that lay in bondage and maintain them against the fraud and force of the *demons* who swayed the earth. As, therefore, he did not so much corrupt the religion which Christ taught, as set himself up in his place as a Redeemer sent from God, we must acquiesce in the opinion of Mosheim, that Menander, no more than Simon, is properly to be ranked amongst the Gnostics of the first century.

The claim, however, of the Nicolaitans to that appellation is undisputed. These sectaries, who defiled the church at Pergamus, and whom Christ himself, by the mouth of his apostle, mentions with reprobation, are supposed to have derived their origin from Nicholas, one of the seven deacons, a proselyte of Antioch. The gross licentiousness of their practice we have upon the authority of the divine Saviour; their erroneous opinions are testified by many of the fathers, Irenæus, Tertullian, Clement, and others, who tell us that their belief embraced the doctrine of the good and evil principles—the *æons*, the origin of the world from the hands of inferior spirits, and generally all the chimeras which have been mentioned as the prevailing tenets of the Gnostics. Their immorality is described to have been as revolting as their opinions were fantastical; they held sensual pleasure to be the true blessedness of man, and the great end for which he was created. The Nicolaitans soon lost the name of their founder, and branched out into a variety of new sects, all equally distinguished for insane principles and dissolute behaviour.

It has been questioned whether Cerinthus belonged to the first or to the second century; but it is admitted, on all hands, that he was a Gnostic leader. It has been stated that the Gnostics were generally Gentiles, and that an hostility to the religion of the Jews was one of the prominent features of their system. Cerinthus is an exception to this remark. He was, by birth, a Jew; and the religious scheme which he formed and promulgated was a monstrous combination of Christianity, Judaism, and the oriental superstitions already described. The substance of this wild creed is thus given by Mosheim. "He taught that the Creator of this world, whom he considered also as the sovereign of

the Jewish people, was a *being* endowed with the greatest virtues, and derived his birth from the *Supreme God*; that this *being* fell, by degrees, from his native virtue and primitive dignity; that the *Supreme God*, in consequence of this, determined to destroy his empire, and sent upon earth, for this purpose, one of the ever-happy and glorious *æons*, whose name was CHRIST; that this CHRIST chose for his habitation the person of JESUS, a man of the most illustrious sanctity and justice, the son of Joseph and Mary, and, descending in the form of a dove, entered into him while he was receiving the baptism of John in the waters of Jordan; that Jesus, after his union with Christ, opposed himself with vigour to the God of the Jews, and was, by his instigation, seized and crucified by the Hebrew chiefs; that, when Jesus was taken captive, CHRIST ascended up on high, so that the man JESUS alone was subjected to the pains of an ignominious death." Cerinthus, further, held the doctrine of the millenium: Christ, he maintained, would one day return upon earth, renew his former union with *the man Jesus*, and reign with his people for a thousand years. Such were the principal varieties of Gnosticism as it manifested itself in the first century.

In the beginning of the second century, under Hadrian, the emperor, the obscurity which had hitherto involved these great corrupters of Christianity began to disappear. The Gnostics rose into importance, showed themselves in masses, and drew the attention of the world to the ridiculous and distorted form in which they exhibited the true religion. At this time, likewise, they resolved themselves into two remarkable divisions:—the Asiatic Gnostics, who simply engrafted the faith of the gospel upon the Eastern philosophy; and the Egyptian Gnostics, who made the compound still more motley, grotesque, and hideous, by adopting from the borders of the Nile, all the tenets, prodigies and even the divinities, of that land of superstition:

A crew who, under names of old renown,  
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,  
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused  
Fanatic Egypt and her priests.

Besides the introduction of the Egyptian theology, there were the following differences between the two Gnostic sects that have been mentioned. That of Egypt refused to acknowledge an *eternal principle of darkness*, a being no less implicitly believed in, by the other sect, than the Supreme Being himself. They held pretty much the same doctrine as Cerinthus, with respect to the union of Christ and Jesus; they attributed to the former a real not an imaginary body; and with regard to their moral discipline and practice, the tenets of their school were subject more frequently than those of the other to the charge of encouraging and sanctioning loose and voluptuous habits.

Basilides, Carpocrates, and Valentine, are the most eminent names among the Egyptian Gnostics. Basilides was a native of Alexandria, and flourished about the year 125 of the Christian era. In the singularity and boldness of his doctrines he surpassed all his predecessors. In this theological system there was one Supreme God, from whose substance had issued seven glorious existences, or æons. Two of these æons, Power and Wisdom, engendered the heavenly hierarchy, or the angels of the first order. From these was produced a new angelic generation, of a nature somewhat less exalted. This, in its turn, produced another, still lower in degree; and every successive order created for itself a new heaven, until the number of celestial descents, and of their respective heavens, amounted to three hundred and sixty-five. Over all these presided the Supreme God, whom Basilides thence called ABRAXAS, the letters of that word, according to the Greek method of numeration, representing the number 365. No term occurs more frequently than this upon the Gnostic gems.

We proceed to the account given by Basilides of the creation of the world. The lowest order of angels had built their heaven upon the confines of matter, and they soon conceived the design of moulding it into a habitable globe, and creating a race of beings to people it. Animal life was all they had to communicate to their creatures; but God, approving their plan, added a reason

able soul; and mankind, thus created became the absolute property of the spirits whose pleasure had first called it into existence. The links which connected this audacious scheme with the Christian dispensation were forged with the same profane hardihood of invention. The angelic architects of the visible world became corrupted by their familiarity with matter; they had been too conversant with clay—the vapours of the earth went up and tarnished their bright essences; hence, they fell from their heavenly character, and, waxing jealous of the Supreme Being, sought to diminish his glory and advance their own. The true knowledge of his divine nature, which he had stamped upon the human mind, they sought to obliterate. Their hands were, also, against each other; and they shook the nations with their contests for dominion. The fiercest and proudest of these degenerate spirits was the God of the Jewish people. It was principally to quell his turbulence, and overthrow his empire, that the Supreme (in compassion for mankind, which groaned under his sceptre,) sent forth his Son, the chief of the *æons*, who incorporated himself with the man Jesus to execute his great commission. The demon-deity prepared for his defence—his ministers went forth—the man Jesus fell into their hands and was put to death; but against Christ all their malice and fury spent themselves in vain. Such was the Christianity of Basilides. He taught, moreover, the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration of the soul, which he limited, however to the spirits of wicked men; and he imitated the Samian sage in another particular also, for he prescribed taciturnity to his followers. Hence, the figure of silence is found upon many of the Gnostic gems.

Basilides and his followers entertained the most extravagant opinion of their superiority in divine knowledge to all other Christian sects. They only were *men*; and to hold communion with the rest of the world was to “cast their pearls before *swine*.” According to Origen and Ambrosius, Basilides composed a gospel, to give greater weight and currency to his opinions. Gibbon

informs us that the Gnostics of his school declined the palm of martyrdom. "Their reasons," he adds, "were singular and abstruse." With respect to the morality of this great heretic, or rather of his doctrines, there exists considerable difference of opinion amongst the learned. The irregular lives of many of his disciples are, however, beyond dispute. His son, Isodorus, composed a "Treatise upon Morals," which is spoken of by the fathers, as "*cloaca omnium impuriatum*"—a sink of all uncleanness.

Carpocrates, also of Alexandria, may be judged of by the language of Baronius, who says that he shrinks from the recital of his tenets and practices, as too shocking for Christian ears, "*ob turpitudinem portentosam nimium et horribilem*"—on account of their monstrous and revolting abominations. He differed from the sect of Basilides only in the bolder blasphemies of his creed, and the far more enormous excesses of his practice. He and his disciples resembled Christ in all things, except that they were infinitely more powerful—for the demons were subject to their enchantments, and bound to serve them. His *morals* tenets not only permitted sensuality and crime, but recommended and inculcated them. Eternal salvation, he maintained, was only within the reach of those who had daringly filled up the measure of iniquity. Our lusts and appetites were implanted by God himself, and had, therefore, nothing criminal in them. The only sin was in opposing their impulses; those who did so would be punished by the passage of their souls into other bodies; those who obeyed their desires and passions would ascend above the angels, to the bosom of God the Father. In support of these atrocious dogmas he was not backward to cite Scripture. The text, "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him, lest he deliver thee to the judge," he interpreted as an injunction to yield to every carnal inclination. The practice of Carpocrates, and his sect, was not behind their doctrine. "Shall I blush only to tell what they do not blush to do?" is the indignant expression of Epiphanius while he recites their almost incredible excesses. Their paschal feast, the least foul and

disgusting of their religious rites, is described as a banquet from which cannibals would have turned away with horror.

Valentine, the third Egyptian Gnostic of celebrity, having been disappointed in his hopes of a bishopric, became disgusted with orthodoxy, and conceived the idea of rising into consequence by the boldness of his heretical opinions. He was a philosopher of the Platonic school, and possessed all the literature of Greece and Rome. Under the influence of his talents and ingenuity, Gnosticism grew more mystic and extravagant than ever; while his energy and eloquence contributed no less powerfully to increase its diffusion and popularity. The *pleroma*, or tabernacle of the Most High, had been peopled by Basilides with seven æons; Valentine fearlessly raised the number to thirty, and ventured even to introduce a variety of gender. The youngest of this immortal family was *Wisdom*: from her, by mysterious process, descended the creating angel, or *Demiurge*. This ambitious spirit was no other than the God of the Hebrew nation; and the grand design of the mission of Christ was to chastise his insolence, and undermine his power. But it is unnecessary to proceed further with the scheme of Valentine; in the leading features it agreed with that of Basilides—the heresy of the former differing from that of the latter only in being more elaborate, more subtle, and more complicated. “The practices of the Valentinians,” says Dr. Walsh, speaking upon the authority of Irenæus, “were conformable to the professions of men who held themselves exempt from the performance of any good work. They said they rendered to each part of the human being its proper attribute; to spirit, spiritual things; to flesh, fleshly things. They, therefore, indulged in all carnal inclinations without restraint, eating idol offerings, and partaking of other feasts of Gentile worship.”

The Valentinians performed their religious ceremonies in secret places and in profound silence. The former practice was directly at variance with that of apostolic times, and must have contributed much to throw suspicion upon their sect, and bring the Christian profession into odium. Valentine, like Basilides,

produced a gospel, which contained, amongst other apocryphal matter, some absurd particulars of the infancy of Jesus Christ. He was the author, also, of a work which he entitled "Wisdom." In this he asserted, say Irenæus and Tertullian, his superiority to the apostles themselves. He alone knew the pure, uncorrupted, and hidden mystery.

The *Ophites*, or *Serpentinians*, present a remarkable variety of the Egyptian Gnostics. They followed, in general, the system of Valentine; but they added the monstrous tenet that the serpent (from which they took their name) was either Christ himself, or Wisdom disguised in the form of that reptile. At first view, it is difficult to perceive by what perversion of ideas so outrageous a doctrine could have been invented or received; a little reflection, however, shows that it flowed easily from that part of the system which separated the Supreme Being from the creator of the world, and represented the latter as in rebellion against the former. The serpent, therefore, in tempting the mother of mankind, could not but be an object of veneration, for by so doing, he was shaking to its base the kingdom of Demiurge. We learn, from Augustine and others, that the Ophites were not content with the abstract worship of their grovelling divinity. They procured a large one; and, having erected an altar over its den, they enticed it, by such food as it was fond of, to issue from its retreat, and wind itself about the holy things, licking and tasting the elements in the Eucharist. The breast it broke in pieces, and presented to the bystanders, who received it as from the Redeemer in person, and then, kissing the reptile, permitted it to return into its den.

The serpent, we have already mentioned, was a favourite emblem of the Gnostics: whether Greek or Roman, African or Asiatic, they were equally disposed to adopt the figure of that animal into their mystic schemes; all the nations of antiquity regarding it with similar feelings of awe and veneration. Accordingly, no device is so common upon the Gnostic amulets. In all the curious and original collections of gems which form the basis of Dr. Walsh's learned essay, there is scarcely one where the

serpent's head is not exhibited, either simply or combined with other bodies, lions, dogs, cocks, or men.

Saturninus, Cerdo, and Marcian, were the chief apostles of the Asiatic Gnosticism, to which we proceed now to direct the reader's attention. Saturninus was contemporary with St. Ignatius, and taught with great success at Antioch. He held the doctrine of two eternal principles, the one good, the other evil. The latter was identical with matter, and called the material principle, or that of darkness. Seven angels, who presided over the seven planets, were the architects of the world. When the work of creation was completed, the good principle smiled upon it and blessed it; and, as the first token of his favour, he gave a reasonable soul to the inhabitants of the new earth. He then parted it equally among the seven creating angels (one of whom was the God of the Hebrew people) but reserved to himself the sovereign lordship over all. Had it depended upon the good principle alone, all mankind had been wise and just; but his adversary hastened to support his power, and, with this view, he called into existence a new race of beings, of malignant character, created in his own image. This was the origin of the moral difference we see amongst men. Ages rolled on, and the angelic governors of the world at length fell from their allegiance, and suffered the affairs of the earth to run into disorder. Then the good principle sent a Restorer, whose name was Christ; and who came arrayed in the *semblance* of a human body, to destroy the empire of the principle of evil, and to point out, to virtuous souls, the way by which they must return to whence they came. Saturninus was not a sensual Gnostic; his extravagance chose the opposite extreme of continual penance and mortification. This was the *way* pointed out by Christ; the soul could return to God by no other process, save abstinence from wine, meat, wedlock, in short, every thing, says Mosheim, that tends to sensual gratification, or even bodily refreshment. Rigid as the fanaticism of this man was, he gained many proselytes; but it is manifest how the truth of Christianity must have suffered, from the ridicule and odium which fell upon those whose practice was not less abhor



rent from the precepts of the gospel than inconsistent with reason and injurious to society.

There is a cloud over the history of both Cerdo and Marcian, which the researches of learned men have not, as yet, been able to disperse. The former was a native of Syria, and the latter of Pontus, in Asia Minor, of which country his father was a Christian bishop. They are generally considered as the first who preached Gnosticism with any success in the imperial city; Italy and the western parts of the empire having, previous to their time, been infested with few heresies of note. The time of their appearance in Rome was the reign of Marcus Aurelius. At first they propagated their religious frenzies secretly, and used caution and concealment in the celebration of their rites; but, when the poison operated, and crowds of proselytes flocked to their standard, they openly taught their impostures, and actually formed congregations and churches of their own. "*Faciunt favos et vesperæ; faciunt ecclesias et Marcionitæ,*" is the strong expression of Tertullian.

Marcian held the doctrine of the two eternal principles of good and evil; but he interpolated a deity of a *mixed nature*, who was the God of the Jews and the creator of the world. This intermediate being was at perpetual feud with the evil principle, whose empire covered all the earth except Judæa alone. Both the one and the other, however, were actuated by a common animosity to the good principle, to whose throne they aspired; and they ambitiously endeavoured to reduce to vassalage all the souls of men, keeping them in a tedious and miserable captivity.

That nothing might be wanting to complete this gloomy picture of the obliquity of the human mind and abuse of the sacred Scriptures, there were many sects which adopted the names of persons mentioned in the Bible, who were either notorious for their wickedness, or furnished them, at least, with pretexts for launching into the most absurd extravagances. A descendant of Carpocrates founded the sect of the Adamites, who resorted naked to their churches, affirming that they thus reinstated man in the simplicity and innocence of Paradise. Another

sect called themselves Cainites, from their veneration for the character of Cain, who, they asserted, was the offspring of a more potent energy, and, therefore, predominated over Abel, who sprang from a weaker origin. Others took the name of Judas Iscariot, and held that apostate in the highest reverence. Others rioted still more widely in depravity and profaneness : and rent the seamless garment of Christ, that emblem of the unity of the church, with a more presumptuous hand : but to track the course of folly and impiety any farther would be to exceed the bounds of the present essay.

Having, in our introductory remarks, presented the reader with the most prominent features of the Gnostic heresies in general, we shall merely repeat here (to account for the origin of those gems to which we have before alluded) that it was one of their most remarkable tenets that malevolent spirits ruled the world, presided over universal nature, and caused all the diseases and sufferings of humanity. By knowledge or silence, they believed, these spirits could be controlled, their power suspended, and even their malevolence charmed to the use and benefit of man. Of this science they boasted themselves the masters ; and it consisted, chiefly, in the efficacy of numbers, and certain mysterious hieroglyphics and emblematic characters, adopted, chiefly, from the Egyptians. Hence, they made systems of what they called monads, triads, and decads ; and formed figures of Anubis, Serapis, and other idols, combined in a thousand varieties with the forms of serpents and other animals of mythological renown. These compositions of mystic numbers and figures they sculptured on gems and stones of different kinds and qualities ; and they maintained that whoever bore one of these upon his person was secured by it from the particular evil it was constructed to guard against. From this supposed efficacy, these gems obtained the name of AMULETS—" *amuleta, quia mala amoliantur*," because they keep off dangers or evils. Amulets against disease were formed of materials having an imaginary connexion with the distemper :—red, against all morbid affections of an inflammatory or febrile character ; chrystal, glass, or some

pale substance, against those that were watery or dropsical ; and so of others.

The immense number and variety of these talismans that have been and are still found, in many places very remote from each other, attest both the accuracy of the historians who have described these sects and their heresies, and the great encouragement their propagation met with all over the world. In the East travellers procure them with ease ; and even in the West they are continually dug up, on the banks of the Rhine and Garonne, and other regions, where, it is supposed, the Cerdonites and Marcianites scattered them in abundance. Their frequency in every part of Europe led Montfaucon to hope that by their means a full light would yet be thrown upon all the secrets and mysteries of Christian Gnosticism.

In conclusion, we would observe, in the words of Dr. Walsh, that "it adds another proof of the miraculous interference of Providence for the preservation of Christianity, that its first promulgation should be accompanied with conceptions so extravagant, and conduct so flagitious, as that of many of the sectarians of the first ages ; and that it had to contend, not only with the attacks of its avowed enemies, but the evil reports caused by its pretended friends. The heathens, either in ignorance, or wilfully seeking occasion to excite prejudice against the 'new faith,' did not fail to impute the extravagance of the Gnostics generally to all Christians ; and unfortunately, the sect met with such acceptance, and its wild opinions and licentious practices were so congenial to the understandings and temperaments of the people among whom they were circulated and exhibited, that they became, in a short time, numerous enough to afford a plausible pretext for confounding the sacred doctrines of the gospel with the gross and fantastic perversions of their noble and important truths. It does not appear that the fatal consequence of these perversions—the dreadful injuries they inflicted upon the cause of Christianity—have been sufficiently insisted on. The final triumph of the religion of the gospel over all the efforts of the heathens to extinguish it is no doubt a strong proof of superhuman support ; but surely the argument for divine interpo-

sition is much strengthened, when we add to the persecutions of its enemies what it had to encounter from the perverseness of its friends; had it been of human fancy or device, from the monstrous corruptions and perversions which their vice and folly introduced into it, no doubt "it would have come to nought:" but we discern with astonishment a small but pure flame burning bright, and with an inextinguishable blaze, under all the ashes which for two centuries had been heaped upon it by its professors; we see a clear stream flowing on, undefiled and uncorrupted by the torrents of pollution that had been poured into it by those who professed to drink of its waters: and now, at the end of eighteen centuries, we are witnesses of that flame illumining the remotest parts of the earth, and that stream flowing through the most distant lands, and affording the waters of life to the whole of the civilized world."

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### THE GREATNESS OF LITTLE SINS.

" 'Tis *but* an apple!—so the Devil said  
 When the accursed snare for man he laid.  
 Were it a world; the excuse might greater be—  
 But less the guilt, the doom, the misery.—  
 Who for an apple would offend his God,  
 Would for its rind, or Hell's approving nod.

Then turn, mine eyes! from each seductive Fair!  
 The mortal venom of the asp lurks there;  
 Close ye, mine ears! against the Flatterer's voice,—  
 He blinds the reason to pervert the choice;  
 Loathe thou, my heart! each prized unhallowed sweet,—  
 'Tis-Hell's refection and the old Serpent's meat.

R.

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## THE CASKET.

“Wherein ye think ye have eternal life.”

THERE is a *Casket*, filled with treasure  
 Above all price—beyond all measure.  
 Not Reason's lamp, nor Pluto's might  
     Can force the lid, or form a key  
 To bring the dazzling hoard to light,  
     That thou its wealth may see.

'Mid lining gold and bedding pearls outshine  
 Such gems as deck the diadem divine,  
     Selected from the radiant bed  
     Of that pure stream where angels tread,  
 And suns supernal pour their choicest rays  
 Adorning all with Beauty's richest grace,  
 The cherubs charming as they throng to gaze. }

The Casket is already thine,  
     And thine may be the key :  
 'Tis found in the sequestered shrine  
     Of sainted Piety.  
 Behold, in the enamelled lid,  
     The kind direction glows  
 So brightly ; he who runs may read,  
     Though half his sight he close.

“More gladly than thy sire's relief,  
 “Would haste to stay thy mortal grief,  
 “Will God the Holy Spirit give  
 “To all who ask him.”—

O, believe  
 The faithful witness, and the key receive !

There shines *The Priceless Pearl*, more chasely fair  
 Than Alps' famed summit, or that princely star  
 Which led the eastern Magi to a sun  
 Their homage meriting—so bright it shone.  
 Its radiant white, its mildly beaming grace  
 Reveal *The Man* who claims the highest place  
 In earth and heaven :—"The Resurrection" here  
 From shame and death, "The Life" immortal there  
 Who would not compass land and sea  
 So rare a gem to find,  
 And barter all that dear can be,  
 Than leave such wealth behind?

Beneath a *Beryl* spreads its iris green—  
 The ray that *Hope's* young dawn inspires,  
 On this beclouded drear terrene,  
 Where desolating storms are seen  
 To shoot their dreadful fires.  
 It arched the stable where He lay—  
*The Promise Fair* of cloudless day,  
 When all around was sad ;  
 It drives Despair's fell gloom away,  
 O'erspreads the scene with flowrets gay,  
 And makes the desert glad.

There *Sapphires'* ample disks present  
 Two firmaments of richest blue,  
 Bestud with shining gold so true,  
 So large, that Avarice, at the view  
 Of either, cries "Content!"  
 This gem on Aaron's bosom shone.  
 To tell how true the grace he taught ;  
 But now it shines on Christ alone—  
*The Truth* surpassing praise and thought :  
 The wealth of earth and heaven is His—

Their many crowns, their rich delights—  
All sparkle in His promises,  
And each the admirer's claim invites.  
Blest Truth! enkindling fond desires  
In ranks of loftiest fame,  
E'en Deity thy grace admires,  
And writes thee in His name.  
Thy smallest spark this world outweighs,  
Extinguishes her glare,  
Shall shine amid that mighty blaze  
Ordained to end her joy and praise,  
And wrap her in despair.

With *Sardius*, at the pearls' left side—  
Outpouring there its crimson tide—  
A *Carbuncle* emits its flame,—  
Like that which filled Messiah's breast,  
And life consumed, for His dear name  
Who gave Him life, and makes Him ever bless,  
And, shining, spells that deed so deep  
'That stayed the sun on Calvary's steep,  
In blushes drowned his radiant face,  
Then drove him back to weep ;  
And thus it still His love displays,  
When wrought on earth heaven's miracle of grace.

A neighbouring *Jacinth's* radii gild  
These ardent beamings with their light,  
To show how glorious was its might,  
How rich the joy such love can yield,  
How dear the recompense—and O how bright!  
That cheered him on the bloody field.  
His victor-crown the *Jasper* twines  
Of amaranthine bays,  
Enriched with meandering ruby lines,  
While *Chrysolite* its sunny green combines  
To emblazon forth His praise.

And such is that immortal Crown  
Which decks the martyr's brow serene,  
A fadeless wreath of high renown  
Achieved on this terrene.

It shews whence came that victor-might  
That bore him through the unequal fight,  
And whence his laurels sprung,  
And what the theme that fills his tongue,  
What name its music rolls along,  
And who his harp hath strung.

But see ! what jewel's that which lies  
'Neath Sardius, and its azure friend,  
Whose trembling rays would sympathize  
With each and both their beauties blend  
To form a gem, whose pleasing grace  
Should prove it worthy highest place  
With gems beyond compare ?—  
" 'Tis *Amythyst*" each neighbour tells,  
" Whose antitype's mild lustre shines  
On Heaven's High Priest, and in his bosom dwells,  
And Heaven's vast throng adorns, and all her strength  
combines.

Its kindly glow is ever found  
Where Christian Truth and Love abound,  
Augmenting joy, assuaging woe,  
And pure as generous in its flow.

There blazes *Topaz*, like the joying sun,  
When hailing Jesus' great achievement won ;  
Grim Death and Hell led captive in His train,  
And man, the Lord of Paradise, again,  
What crowns resplendant did her pain  
To track the Conqueror's homeward way.  
And bare to dwellers on this distant shore,  
What less glories never could explore :



How high His throne—how absolute His sway,  
 O'er-dazzling Jewel ! well dost thou become  
 His glories' emblem, who the Sapphire wears,  
 Who built for Sardius in His breast a home,  
 Till Amythyst her many homes prepares  
 For hapless outcasts who the desert roam.

But nearest lies a jewel rare  
 Whose lucid tints—black, white, and red,  
 Outspell his complex, roam who dare,  
 The field of sainted conflict tread.  
 His first, 'tis *Sinner*—O how dark  
 The deeds he wrought, the doom he bore !—  
 Till God o'erlaid a vital spark  
 Of Heaven's fair pearl—His favor's mark  
 And blanched the *Ethiope* o'er ;  
 Then freed from guilt, pollution, shame,  
 He bears the *Saints*, illustrious name ;  
 But yet to higher rank aspiring,  
 And *Christian* as his chief acquiring,  
 Baptizes every virtue, fault,  
 In that surpassing ample tide  
 Which sprung from out his Master's side :  
 His blame to cancel and his worth exalt,  
 This jewel graces the Redeemer's throne,  
 And *Sardonyx* the name whereby 'tis known.

An *Emerald* there its light is flinging,  
 Round the captivating scene,  
 And tells the Eden ever springing,  
 Blooming, fruiting, joying, singing,  
 Clad in bright perennial green.  
 Such splendours arch His lofty throne,  
 Who ope'd to man the gate of life,  
 And sealed the *immortal crown* his own  
 When ends his mortal strife.

But whence that permeating ray  
 Diffusing Summer's sweetest day,  
 Without a cloud, without decline,  
 So like the Temple's lost shekiné ?  
 Ah, colourless, translucid friend !  
 I see thy radiant beams extend,  
 And dip in every colour round,  
 Till each the whole doth comprehend,  
 And claim my gaze profound.

Awhile I'll fix my gaze on thee.

And feast upon thy beams so sweet.—

O, say ! what pearls are those I see  
 Congealed in thy chrystalline sea,  
 Like those wherewith fond piety

Bedewed her Monarch's feet !

And what those constellations bright,  
 Thence rushing on my ravished sight,

Arrayed in morning's colors fair,

Yet chaste as dewy night ;

Illustrious gem ! beyond compare,

Brilliant thou art, and "Diamond" be thy name :

Thy corruscations pave the streets above,

Thy pearls are tears of ever during fame,

Thy stars the beamings of eternal Love.

Heaven's "perfect gifts" our anxious thoughts invite ;  
 But lie secluded from the careless wight  
 Who lauds, the Casket—not the Jewels rare,  
 Who dreams of *Bliss* while Misery's deathless heir ;  
 Who boasts a temple where no God is found,  
 Then lies accursed in consecrated ground.

O Reader ! prize *the Ark*, whose inward charms

Compel our sight awhile to rest,

And ever clasp it in thine arms,

But hide *its Jewels* in thy joying breast.

## ON ENVY,

Envy came next, Envy with squinting eyes  
 Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health ;  
 Best then he lives when any better dies,  
 Is never poor but in another's wealth ;  
 On best men's harms and griefs he feeds his fill,  
 Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will,  
 Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

FLETCHER'S PURPLE ISLAND.

"Envy (says Lord Bacon) has no holidays." There cannot perhaps be a more likely and striking description of the miserable state of mind those endure who are tormented with this vice. A spirit of emulation has been supposed to be the source of the greatest improvements ; and there is no doubt but the warmest rivalry will produce the most excellent effects ; but it is to be feared, that a perpetual state of contest will injure the temper so essentially, that the mischief will hardly be counterbalanced by any other advantages.—Those whose progress is the most rapid will be apt to despise their less successful competitors, who, in return, will feel the bitterest sentiment against their more fortunate rivals. Among persons of real goodness, this jealousy and contempt can never be equally felt, because every advancement in piety will be attended with a proportionable increase of humility, which will lead them to contemplate their own improvements with modesty, and to view with charity the miscarriages of others.

When an envious man is melancholy, one may ask him, in the words of Bion, what evil has befallen himself, or what good has happened to another ? This last is the scale by which he principally measures his felicity, and the very smiles of his own friends are so many deductions from his happiness. The wants of others are the standard by which he rates his own enjoyments, and he estimates his riches, not so

much by his own possessions, as by the necessities of his neighbours.

When the malevolent intend to strike a very deep and dangerous stroke of malice, they generally begin the most remotely in the world from the subject nearest their hearts. They set out with commending the object of their envy for some trifling quality or advantage, which it is scarcely worth while to possess: they next proceed to make a general profession of their own good will, and a regard for him; thus artfully removing any suspicion of their design, and clearing all obstructions for the insidious stab they are about to give; for who will suspect them of an intention to injure the object of their peculiar and professed esteem? The hearer's belief of the fact grows in proportion to the seeming reluctance with which it is told, and to the conviction he has that the relater is not influenced by any private pique or personal resentment; but that the confession is extorted from him sorely against his inclination, and purely on account of his zeal for truth.

Anger is less reasonable and more sincere than envy. Anger breaks out abruptly: envy is a great prefacer. Anger wishes to be understood at once: envy is fond of remote hints and ambiguities; but, obscure as its oracles are, it never ceases to deliver them till they are perfectly comprehended. Anger repeats the same circumstances over again: envy invents new ones at every fresh recital. Anger gives a broken, vehement, and interrupted narrative: envy tells a more consistent, and more probable, though a falser tale. Anger is excessively imprudent, for it is impatient to disclose every thing it knows: envy is discreet, for it has a great deal to hide. Anger never consults times or seasons: envy waits for the lucky moment, when the wound it meditates may be made the most exquisitely painful, and the most incurably deep. Anger uses more invective; envy does more mischief. Simple anger soon runs itself out of breath, and is exhausted at the end of its tale; but it is for that chosen period that envy has treasured up the most barbed arrow in its whole quiver. Anger puts a man out of himself; but the truly malici-

ous generally preserve the appearance of self-possession, or they could not so effectually injure. The angry man sets out by destroying his whole credit with you at once, for he very frankly confesses his abhorrence and detestation of the object of his abuse; while the envious man carefully suppresses all his own share in the affair. The angry man defeats the end of his resentment, by keeping *himself* continually before your eyes, instead of his enemy; while the envious man artfully brings forward the object of his malice, and keeps himself out of sight. The angry man talks loudly of his wrongs; the envious, of his adversary's injustice. A passionate person, if his resentments are not complicated with malice, divides his time between sinning and sorrowing; and, as the irascible passions cannot constantly be at work, his heart may sometimes get a holiday. Anger is a violent act: envy, a constant habit. No one can be always angry; but he may be always envious. An angry man's enmity (if he be generous) will subside when the object of his resentment becomes unfortunate; but the envious man can extract food for his malice out of calamity itself, if he finds his adversary bears it with dignity, or is pitied or assisted in it. The rage of the passionate man 'is totally extinguished by the death of his enemy; but the hatred of the malicious is not buried even in the grave of his rival: he will envy the good name he has left behind him; he will envy him the tears of his widow, the prosperity of his children, the esteem of his friends, the praises of his epitaph, nay, the very magnificence of his funeral.

"The ear of jealousy heareth all things," says the wise man; — frequently, I believe, more than is uttered, which makes the company of persons infected with it still more dangerous.

When you tell those of a malicious turn, any circumstance that has happened to another, though they perfectly know of whom you are speaking, they often affect to be at a loss, to forget his name, or to misapprehend you in some respect or other; and this merely to have an opportunity of slyly gratifying their malice by mentioning some unhappy defect or personal infirmity he labours under; and not contented "to tack his every error to his nam

they will, by further explanation, have recourse to the faults of his father, or the misfortunes of his family ; and this with all the seeming simplicity and candour in the world, merely for the sake of preventing mistakes, and to clear up every doubt of his identity. If you are speaking of a lady, for instance, they will perhaps embellish their inquiries, by asking if you mean her, whose great grandfather was a bankrupt, though she has the vanity to keep a chariot, while others who are much better born walk on foot ? Or they will afterwards recollect, that you may possibly mean her cousin, of the same name, whose mother was suspected of such or such an indiscretion, though the daughter had the luck to make her fortune by marrying, while her betters are overlooked.

To *hint at a fault* does more mischief than speaking out ; for whatever is left for the imagination to finish will not fail to be overdone ; every hiatus will be more than filled up, and every pause more than supplied. There is less malice, and less mischief too, in telling a man's name than the initials of it ; as a worthier person may be involved in the most disgraceful suspicions by such a dangerous ambiguity.

It is not uncommon for the envious, after having attempted to deface the fairest character so industriously that they are afraid you will begin to detect their malice, to endeavour to remove your suspicions effectually, by assuring you, that what they have just related is only the popular opinion ; they themselves can never believe things are so bad as they are said to be ; for their part, it is a rule with them always to hope the best. It is their way never to believe or report ill of any one. They will, however, mention the story in all companies, that they may do their friend the service of protesting their disbelief of it. More reputations are thus hinted away by false friends, than are openly destroyed by public enemies. An *if*, or a *but*, or a mortified look, or a languid defence, or an ambiguous shake of the head, or a hasty word affectedly recalled, will demolish a character more effectually than the whole artillery of malice when openly levelled against it.

It is not that envy never praises. No : that would be making a public profession of itself, and advertising its own malignity ; whereas the greatest success of its efforts depends on the concealment of their end. When envy intends to strike a stroke of Machiavelian policy, it sometimes affects the language of the most exaggerated applause ; though it generally takes care that the subject of its panegyric shall be a very indifferent and common character, so that it is well aware none of its praises will stick.

It is the unhappy nature of envy not to be contented with positive misery, but to be continually aggravating its own torments, by comparing them with the felicities of others. The eyes of envy are perpetually fixed on the object which disturbs it, nor can it avert them from it, though to procure itself the relief of a temporary forgetfulness. On seeing the innocence of the first pair,

Aside the devil turn'd,  
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign,  
Eyed them askance.

As this enormous sin chiefly instigated the revolt, and brought on the ruin of the angelic spirits, so it is not improbable, that it will be a principal instrument of misery in a future world, for the envious to compare their desperate condition with the happiness of the children of God ; and to heighten their actual wretchedness by reflecting on what they have lost.

Perhaps envy, like lying and ingratitude, is practised with more frequency, because it is practised with impunity ; but there being no human laws against these crimes, is so far from an inducement to commit them, that this very consideration would be sufficient to deter the wise and good, if all others were ineffectual ; for of how heinous a nature must those sins be, which are judged above the reach of human punishment, and are reserved for the final justice of God himself !

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## ON THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

## "GOD IS LOVE."

"GOD IS LOVE;" therefore his commands are not the commands of an austere, capricious despot, issued to shew his power and supremacy, or to make us feel his authority, but directions to the attainment of that happiness for which he has designed us, and which we absolutely cannot attain unless we seek it in the way which he has pointed out, and do that which he has enjoined us to do. Therefore, neither are his prohibitions the prohibitions of an envious, jealous, malignant being, determined to be joyful alone—alone free, alone happy—but admonitions of love, ever watchful to guard us from whatever would be hurtful to us, to keep us from every devious and intricate path, from every action which we should hereafter repent, from every pleasure which would end in pain, and protect us from every danger, from the forfeiture of good, and from lapsing into misery. Yes, this, and nought else, is the purport of all the precepts which God has given us; their basis is benevolence and love, their observance is the means and the way to felicity—frequently the actual enjoyment of it;—in the very keeping of them there is great reward.

"GOD IS LOVE;" therefore, not for his own sake, but solely for our sakes, he requires that we should worship him and serve him; therefore he requires not of us to dread him like slaves, but to love him like children; therefore the service that we are to yield him is not to be extorted, servile obedience, but the free use of our advantage, the blithe enjoyment of what he gives us to enjoy; therefore thou needst not enter his presence with repudation and affright, O Thou who knowest God and art



desirous to have communion with him, needst not pray to him with doubtful solicitude, not to be afraid to pour out thy whole heart before him, not be under any apprehension lest the infinite distance which is between him and thee, should prevent him from looking down upon thee who liest in the dust before him, and art dust thyself, from hearing thy wishes and espousing thy interests; not imagine that he would reject thy adoration and thy praise, because they are not adequate to his greatness and majesty, not believe, that not only the perfectly pure and righteous man, who is no where to be found, or only the eloquent orator, who as well as thyself is a lisping infant before him, may hope for succour and acceptance. No, thou mayst frankly converse with him, boldly draw near to him, communicate to him all thy thoughts and feelings without reserve, as a child to his affectionate father, a friend to his generous and honourable friend. He beholds, he hears thee as well as the superior spirits, who stand about his throne and pay him worthier homage. He intends thy happiness, as certainly as he does theirs. He has opened to thee, through his Son, free access to him, and removed every impediment that might deter thee from him. Sincerity of heart and trust in him, thy heavenly Father, is all that he requires of thee, and these are well-pleasing to him, these he rewards, under whatever form they may be presented to him and in whatever phraseology expressed.

“GOD IS LOVE;” therefore he desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness and live; therefore he is gracious, merciful, long-suffering, inclined to spare and to forgive, is extremely placable—a tender father to his lost and undutiful children, who sincerely bewail their backslidings; therefore he in no wise casts out such as turn to him with their whole heart and sue to him for grace and help; therefore Thou mayst boldly return to him, O man! thou who hadst by sin receded from him, struck into devious turnings and intricacies, and now perceivest thy folly, lamentest thy misfortune, art weary of the dominion of sin, sighest for liberty, and longest to regain the

slighted favour of thy Heavenly Father. As certainly as thou with sincerity renouncest sin; as certainly as thou returnest to the paths of duty and virtue; as certainly as earnest desires for the grace of heaven, and love to that God from whom thou hadst alienated thyself, are stirring in thy soul, impel thee to him, force thy eyes and thy heart entirely upon him, and force thee in confusion of face, with hearty repentance and resolutions of amendment to say; Father, I have sinned against thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, save me only, though by the severest methods of thy providence, from the corruption of sin, and let me once more be capable of thy complacency; so certainly as thou dost this, so certainly will he embrace thee with the arms of his mercy, graciously receive thee to him, forgive thee thy sins, and cast them into the depths of the sea, that they may be remembered no more. In order most authentically to certify thee of this, to place thee in perfect liberty, and to expunge the fatal effects of thy sins, he even sent his Son upon earth, and caused him to die upon the cross as a solemn sacrifice to ratify the covenant!

“GOD IS LOVE;” therefore he shews all possible gentleness and indulgence to his upright worshippers and children, has patience with their infirmities, judges them and their conduct with far greater candour and lenity, than even good men are wont to judge one another, deems of each according to his peculiar capacity and circumstances, and requires of no one more than he in every particular case can afford; therefore will he assuredly not reject thee, thou sincere Christian, whose ruling affections are good, whose endeavours to please him and to be growing continually better, are honest and stedfast, even though thou shouldst sometimes trip and mistake, though thou shouldst not always succeed in so perfectly mastering thyself, in so zealously and cheerfully performing thy duties, in so entirely acquiescing in his decrees, and in proceeding such lengths in faith, in devotion, in beneficence, in the imitation of Jesus, as

thou couldst wish. He knows that thy meaning is sincere, and already sees with complacency in that which thou now endeavourest to be and to do, what thou wilt hereafter accomplish. He knows thy faculties and thy circumstances, as well as the inmost recesses of thy heart, sees every obstacle that thou meetest on the path of virtue, every difficulty thou hast to encounter on thy progress; beholds at one view the whole of thy former and present situation, the entire series of thy connexions and fortunes, thy thoughts, sensations, pursuits and actions; takes all into consideration, justly discriminates between guilt and misfortune, knows what sort of creature thou art, and frequently imputes to thee the sincere intention as a completed act, the earnest endeavour as a successful accomplishment.

“GOD IS LOVE;” therefore he punishes no one for innocent and invincible errors, however various and great; therefore he casts and condemns no one, because he has not enjoyed, and could not enjoy particular benefits, because certain religious doctrines and duties were not known to him, and he consequently could not admit and believe the former nor observe the latter. This would not be benevolence, not love; but tyranny and cruelty. Therefore in every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him; every one who does that which he is able to do according to his knowledge, according to his capacities, according to his abilities and circumstances, and in his situation; therefore he would not and will not deprive any creature, any man, of that perfection and happiness whereof each is capable, be it ever so great or ever so little, of one or of another kind, whether founded on the natural or on the Christian revelation, or yet other means of information and practice. Therefore to him, the God of love, the Father of men, we may calmly resign the fates of our brethren who have not the happiness of being Christians, in the sure belief, that he will so decide, and appoint them, as that we must all admire his wisdom and his love.

“GOD IS LOVE;” therefore he has the greatest complacency in love, and the most sovereign aversion for all that is at enmity

with it therefore God is far more glorified by sentiments and works of love, his will is thereby far more surely and better fulfilled, than by the most ardent zeal for his honour which is devoid of love, than by the most painful, toilsome sacrifices, by the most shining exploits, the principle and scope whereof is not love; therefore thou glorifiest not God, hast no right to pretend to his approbation, Thou, who rigorously judgest and censurest thy brother, damnest the erroneous and the weak, the greater part of mankind, who are not Christians, arbitrarily debarrest them access to the mercy-seat of God, and all the joys of heaven, despisest thy stumbling and mistaken fellow-creatures, makest them the objects of thy derision, and leavest them helpless and forlorn, therefore hast thou every thing to *fear* from God, O Man! if thou hast no love abiding in thy heart, if thou enviest, hatest, injurest thy brother, be he whom he will, and denominated how he may, rejoicest in his misfortune, and grudgest him his success and his endowments, if thou art insensible to the wretched and distressed, art implacable to such as have trespassed against thee, or generally indifferent to all that relates to thy brethren or mankind, yes so long as this continues to be thy temper and conduct, thou hast every thing to dread from God, not as though he were vindictive, not as if he had pleasure in thy misery, but because he is Love, and therefore can have no fellowship with thee, the loveless man, and cannot possibly communicate to thee his felicity, which consists in the completest exercise of love.

\* \* \* Certainly, if I know God as my Creator and Father, if I be acquainted with his designs upon me, and in what relations I stand to him, If I know and revere his wise and gracious providence, which deigns to provide for the least, as well as for the greatest, and which has given such testimonies to man, mean though he be abstractedly considered, of condescension and pity; if I be assured, that on easy and equitable terms I may escape the punishment due to my sins, and participate in the favour of God, if under a sense of my frailty I may rely upon a divine assistance, if I need not wander forlorn, with the horrors of

consolation before me, but may promise myself that the year of  
 the redeemed shall come, that the everlasting Morning shall  
 dawn, that the voice of the Son of God shall pierce the caverns  
 of the Tomb, shall be heard over the dominions of the dead, shall  
 reanimate the ashes of all that ever lived upon the earth, and  
 raise a glorious and immortal army from the bosom of corruption,  
 that I shall live through eternal ages, and enjoy extreme felicity  
 in a future state; and may believe and expect all this, as that  
 Jesus died and rose again, then I can never, except by my own  
 guilty conduct, be deficient, in grounds of tranquillity and comfort,  
 then may I cheerfully run my race, joyful in prosperity, hopeful  
 in adversity, satisfied with life, and undismayed, behold the  
 approach of death. How momentuous, how dear to me, then,  
 should in this respect be the memory of Jesus, and particularly  
 of his death and resurrection, but for which all these supports of  
 consolation and hope would have been altogether unknown to  
 me, or extremely tottering and insecure!





